

Original.

THE PRETTY FEET;

OR, A WAY TO CHOOSE A WIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LAFITTE," "KYD," AND "THE QUADROONE."

Faultless in shape were both her beauteous feet
As Eve's when freshly taken from their virgin mould,
Rosa tinted, delicately blue-veined, with nails
Of blushing pearls.
A hundred nameless charms and untold beauties lay
Couched in the dimpled instep—bewitching hollow!
O'er all, the line of beauty, undulating soft,
Evanished in grace!—*Joseph Holt.*

ONE afternoon, after dinner, two young gentlemen were seated in a private and luxuriously furnished apartment, at the Carlton House. The deep folds of the curtains were dropped across the windows, and the light of the western sun passing through them diffused a rich mellow glow throughout the room. One of the gentlemen occupied a sofa, lolling at full length, and the other was comfortably seated in a softly cushioned arm chair of velvet. They were both smoking, one a long slender clay pipe filled with fragrant Scarfalati, the other a bright brown Regalia! A decanter of the richest Sherry, such as Mr. Henry Hodges loves to give his particular friends, with an unopened bottle of Steinberger, and a cork-screw stood on a marble table within their reach.

On the opposite sides of the table, where they had just replaced them, were wine glasses half-filled with the amethystine nectar, and glowing in the warm rich light from the curtains. Everything around them looked comfortable, and they appeared like gentlemen who particularly love to take their ease after dinner. The individual on the sofa was a very elegant fellow in a handsome dressing gown, with soft brown hair waving to his collar, and a pair of dark whiskers arranged with great taste. His complexion was that dark-pearly hue, mingled with an agreeable red so common to New York gentlemen, being smooth and delicate, yet healthy. His cheek was now a little flushed, and his dark hazel eyes brighter, and his lip redder than their wont. He was about twenty-six years of age, his name was Lionel Linton, and he was of good family and had very respectable connexions. He was unmarried, and having at his annual disposal an income of three thousand dollars, he had no profession, but lived an idle, indolent, fashionable life. He had every quality, however, calculated to make any reasonable woman a happy husband, being domestically inclined, good tempered, of an easy, amiable disposition, and frank and generous to a fault. He had good sense and judgment, and he had just begun to feel that he was wasting life without having accomplished any adequate end for the gift of it, either for his own honor or the benefit of mankind! In fine he felt that he must get married! He had, therefore, been several months looking out for a wife, and had already seen in Broadway a young lady of great personal attractions, whom he half resolved to make his wife if she would consent to be his. He had not, however, even spoken with her nor did he know who she was: that she was

highly respectable, he was aware from having seen her walking in company with ladies whom he knew to belong to the highest condition in society! Such was the state and crisis of Lionel Linton's matrimonial prospects at the period of our story: and, now, as he reclined there smoking, he could not help thinking how much prettier object a sweet bride would be seated, sewing or reading opposite to him in the place of his friend of the pipe, to look at!

The young gentleman on the other side of the table, who had suggested this sensible reflection, was named Henry Lee, by the clergyman who christened him at Grace Church, but irreverent laymen invariably called him Harry Lee. He was a short, joyous looking young gentleman of about twenty-five, with a jovial round face, a bright twinkling blue eye, short curly brown hair, beautifully white teeth and a hand like a lady's for fairness, though something fat, for his whole person was inclined to corpulency, his abdomen already beginning to aspire to aldermanic dignity. He had his coat off and was in his shirt sleeves; his head was thrown back in an attitude of narcotic felicity as he puffed at his pipe; his short feet were stuck up, parallel to each other, over the back of a chair in front of him; his long pipe stem was supported delicately between a thumb and finger, and his whole attitude was one of fleshly luxury! Like his friend Lionel, he was a bachelor sojourner at the Carlton, and the recipient of something less than three thousand dollars per annum from an incumbered estate left him by his grand-father, who had been an influential burgher in the olden days of the city. He was a good natured, "whole souled fellow," always smiling and looking like a happy dog; always mellow after dinner and very fond of kicking up rows and knocking down "Charlies," but all in good nature, for he was, as every one of his friends whom he lent money to swore, one of "the best-natured fellows in the world!" He had remained a bachelor because he could never find a woman that had a foot to please his fastidious eye! Harry's notions of female perfection were peculiar! He always judged woman by the shape and symmetry of her foot; it was with him literally *ex-pede Herculem*! If he had a passion for anything besides tipping over "Charlies," and for a good glass of brown Sherry, it was for a neat and faultless female foot! His glance as he would promenade that "Walk of Beauty," Broadway, was always directed to the feet of the pretty women, their walk and manner of placing the foot to the pavement. He has been heard to deliver a lecture by the hour, *after dinner*, on a lady's foot! If Harry, therefore, ever chose a wife he would be sure to select her rather for a divine foot than a divine face. But, though, tired of living at hotels and being alone so much in his rooms, and anxious to get a wife, he had never yet found any one to suit him!

"I say, my dear boy," he said after a long and reflecting silence, and without removing the stem of his pipe from his lips, or turning his head; "I say, Linton, I have been thinking we are a brace of precious fools."

"So have I just been thinking the same thing, Harry," replied Lionel, emitting from his mouth a wreath of rich

blue tobacco smoke and sending it curling above his head. "But what has brought you to this conclusion?"

"Thinking what a poor devil's life I lead here when there is some lovely creature, if I knew where to find her, with a foot like an angel, stepping on rosy clouds, ready to make me a happy fellow! Only think how charming it would be to have a pretty wife sitting beside me to fill my pipe, and two or three sweet little cherubs of boys and girls to ride across my legs as I have 'em stretched across the chair, and call me 'Papa!' What led you, Linton, to say 'Amen' to it so readily, hey?"

"Thinking of pretty much the same thing, to tell the truth," said Lionel Linton, coloring and laughing. "I am half of a mind, Harry, to turn Benedict in good earnest;" and the handsome Lionel Linton smoked his cigar for a few puffs with more animation than before.

"Yes, Linton," said Harry, taking out his pipe from his mouth and pricking the bowl, "that is very easily said; but where in the deuce is the wife to come from?"

"There are hundreds of beautiful women in New York of our acquaintance; we could soon pick out a good wife, Harry, if we would only make up our minds to marry!"

"But a beautiful woman is one thing and a beautiful woman with a pretty foot is another. I always find something deficient!"

"But we must not look for physical perfection in the sex, Harry. I am satisfied with a lovely face and figure, which is the casquet of a good heart and generous mind; I can forgive a woman who possesses these, if she should happen to wear No. 3's."

"Number threes!" exclaimed Harry, "I wouldn't look at a woman who wore number threes, in seeking for a wife! Number one in summer—No. 1 1-2 in winter, is my standard of perfection! Number threes!"

"But number threes may be in just proportion nevertheless to the lady's figure! if she be tall and noble sized! I have seen ladies with *too* small feet for their size, and it was a glaring deformity!"

"That may be, too, Linton! What I want is a wife whose person shall be moulded in the divinest mould of female symmetry: a just hand and foot; a just height and proportion to the charming whole! But I would not marry a girl with a face like an angel and with a form like Juno's if she wore number threes!"

"Then you want a *petite* wife, that you can tuck under your arm like an umbrella."

"No, not that! A woman may be a warm and living *Venus de Medici*, and wear no larger shoe than a French number one! I have measured the foot of the *Venus*, and found it exactly *ones*. And would you call a girl the size and proportions of a *Venus de Medici*, a *petite* to be tucked under my arm like an umbrella?" Harry in the heat of his argument had turned round full to Linton, who could not help smiling at his earnest manner.

"Well, well, Harry, you may marry for the foot and I will marry for the face and its expression!"

"Expression!" repeated Harry; "why, my dear

fellow, there is as much *expression* in a woman's foot as in her face!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Linton; you are fairly crazy, upon the subject, my dear fellow!"

"It is true," repeated Harry, drinking off his glass of Sherry, and gravely setting down the glass; "will you deny there is expression in forms?"

"How do you mean?"

"An outline and shape. For instance, is there no expression in a profile?"

"To be sure."

"Is there any in a forehead—in its mere outline?"

"I think there is."

"Think! I know there is! Painters and sculptors will tell you there is! Did you ever see Webster's forehead, or Charles Sprague's?"

"Yes."

"Well, will you say that there is no individuality of expression in these features?"

"I think I understand you."

"How can you help it? Form that has life in it possesses individual expression—has its own *proprium*. Have you never seen a man's hand that expressed the character of the man?"

"No."

"Yes, you have, but have not regarded it at the time. Have you never seen a hand that you could say of it, 'this is the hand of an assassin—this of an avaricious man—this of a benevolent man?'"

"This is a strange theory, Harry. Did you find it in the floating smoke of your Scarfalati, or discover it in the bottom of your emptied wine glass?"

"Nature and truth taught it me, and they teach it to every man who will learn of them. I contend that there is infinite expression in a woman's foot! A perfect foot, neat, shapely, airy and daintily turned, has an expression to my mind identical with that which constitutes our abstract ideas of beauty! The character of the woman is discovered by it—for the outline and outward grace of the body is the index of the being that dwells in it. No low, coarse or vulgar woman could have such a foot as I describe, for such a foot could never express to the eye a self-contradiction."

"Henry's Sherry has mounted you on the top of metaphysics, Harry," said Lionel, laughing, yet half inclined to assent to the truth of his doctrine on the female "understanding."

"You may believe what I say or not, Linton, but I am morally convinced of its truth! By Heaven, I would be willing to choose a wife for her foot, without seeing her face!"

"You would, Harry?"

"I would, upon my honor."

"Well, then, let us both decide this very moment to marry and look out each for his wife. I will choose mine for her face," he added gaily, if you will choose one for her foot!"

"Done," cried Harry, getting up and grasping Linton's hand, "and I will bet you I will get the fairest wife."

"Done be it," said Linton, turning the grasp of his hand; "suppose, Harry, we decide to select one, you by the foot, I by the face, *this very afternoon!* Broadway is now, and will be for the next two hours, thronged with the beauty of the city! If men who are to select wives by the eye cannot choose in such a galaxy of loveliness, they deserve to go blind."

"But, suppose, we should find out afterwards on inquiry, that they were engaged?" said Harry, a little posed by this extraordinary proposition from his friend, who very well knew *he* should meet the young lady there whose beauty, as he daily passed her at the hour of promenade, had made such an impression upon him.

"In that case, Harry, we will both try again," he answered gaily. "Come, let us sally forth on our matrimonial expedition."

"Agreed, Linton; I will bring myself to the agreement," said Harry, with animation, pouring out a glass of sherry; "let us toast our future wives."

Linton joined him, and the toast was drank standing. Harry now put on his frock coat, and the more finical Linton his *dress* coat, while both paid more than their usual attention *after* dinner, to their toilet.

"Now, Harry, we are to choose a wife this afternoon, *at all events*, from some one we see between this and sun-set—that is decided!"

"De—de—decided," repeated Harry, who was just mellow enough to be very happy. But s'pose, Linton, s'pose she won't have *us*! That would be a fix, hey?"

"That will of course absolve us from our mutual pledge, Harry! I am resolved to have a wife in earnest, if I can get one."

"And if we don't, Lion', boy, let's ad—advertise for—
for—one—pretty foot, hey?"

"Come, Harry; don't take any more wine! You have got just enough to make you a good judge of a pretty foot!"

"Have I, Lion'? Well, I won't! But it's a pity to leave such a nice bottle of Stain wine for per—perquisites to that tip—tippling waiter, Pete. Do I vibrate, Lint?"

"No, Harry; your legs are steady enough, but your tongue is confoundedly drunk."

"I will not p—po—pop the question, then, if I see a p—pr—pretty foot, 'till it gets sober."

"No; we are to follow, without attracting particular observation, each our prize 'till we ascertain where she lives, and then devise means to be introduced to her family; and then hey for love and matrimony!" said Linton with a little excitement in his manner."

"The idea, Linton, between you and I, the idea of marrying makes me feel weak about the s—st—stomach!"

"*Courage, mon ami! ev avant!*" and the two candidates for matrimony sallied forth from their hotel arm in arm, and fell into the mingling currents that flowed along the western and fashionable *pavé*.

Caroline Le Roy stood before her full length toilet-glass, surveying her lovely person, which was tastefully arranged in a rich walking dress. A fashionable hat

was on her head, the snowy plumes of which as they depended to her shoulder, were mocked by the brilliancy of the ermine throat and cheek it delicately shaded! Her features were of that lovely and softly rounded outline which is peculiar to American females in their teens; and she was but nineteen. Her eyes were blue, large and full of tenderness, with a serene, spiritual expression! Her figure was tall and harmoniously graceful, conveying in every motion that kind of pleasure to the eye that harmony of numbers does to the ear! Her beauty was faultless, save the hand and foot! The first, though covered by an unsullied pea-green glove of the softest kid, was too large for the arm, as if *she* had spread it, by the foolish plan in vogue of placing girls at the piano before they can clasp an *octave*, and so compelling them to spread the fingers 'till the hand looks webbed-like, like, we were about to say, a shark's fin; in this manner had Caroline Le Roy evidently disfigured and distorted her hand! It was a great pity, for it was as white as down, and veined on the back with the most delicate pencilling of blue. But she had not the same apology for her foot! It was too large to admit of any apology, and cramped in number three, though it was a good number four! Now a large foot is very bad, but a large foot cramped into a shoe a number too small, is worse still! A large foot cannot be helped, but a pinched foot can! It plumps it up on the top, destroying the easy outline; it draws in the instep, spoiling the walk, and is a source of ceaseless torment and pain to the owner. Whatever size be the foot, let its shoe neatly fit it, and then if it be not so small, it at least will not be deformed! These observations are extracted from a journal lately kept by Harry Lee!

Miss Virginia Le Roy glanced over her costume and person with a look of satisfaction; but her eyes did, for one instant, linger with disapproval on her feet, and she sighed to think it was not a little smaller, for she was one of those who look upon a small foot as a mark of high aristocratic birth. She took her sun-shade in her hand, and leaving her door in Eighth Street, was a few moments afterwards, on Broadway, wishing—half hoping she should meet that handsome fellow in brown hair, who had so often passed her with a respectful look of ardent, yet modest admiration.

She had not gone far, when a young graceful little Hebe, dressed half like a woman, half like a school-girl, about seventeen years of age, came tripping towards her from Bleeker street. A smile was on her face, a light in her bright black eyes, and her beautiful hand extended to take that of her friend.

"How do you do, Virginia?"

"How do you do, Ellen?"

And their lips met in a warm kiss of girlish friendship.

"Are you going down Broadway?"

"Yes—to Stewarts', for a mantle."

"I was going to Madame Canda's, to call on Julia Carrol; but, as it is early, yet, I will join you," said the new comer, and the young ladies proceeded down Broadway side by side, and in animated conversation. A lovelier or more *spirituelle* creature than Ellen Le Roy

could not be conceived to exist on this lower earth. Her form was slight yet full, and faultless to the eye of the most fastidious! Her face was, however, not so beautiful as it was sensible and intelligent! Her extraordinary beauty lay in the grace and *expression* of her figure. Her ungloved hand, as she took Virginia Le Roy's, was small, tapering, and white as the lily, and seemingly as purely soft in texture. Her waist was enchantment! but *her foot!* Spirit and shade of Harry Lee! where wert thou? It was divine—literally *divine!* How can such just perfection be described? They were so small that you could compass them across the instep; harmonious in all their fascinating proportions and undulating outline, with a bewitching movement as she tripped along, like two sweet birds lighting and alighting along the pavement! Their expression was actually joyous, to speak after Harry's theory. They were encased in a pair of the prettiest French laced boots of a delicate fawn color, that seemed to be a part and parcel of the graceful feet they covered.

"Where have you been for an age, Ellen?" asked Caroline, glancing at her feet, with an envious feeling in her heart.

"To Troy, for three months past. How delighted I am to get back to the city! It is so dull out of New-York. Dear delightful Broadway! how happy I am to be in it once more. Are you engaged yet to any body, Caro?"

"Engaged, Ellen, why, no!"

"I suppose your favorite song, then is —

"Why don't the men propose, mama,
Why don't the men propose?"

"What a rattle brain! I shan't think of marrying 'till I am twenty."

"And you are over nineteen now! I mean to marry soon as I find a good, clever, nice, handsome, light-hearted, good natured fellow, who will let me do just as I want to, and never scold me! There come two handsome young fellows! I don't like the tall one—he looks too grave and morbid! The shorter one looks like a merry gentleman "after dining out!" Why, how you blush, Caroline—and how the tall handsome one stares at you! Did you ever see him before? And, good Heavens, how the other is watching my feet as he approaches! I wonder if my boot is untied? Yes, I declare it is, and the silk cord trailing in the dust!"

By this time our matrimonial speculating heroes had come up nearly abreast of them. Lionel had recognized at a distance, one of them as his unknown beauty, and Harry had discovered the other to have the most symmetrical feet his imagination had ever conceived of. Both gentlemen, therefore, insensibly lessened their pace when they approached them, one with his admiring eyes the while resting on the embarrassed, yet pleased Caroline's blushing face, the other with his rapturous gaze fixed on the feet that had fascinated it. They forgot to give way to the young ladies, who fairly turned aside for them, when they recovered their self possession, and looked back! Caroline, also, at the same instant, glanced back, and Ellen, stopping, placed

her foot on the inner curb-step of the walk that runs beneath the windows, to fasten her boot. Harry was just mellow enough to act from impulse, and hastening towards her, asked with a smile and a polite bow, that from him was irresistible, and which it was impossible to take offence at,

"Will you allow me, miss, to fasten that truant chord in the envious position to which it seems so insensible?" and Harry gracefully bent on one knee.

Ellen looked at him, at the first instant, gravely; but seeing how very modest and civil his address was, and his words so complimentary withal, she replaced the foot which she had withdrawn from the stone to make her retreat from him, and said laughingly,

"You may tie it if you please, sir—it is very awkward to have one's boot or shoe unlaced in the street."

"Very," replied Harry, entwining the silken chord around the bewitching ancle, his senses, however, so bewildered by the sight and touch of so exquisite a foot, that he worked very bunglingly.

"You must not press my foot, sir," she said with a laugh and frown at the same time on her face. "There, sir, I am extremely obliged to you," she said, archly, as Harry rose to his feet. "You can tie boots very well," and rejoining Caroline Le Roy, she tripped on her way without looking back.

"Irony, there," said Harry, looking after her, "but what a foot! Linton, I am in for it. Did you see that divine foot?—French number ones!"

"Confound your No. ones! Did you see that Heaven-veny face?"

"Confound your face! Did you observe her symmetrical hand?—hands and feet are always of the same suit."

"Did you notice her tall and graceful figure?—face and figure always go together."

"What a laugh!"

"What an eye!"

"What a fawn-like movement!"

"What a Juno-like tread!"

"You are speaking of the tall one, Linton."

"You are speaking of the shorter one, Harry."

"So I am."

"And so am I."

"Are you for the tall one, in earnest, Linton?"

"Yes. Are you for the short one in truth?"

"Yes. Such a foot never was before!"

"Nor such a face and figure!"

"As mine?"

"As mine."

"Let us follow them, Linton, and find out where they are! Oh, my poor heart!"

"It is a gone case with both of us, Harry."

"I fear so!" and Harry sighed while he took Linton's arm, and leisurely walked after the two ladies, who, soon seeing that the two gentlemen, in relation to whom each had begun to feel a little curiosity, led them a long pursuit down Broadway, and back to Bleeker, when Ellen took leave of her friend, concluding instead of going to Madame Canda's, to return home.

"I wish," she said, as they parted, "I knew who

that gentleman is that I so foolishly let tie my boot! He has presumed upon it to follow me 'till now! He has a handsome, cheerful, good natured face, which I like."

"I have more curiosity to learn who the taller one is," said Caroline. "I have often met him, and he always tries to meet my eyes. He is evidently a gentleman, and though they seem to follow us, they do so without absolute rudeness!"

"Smitten with you, Caroline, and anxious to know where you live."

"And the other is then with you," retorted Caroline, blushing.

"We will see when I go down the street."

"The one you like will follow you home to see where you reside."

"And the one *you* like, will follow you."

"We will soon see," said Caroline Le Roy, laughing.

"And that shall decide which of them we are to have for husbands," said Ellen, gayly, having given utterance to more truth than she was aware of.

The young ladies now separated, each walking towards her own residence, and our heroes soon afterwards gaining the corner of Bleocker street, parted from each other—Harry to lounge down this street, keeping his intended bride in view, and Linton continuing along Broadway at an elegant leisurely gait—the one 'till he saw Ellen Leigh, nor *unseen* by her, enter her father's door, and the other, 'till he had satisfied himself where the beautiful girl lived, whose charms had produced such an effect upon his heart.

It was not a very difficult matter now, that these important discoveries were made by our heroes, for them to obtain, through acquaintances, an introduction to the houses of their singularly selected wives! They soon became intimately acquainted with them, formally addressed them, and were accepted; but then the fair betrothed were ignorant of their mutual pledge to each other over their glasses, to choose wives as they did, or perhaps it is very possible they *might* have said "no," when they would have had them say "yes." They both, however, had fairly fallen in love with their intended brides *after* becoming acquainted with them, and perhaps this fact should be accepted in atonement. At length they were married, and went in company together to Saratoga, the Falls; and came home again after a few weeks' absence, to enter upon the responsible duties of house-keeping. Harry found his wife's foot proved indeed the index of her mind, that her heart was as good and true as her beautiful foot was unrivalled in symmetry and grace. Linton's wife was as lovely in temper as she was in person; and though Harry said he could never forgive her for having a large foot, yet he could not but frankly confess to Linton his conviction that a woman might make a very good wife, though she wore number threes!

There is a sequel to our story founded on an incident that transpired two years after the marriage of our heroes in which it will be seen that a little foot, and a pair of No. 1 French gaiter boots may do a great deal of mischief.

J. H. I.

Original.

BIDDY WOODHULL; *

OR, THE PRETTY HAY-MAKER.

A TALE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'LAFITTE,' 'CAPT. KYD,' 'THE QUADROON,' 'BURTON,' ETC., ETC.

PART IV.

"There be little sprites that keep true lovers in extremity."
John Bertyne.

WITH a timid, hesitating step, Biddy passed through the door, which Frid held respectfully open for her, and which he instantly closed after her. She stood still a moment, struck with awe and astonishment at the magnificence of the library and every thing she beheld around her. To her unsophisticated, rustic mind she seemed to be suddenly transported into a fairy palace! At length, half affrighted at the splendor, she looked round to see if she could see Mrs. Fitz Henry. Mr. Fitz Henry Barton was seated in his arm-chair, wrapped in his gorgeous Chinese dressing gown, with a velvet cap ornamented with a gold tassel on his head; but being in the shade of the window curtain, he seemed to form a part of the combination of gorgeous objects that filled and constituted the library, and her glance did not, at the first survey, rest upon him; his eyes, however, instead of being fixed on the book before him, were banqueting on the sweet, mute loveliness that he had so unexpectedly become the possessor of. If Beal Tucker was struck at first sight with her beauty, Mr. Fitz Henry Barton was enraptured! Biddy advanced a step nearer. He starts! He can scarcely believe his own eyes! Had he seen her before? Yes—it was the pretty hay-maker in her very person! How very beautiful she had become! What kind fortune had sent him such a treasure! What triumph he feels as he now thinks of his friend Morris! He sat fixed in an attitude of surprise, without the thought or power of speaking or moving! His senses were all resolved into vision! So profound was his astonishment and delight that he could not even give utterance to his usual exclamation, "demnition!"

Biddy now saw that the Chinese wrapper, the brilliant dyes of which detained her eyes for an instant, enshrouded the person of a young gentleman, who gazed on her very earnestly and very rapturously. She blushed, and her timidity at the thought of soon being in the presence of her new mistress, was changed into beautiful confusion at seeing "her son" instead; for, she thought instantly, at discovering Mr. Fitz Henry Barton, that he must be that son of Mrs. Fitz Henry alluded to by the generous Intelligence office man. With this idea, she contemned very modestly and approached him,

"If you please, sir, is Mrs. Fitz Henry at home?"

Barton distinctly recollected her spirited indignation at his conduct when he first met her, and did not wish to be recognized by her, lest all his plans should be defeated. As she spoke, therefore, he drew his cap down over his brows and placed on his nose a pair of gold

spectacles that had laid on the table near him. He then looked up and said in a very courteous and deferential tone,

"Ah, Mrs. Fitz Henry! a-a-no! But she will be in! Take a seat, Miss—there upon the ottoman!" and rising, he offered his hand to conduct her to the seat.

"No, I thank you, sir," said Biddy, withdrawing a step and diffidently taking the seat he had pointed her to on the ottoman.

Mr. Fitz Henry Barton then stood still in the middle of the floor and looked very much perplexed for a moment! There sat Biddy with her bundle on her knees and her eyes modestly cast down. He remembered her spirit, and he felt he had to proceed with caution and art. He was very much gratified to find she did not recognize him. But Mr. Fitz Henry Barton, seen in a meadow in the country in his fishing costume and a broad West India hat shading his features, and the same gentleman in his library, wrapped in his elegant dressing robe, with a rich cap on his head, looked like two very different persons, especially to such an unpractised eye as Biddy's. There was, however, on the nether lip of the gentleman in the library the same little growth of hair that she had seen over the mouth of the one in the country; and as Biddy had never seen any body with a mustache before, except her father when his beard, as it often was, was a week old, this sign of manhood on Mr. Fitz Henry Barton's lip had made a deep and unpleasant impression upon Biddy's memory. Therefore, though she did not directly identify Mr. Barton with the young man who had attempted to kiss her, she felt that he belonged to the same *genus*. This reflection made her feel uneasy, and she sat with drooping eye-lids and a palpitating heart, waiting for Mrs. Fitz Henry. Barton stood looking at her with a puzzled and irresolute countenance. He knew what kind of a spirit he had to do with; he felt that he was more than matched. Nevertheless his vanity led him to believe (so long as she did not recognize him) that he might yet be triumphant. His passion and unbridled desires would not permit him to resign, without a trial, the possession of so much loveliness!

At length, tired waiting and feeling anxious and intimidated by the novelty of her situation, Biddy raised her eyes, and they encountered those of the young gentleman! She instantly drew her veil over her features, for her instinctive delicacy felt itself wounded by his bold gaze. She now began to experience certain undefined yet unpleasant sensations of she scarcely knew what—fear, suspicion, and mistrust, at being left alone with such an impudent young man, even though he might be Mrs. Fitz Henry's son! The act of drawing her veil over her face, his ready mind, actively occupied in devising some way to approach her, seized upon as a *point d'appui* upon which to base his attack. With a light, foppish tread he advanced to the ottoman and said, in a tone of gallant badinage, while he gently lifted one corner of her veil,

"Nay, pretty one, I beg you will not draw this curious veil over those charming features. I have not beheld such a demnition handsome face this five years."

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"I prefer wearing my veil," said Biddy, holding it down and moving from him, and so unintentionally leaving place for him to sit beside her.

"Nay, nay, my sweet rustic," he said, seating himself by her side and taking her hand, which she instantly withdrew; "you are too beautiful to withhold yourself from the eyes of one so great an admirer of feminine charms as I am. Pray let me put your veil aside!" And he disengaged her hand with some degree of force and threw the veil up over the top of her hat. Biddy sprang from the ottoman, and would have fled towards the door but he caught her by the hand.

"Nay, my pretty rural, I did not mean to offend you, 'pon honor," he said, dropping on his knee and feigning a look of mortification and regret; "I thought you might indulge me with a little flirtation."

"I am not accustomed to such flirtations," said Biddy with spirit, and not knowing whether she ought to be angry with her mistress's son.

"Nothing more than a mere flirtation, I assure you," he said; "you are from the country, I suppose, and don't know how they do things in the city. All the girls here practice flirtation like rehearsals before the play comes. Do be seated!"

"No, sir, I prefer standing. Will your mother be in soon, sir?" she asked trembling with fear and misgiving.

"My mother? Oh, yes—my mother! yes I—I have a mother!"

"So Mr. Tucker told me, sir—a dress-maker."

"My mother a dress-maker! Demnition!" added the aristocratic and long descended Mr. Fitz Henry Barton, speaking to himself; "does she think I am a dress-maker's son? Ah! I see into it! Beal has told her some tale to blind her! Oh—yes—Miss, my mother is a yes—she is a——"

"Dress-maker," said Biddy artlessly.

"Yes—yes—a dress-maker! Demnition."

"Will she be in soon?"

"Oh, yes—yes—quite soon! Do sit down."

"I wish I could see her, sir," said Biddy, earnestly, only intent on her object in view; "Mr. Tucker said he had spoken to her and she had agreed to engage me on trial."

"Oh, yes—all right! You had best sit down till she comes in."

"No; I do not like to be treated rudely," said Biddy.

"Rudely! pretty innocent! Why, you don't know much of life! I can kiss half the pretty gurls in New York; put my arm around their waists! tell them they are demnition angels, and all that sort o'thing, you know."

"No, I do not know, sir," answered Biddy with spirit; "and I assure you if you think to take such freedom with me if I live with your mother, I shall not allow it."

"Demnition! Not even to look at your diamonds of eyes, my pretty rural!"

Biddy could not help smiling at the seriousness with which he spoke, and therefore Mr. Fitz Henry Barton took courage and went nearer to her. She retreated,

still smiling, yet with a resolution in her fine dark eyes that promised to prove to him of a stronger temper than the smile. He saw, however, only the smile, and thinking himself invited by it, advanced and suddenly seized her around the waist. This act, precisely similar to that he had perpetrated before when Morris rescued her, would have betrayed to her who he was, even without the further evidence she instantly had before her eyes in seeing his cap fall off and beholding him bare-headed, as she had seen him in the meadow, where his hat fell in a similar attempt.

Before he could ravish the kiss he attempted to take she disengaged herself and fled to the door. It was shut by a self-acting bolt, and could be opened only from within by a pass-key. She made one or two convulsive efforts to open it, when finding her escape barred, she flew past Barton and darted through a side door into his bed chamber! On seeing the nature of the place in which she had sought shelter she would have retreated when she discovered a door on the farther side, for which she sprang. She flung it open with a glad cry and found herself in the bath room.

We will now return to Edward Morris who, it will be remembered, went to Charleston a day or two after his apple-tree trysting with the lovely hay-maker, whose beauty, innocence, and naturalness had then well nigh drawn him into a declaration of love! The arguments he made use of to protect his heart from being farther involved being based upon their different conditions in life will also be remembered. It was, therefore, with the determination to forget the rustic beauty whose loveliness had so seriously impressed his heart that he accompanied his aunt on her southern excursion. But absence did not conquer love! He found his thoughts constantly reverting to the meadow and the old apple tree, where he had spent such a blissful hour with the pretty hay-maker! He was strangely absent and thoughtful amid all the gaieties of that refined city, and insensible to the fascinations of the lovely and gay girls who sought his admiration. Often he was rallied on having left his heart in New-York, and he could not but confess to himself that he had left it in West Chester! He found himself penning sonnets to rural maidens, and writing verses on rural life! Love grows with what it feeds upon; and his scarcely confirmed love for the pretty hay-maker having his thoughts for food, thrived amazingly. At length he began to look forward with impatience for his aunt's return, and seeing his anxiety to hasten back she shortened the period of her stay and prepared to leave. A letter which he received the day he was to sail, in some degree relieved certain misgivings he had for some time felt of his pretty hay-maker's safety. It did not, however, cause him to delay his departure for home any longer. The letter was as follows:

New-York, July, 1838.

DEAR NED:

What a demnition time you are staying out South! What you can find to keep you there this dem hot weather one hour after your aunt's business is done for, unless some pretty gent, I'm dem'd if I can tell! Every thing goes on just as ever. I

had a glorious drive last Friday on the avenue with Bob-tailed Brown, harnessed single in my green buggy. Tom Weston had a new team out, a dem'd handsome thing altogether, and came behind me like a streak of lightning! But I touched Bob and left Tom half a mile in the rear as I drew rein at the Harlem tavern. Dem'd good that, wasn't it! I run over a sow and a litter of nine pigs! Did'n't the young 'uns scamper a few! I took off a goose's neck with my off wheel as neat as you could cut it with a knife! Tom swore Bob was the best bit o' horse flesh in New-York. Saw a pretty gearl on the sidewalk—looked like a rural—but I was too anxious to beat Tom Weston's mare to stop and ask her where she lived. Sunday went over to Hoboken and saw lots o' second quality class beauties, but could'n't do any thing in my way, as they always have some of those chaps with a bob coat, round slick hat with a narrow crape round it, their hair plaited down on each cheek, and their bosoms open, and cuffs and shirt-wristbands turned back as if they were ready at any moment for a fight! I can't endure such vulgar people! though I don't mind a set-to, for I have the true science you know, Ned. Hav'n't been out of town yet, but I believe I shall go to Saratoga next month. Saratoga is getting to be low now that every shop-keeper that can command three dollars can go there. These etambonts and railroads are getting to be great levellers, Ned. I think I must go to the White Sulphurs, they are the most exclusive! Low people can't afford to get there. I saw your uncle last week in Broadway. He would have passed me without seeing me, but I stopped to ask him the name of the farmer on the farm next to his above on the creek where the rural lives. He told me it was Woodhull. If you don't come on soon I shall go down there and get up a little flirtation with her. I think she's too pretty to be suffered to grow there unnoticed like a sweet flower under a hedge! Well, I have no more to write. By the by, my friend M—ks has let his beard grow all over his chin and it looks dem'd fine! I think I shall follow his example. He is going to be confirmed at St. Thomas'. Religion is a nice thing for sick and old people, but it spoils life for your true blood!

In haste yours,

FITZ HENRY BARTON.

P. S. Tom Weston's mare stumbled this afternoon and pitched Tom out on his head and killed him! How dem'd unlucky, for I meant to have another race with Tom, for a basket of "Star Brand." The mare wasn't hurt! wasn't that dem'nition lucky?

F. B.

The steamer Neptune in which Edward Morris and his aunt came passengers, landed at the pier at four o'clock the afternoon previous to Biddy's elopement. His aunt's carriage was in waiting, and putting her into it he let her proceed to her house in Bleecker street alone, while he took a hack to his stables where he kept his horses, that he might at once drive down to his father's country seat. Was this haste and anxiety to leave the city without seeing any of his friends owing to filial love? He had been absent from home two months, to be sure; but young gentlemen of Morris' age and experience are not apt to hurry back to the paternal roof with precisely such solicitude as he now evinced. There was a stronger and more tender attraction than his father that drew him!

"Quick! my horses, Jim!" he cried, jumping from the hackney coach as it drew up at the stables in Crosby street.

"Ah, your honor, and you're come back is it yo ar," said Jim, the ostler, with a broad grin of welcome; "an' its the pretty bastes yo'll find in good ordther. They have been four weeks to grass and came in yes-

terday as your honor writ to boss, and by the same token I seed the lether."

"Well, well, hurry, Jim," interrupted Morris; "I dare say they are in fine condition."

"An' you may say that, an' twice over again, an' it'll be no lie at all at all," said Jim, going to the stalls.

"Is it one or the pair your honor 'll have?"

"The pair. Put them in at once!"

"It shall be done right to the fore, yer honor. Och! wont the darlints feel their kapeing! They'll kick the miles behind 'em like paving stones!"

Morris smiled at Jim's encomiums upon his horses, and in a few minutes afterwards was seated in his buggy with the fawn colored lines in his hands. Jim now gave the last gentle rubbing down with the palm of his hand to the beautiful neck of the right horse, and stepping a pace aside from the line of the wheels, pronounced "all right!"

Edward Morris did not wait for a second notice, but drawing lightly on the reins so that the horses could just feel the pressure, he spoke a word to them and they started off at a rapid and dashing pace. Turning down Bleecker street into the Bowery he soon crossed upon the avenue when he gave them rein.

"Come, my noble fellows," he said as they flew along the smooth course, "you must make up this afternoon for your long idleness. Trot! you know the road, I see, and are as glad as I am to be on it once more."

Away they flew with their impatient master; and just as the sun was setting, two and a half hours after leaving his stable, Edward drew rein at the gate of the avenue that led to his father's house. His own footman, who had seen him descending a hill a mile distant on the high-way, threw open the gate, and the next instant he alighted from his buggy at the door of his paternal home.

"My son!" exclaimed the old gentleman, hastening to meet him and glancing inquiringly at the reeking horses, "welcome, indeed! but what has happened? Your aunt, I hope—"

"All well, father. Aunt is at home in Bleecker street."

"Well, I am glad to see you, my dear boy. You look finely—but how the devil you do drive!" And the old merchant looked again at the steeds whose breasts and nostrils were white with foam, and shook his head.

"They have not been driven for some time, sir," said Edward, smiling at the secret cause of his haste, which his father could not divine, and which indeed he would not frankly acknowledge to himself.

"Perhaps so—perhaps so. John walk them about in their harness half an hour, and when you strip them rub them 'till they are dry, and then blanket them closely. If they catch cold Edward will lose them. Come in, my boy, and tell us all about Charleston."

Edward followed his kind father in, but as he did so he glanced unconsciously in the direction of the Woodhull farm, and beckoned John to him.

"John, has any thing happened about here since I have been absent?"

"Happened—no, sir."

"Any body dead—that is, any body *married*?"

"No, sir, I believe not."

"No news then, John? How do the farmers about us get along?"

"'Bout as usual, sir."

"Farmer Woodhull still lives up the meadow?"

"Yes, sir."

"Sure there is no news, John."

"Yes, sir, quite sure. If there was I'd a known it, as I've been here with the old gentleman almost ever since you left."

"Very well, John. See that the horses are carefully groomed."

"Yes, sir," said John, touching his hat as his master entered the house.

Edward lingered over the tea-table with as much patience as his impatience to get away would permit him to exercise. He related all that could interest his father in reference to his southern tour, and replied to the numerous questions he put to him without any outward signs of annoyance.

At length, when the clock struck nine, he managed to excuse himself with the plea of looking after his horses, a plea which the old gentleman very readily admitted. Edward, however, merely glanced into the stable and asked John how they were, and then continued past it to a narrow gate which led into a lane. It was a clear, starlight night, and, familiar with the way, he walked rapidly through the lane until he came to its extremity near the creek. Here he struck into a path beside the water, and following it for some time, at length came to the very place in the hedge over which he had sprung after Barton, on first seeing Biddy in the meadow. He again climbed over it and instinctively hastened onward until he reached the old apple-tree where he had parted from her. Here he stopped and took off his hat with a sort of tender reverence.

"Yes, this is the well remembered spot! Here is the old root upon which we sat, side by side, her hand in mine! How often have my thoughts wandered back to this tree! How often have I lived over again in memory the happy hour I passed here with her—gentle, guileless, and so very fair! Ah, me! I am in love and need not longer try to disguise it! My presence on this spot at this hour should be proof enough of it to my own mind. It is either evidence of love or of madness! I have ill kept my resolution not to see her again. Yet here I am, and I am confident I shall not go back 'till I have an interview with her, if not too late at night! Perhaps she may care nothing for me—perhaps may have forgotten me! But my heart tells me differently. I could not think so much and tenderly of one wholly indifferent to me herself. What if she should have a rustic lover! I will go towards the farm house and see how things appear: I may possibly get a glimpse of her—perhaps have an opportunity of speaking to her."

With these lover-like thoughts Edward crossed the meadow, and at length reached the yard enclosing the

house. He noiselessly crossed the bars and entered a little path that led through a grove to the door. He passed out from the covert of the trees, and the humble house stood plain before him. All was dark!

"They have gone to bed," said he after surveying the unilluminated mansion; "I might have known it if I had thought a moment of the habits of farmers. I wonder which is her room! Perhaps this low one with the rose-tree beside it—perhaps that in the attic. Which ever it be, heaven bless her, and angels watch over her innocence and beauty!"

How happy Biddy would have been in her little attic could she have known, while its prisoner, that such a prayer, from such a heart, was breathed so near for her. But she slept in unconsciousness that she had a friend in the world who cared for her. How her heart would have bounded to know she had one devoted lover, and he the youth whose image had occupied so much of her thoughts since she first beheld him, and which always formed a component of all her dreams of coming happiness! Little would she have thought of flying from home in the morning if she had known the handsome young fisherman was hovering around it.

Edward gazed a long while at the house, walked all around it, and dwelt in imagination upon the loveliness of her who might be sleeping within its walls.

"Yes," he at length said fervently, "I will see her to-morrow, and if she is still worthy and will marry me, I'll make her my wife."

He turned to leave the spot, when Bruin, now first conscious of the presence of an intruder, sprang towards him with an angry growl. He started back and then spoke to him in a low but in an authoritative and fearless tone. The dog's menacing approach was instantly exchanged for one more friendly, and coming slowly up to him he scented round his feet and then stood still beside him.

"Noble fellow," said Morris, who had checked his fierceness by speaking to him in the tone in which he was accustomed to address his own dogs; "doubtless if you had speech you would relieve many a doubt for me. Now, good night, sweet maiden!" he said, looking towards the house; "to-morrow I will see thee and thou shalt decide my destiny, for thou alone hast it in thy keeping."

With these words he turned and walked away towards home. Bruin trotted gravely at his side, as if to escort and see him quite off the premises. At the bars the sagacious dog stopped and watched him 'till he got out of sight across the meadow, and then turned and walked slowly back to the house, wondering, no doubt, what that stranger could have wanted about the farm house at that time of night. About four or five hours afterwards he saw Biddy herself appear with her bundle, when, doubtless, his sober wonder was very much increased. His affection for her, however, led him to follow her away without making any remark about the singularity of the circumstance.

Edward safely reached home, and went to bed to dream of apple-trees and haymaking-girls in old straw hats. After breakfast the next morning, he sauntered

along the creek and across the meadow, hoping he might fall in with Biddy. Although as our caption has it, "there be little sprites to aid lovers in extremity," none came to Edward's assistance in the shape of Biddy, and he finally came very near the farm-house without seeing any one. There seemed to be a good deal of bustle there, and two or three neighbors were outside the door, talking loudly and earnestly with Mrs. Woodhull and her two daughters, who stood in it. Approaching nearer with curiosity, he heard one of the women say, "Sarved you just right, Mrs. Woodhull! The way you've treated her has been a public shame to the neighborhood."

"Yes, indeed, it has," echoed another one.

"She was a lazy trollope, and as sassing as a lady," said Mrs. Woodhull, lifting her voice in defence of herself.

"She had city beaux, and thought herself above common folks," said Miss Euphrosia.

"Yes, and I shouldn't wonder if she'd run off with one on 'em, jiss for your treatin' her so onnataral," said the first speaker. "Biddy was a good gal, and every body liked her."

"Yes," said another neighbor, "and for my part, I hopes, Mrs. Woodhull, she'll stay away 'till you can learn to act like a human mother towards her."

"She'll bring shame and disgrace on the family," said Miss Euphrosia, weeping.

"Your treatment to her has brought shame and disgrace on it already, miss," said one of the neighbors, sharply. "Come, folks, let's go home, and not trouble ourselves no more about the matter! I'm glad she's gone! You may go to the other neighbors and hunt, as well as to our houses, but I reckon she's better looked out for herself than to let you lock her up again very soon, as David Woodhull says you did, all day yesterday, on bread and water."

"It's a lie," shrieked Mrs. Woodhull after them, as they turned away.

"Yes, futher lies," said the gentle Miss Euphrosia; "we didn't lock her up; and Biddy lies if she dare tell any body so!"

"What seems to be the difficulty, good women," said Edward, as the neighbors whose Sally's account of Biddy's flight, on going in search of her, had brought over to Mrs. Woodhull's house, were passing the place where he stood by the gate.

"Why, it's Mrs. Woodhull, our neighbor, here, sir," answered one of the most forward, "who has always treated her daughter, Biddy, a nice, pretty, and good girl as ever was, jist like a slave! And, yesterday, because somebody said how they saw, two months ago, a city young gentleman sit and talk with her under the old apple-tree in the meadow, when old David was asleep beneath it, what must she do but lock her up on bread and water."

"The infernal hag," exclaimed Edward, with indignation.

"I'm sorry to hear you swear, sir, but it is a pity to think how the poor thing has been treated by her

mother and sisters! and just because Biddy was so sweet and good natured and pretty—and they knew themselves to be so cross, sour and ugly!"

"But what became of her, good woman?" inquired Edward, with solicitous interest.

"Well, you see, her mother locked her up in the attic there, yesterday morning, and made her work all day like a nigger, and fed her on bread and water; and she said she should be locked up so a week, 'till she told who her handsome city beau was. Miss Sally confessed this much to me, just now."

"Did she tell?" asked Edward, coloring.

"No, she wouldn't nor couldn't, nor I wouldn't if I could, if I'd been in Biddy's place," said another of the women.

"And is she there now, locked up?" asked Edward, making a step towards the house.

"Lor' bless your soul, sir, no! That's what the fuss is all about. She took the hinges off the door as nice as you ever seen a smith do it, and so comin' down stairs, got off this morning afore day!"

"Where is she now?" he asked, with breathless interest.

"Dear knows, sir! Her mother, shame to her, has been sending to the neighbors about for her, but I'm thinking she's gone down to York in the early stage. She know'd she could get places enough there, and good treatment at that, if 'twas among strangers. They say old Bruin is missing, too!"

"And this is all that is known, good woman?" asked he, anxiously.

"Yes, and all I hope her mother and Miss 'Phrosy'll ever know about her, 'till they repents their treatment on her. You seem to take it to heart, young man!"

"No, no; I feel indignation at tyranny in any shape, particularly when the victim is the child of the tyrant, and, as you say, young and virtuous. What time does the stage pass by on the road, mornings?"

"Why, about five o'clock, or little earlier," answered the woman, deliberating, after thinking a moment.

"I thank you for your kindness, good woman; if you learn any thing from the young woman—Miss Biddy—I would be obliged to you to send word to Woodburn."

With these words, Edward hastened away, and rapidly took the path by the creek, towards his father's seat.

"Woodburn!" repeated one of the women. "Why, that's Mr. Morris' place. I wonder if that can be his son that's been in Europe?"

"I shouldn't wonder if he was, answered the other two in the same breath.

"What an interest he took in Biddy."

"Didn't he?" repeated the others.

"I shouldn't wonder if he was the New-York beau Miss 'Phrosy talks about!"

"I shouldn't wonder," echoed the others; "he is a nice young man, but too high for Biddy to look up to in an honest way."

"I have known stranger things happen, though, in my day," said one of the women.

"So have I. There's no knowin' what may turn up, as I always says to my old man, Joshua."

"No, there's no knowin'," repeated the other two; and the three went on their way homeward, wondering at, and speculating upon the events of the morning.

The intelligence Edward Morris had received, gave impulse and energy to his active spirit. Biddy had flown from persecution, and he had heard her innocence and worth borne witness to by those who had told him of her paternal bondage and of her flight.

"How fortunate I arrived from Charleston as I did! How unfortunate I had not gone over earlier last evening!" he said to himself; "I would have rescued her with my life! She has fled, no one knows whither! It is now nine o'clock, and the stage has gone by four hours! If she took it, she is in the city by this time! A stranger there, and so young and helpless! I pray that silly fellow, Barton, may not see her and recognize her! Ah! may he not have had something to do with her flight! But no, that cannot be! She has escaped because she was imprisoned by her mother, and without motive or end! I heard something said about her getting some situation in town. Perhaps her necessity may compel her to accept of degrading service—perhaps too—but I will not talk—I will act! She must be found if she be living!"

He was hastening along the path by the deep still water, when he spoke this, and he shuddered with the idea as he looked upon the dark flood, that she might possibly have thrown herself into it! But he could not harbor the thought of such a fearful, voluntary end to youth and beauty like her's, and banishing it from his mind, he hastened onward until he reached his house. John was at the stables attending to his horses. He immediately called to him, and bade him put them at once to the buggy, and prepare to drive him to town. He entered the house to explain to his father the necessity there was of his suddenly returning to New-York, and that he might not be back that night. In a few minutes the horses were at the door, and John in his place, with the lines in his hands. Morris sprung in, and they set off at a pace that carried him soon out of hearing of the old gentleman's reiterated admonition, not to "drive too fast."

Once on the highway, Edward let the horses move at a rapid travelling trot, and in half an hour reached the village of Fordham. Drawing up suddenly at the little inn, he inquired, without alighting, what time the Chester stage had passed along.

"About half past six, yer honor," said the ostler, spunging the horses' noses with a large sponge dipped in cool pump water.

"Were there many passengers?"

"Four, yer honor."

"Was one of them a young person?"

"Yes, yer honor," said Pat, washing a nostril, "a young gossoon of a lad, wid his hat o'er his eyes, and he asleep at dat."

"No, no, a young woman."

"Och, now, and it's thrue for you! there was a young woman inside, and an ould man!"

"Confound the old man!"

"Ay, and devil take him, too, if your honor says the word," said Pat, with a hearty will.

"What kind of a looking person was the young woman?" asked Morris, impatiently.

"Och, wasn't she the darlint! She axed me with the swatest musical voice in the world, if I wouldn't be so obleegee as to be afther givin her a glass o' wather. An' whin I axed her if she wouldn't prefer the drap o' whiskey in praference, she smiled out of her two diamond black eyes, and spake from out her red lips to me, as if I'd been a gintleman, and she the Quane o' Ireland, 'No, I thank you, sir,' and so, yer honor, I gave her the wather, though I didn't like to give the naked wather to sich a nice jewel of a lady at all, at all! It's the illigant bastes yer honor's honor drives!"

Edward, despairing of getting more accurate information from the ostler, threw him half a dollar, and dashed forward at full speed. Though not wholly convinced, from Pat's relation, that he was on the track of the fugitive, yet his hopes whispered to him that this person he discribed might be her; and with this idea, which grew stronger each moment, 'till it approached nearly to conviction in his own mind, he pursued his rapid way, on the road towards Harlem.

To be concluded.

THE PRISON LOVERS.

BY HARRIET BOWLES.

IN the neighborhood of Bourdeaux there still stands an old venerable chateau, long the residence of the noble family of Malortie. In the height of the first French Revolution, the last marquis of that name fell on the scaffold, and, a few days after, the castle was broken into by an armed mob, headed by a Commissary of the people.

"What seek you? what want you?" said an aged servant, who had accompanied his unhappy master even to the very steps of the scaffold.

"We do not seek for any one," answered the Commissary, "but what we wish for is the ill-acquired wealth of an aristocrat, and we must have it," and with these words the mob dispersed in search of plunder. They searched in the chambers, in the presses, the furniture, the ceilings, the floors; behind the richly carved wood-work; even upon the very roof. They searched too with pikes, with hammers, and with hatchets, but could not discover that which they were looking for. The inquisition, or it ought rather to be called the destruction, of the house, continued for six hours. The assailants broke the windows, they tore down the painting, they dragged away the curtains and the carpets, and they knocked the heads off the statues, as if they were so many aristocrats; and they tore in pieces the pictures of saints, as if they were the contra-revolutionists of another world. But then they found no gold, no jewels—but one. It was while they were destroying a picture of the Madonna, that a gentle sigh was heard, and on gazing around they discovered, in a small oratory, a young girl kneeling, with her eyes turned toward heaven. She seemed so young, so beautiful, and there was in her piety a tenderness and a fervor, that she gave you the idea at once, of innocence, and of beatitude. Even the Commissary of the people was so much affected by the spectacle presented to him, that he contemplated it in silence, and it was manifest in his manner that his mind was filled with the mingled feelings of respect, astonishment, and admiration. Such were not the feelings of his companions; for they began by joking, laughing, and mocking, and then a few of the most audacious presumed to approach her. Cabonis instantly placed himself before her, and he let fall upon the kneeling maiden one end of his revolutionary standard, as if he would place her life and honor under the safeguard of the republic. He then, addressing his furious companions, who were pressing round him on all sides, said in a loud and angry voice—

"Citizens! the first who touches this female—the first that insults her—the first that speaks to her, dies by my hand."

The crowd shrank back. Cabonis raised up the beautiful Christian. He supplicated her to be seated. He removed from his head the red bonnet; and he flung to a distance from him on the floor the dreadful weapons which seemed to excite the fears of the maiden. He did his utmost to inspire her with courage. He did so by his words, and by his smiles; and he at length thus spoke to her, with an emotion that was marked by his trembling lips—

"Whoever you are, do not feel the slightest fear, but deign to answer me."

"To whom shall I give an answer? Is it to an enemy?"

"No—but to a citizen, a patriot, and an honest man."

"Well, then, what is your will?"

"I wish to know what you were doing there."

"I was praying to God for you; for all."

"For us!"

"Yes, for the murderers of my father."

"Then, who are you?"

"I am the daughter of an aristocrat. I am Lucille de Malortie."

To bear such a name was at that period a most awful crime; and it imposed upon the Commissary of the people the performance of a dreadful duty; but it was one that, in despite of the promptings of his heart, he must discharge. The crowd collected in the chateau yelled forth "down with the female aristocrat;" and Cabonis was compelled to order our heroine, and who was already his *protégée*, to rise in haste, and take her place even in the midst of her enemies; to obey what was called "the law," and to follow him.

"Farewell! we shall meet in another and a better world," said Mademoiselle de Malortie, as her hand was kissed by her old and faithful servant.

"Angel of Heaven!" stammered forth the old man, as he knelt at the feet of Cabonis; "where is she going? Where are you bringing her?"

"To death!" exclaimed a voice in the crowd.

"To martyrdom," remarked the maiden.

"To liberty," murmured the Commissary of the people.

In a few hours afterward, Mademoiselle de Malortie was a prisoner in the Castle of Hâ; and on the evening of that day, the jailor of the prison was dismissed, no one could tell why or wherefore. The jailor was an old man, and he was replaced by a man who was young, and whose very name was a terror to the aristocrat—in short, by an inexorable patriot whose courage, resolution, and popular influence were unquestionable. This new jailor wore the scarf of a Commissary of the people, and he was called John Francis Cabonis.

A very great surprise awaited Louise de Malortie the next morning; for, in the place of the old and sulky jailor, that the day before visited her, she saw her cell

door opened by the man of the people, who had the goodness to smile upon, to encourage, and defend her, in the great hall of her father's chateau. Cabonis humbly and respectfully took her hand and led her quickly through all the detours of a dull and frightful labyrinth, where nought could be heard but the dolorous echo of groans, of sighs, and of wailing. They thus proceeded for a considerable time. At length the mysterious guide came to a door that was low, thick, and plated over with iron; he pushed with his foot, and the fair prisoner found herself in a room, the very aspect of which elicited from her a cry of gratitude, surprise, and joy. It was a chamber in which there was pure air; there was light, there were flowers. An odoriferous breeze filled the air; and the sunbeams came in, a long spiral of luminous atoms; while wall-flowers pushed their way through the gratings of the window. Lucille ascended a few steps that led to the window—she plucked a flower and presented it to her jailor, and as she did so, she said with a sad smile—

"I am—I am surely indebted to you alone for the kindness of providing me with this charming room—my last pleasant abode in this world. A day more—perhaps not an hour—and I shall have ceased to exist. Accept then, Sir, this flower; it is all that I now possess—and keep it as a remembrance of your unhappy prisoner."

"I swear to you that it shall always be kept by me," cried the intractable republican; "but," he added, in a low voice, "have you any thing to ask of me, any thing to inquire from me?"

"Yes—but first I have a question to ask of you. Do you think I have long to live?"

"I hope so."

"Then I ask you to procure for me a prayer-book, some of my dresses from the chateau, and some books."

"I will go to the village myself to-night, and you shall be in possession of those things in the morning."

"That is not all; but, indeed, I am ashamed thus to intrude upon your kindness—I would also wish for pen, ink and paper."

"You shall have them—although by doing these things I jeopardize my reputation, my honor, and perhaps my life—but what matter. Speak, order, command—say to your humble servant, 'stand up,' and I rise—'kneel down,' and I shall bend before you—'obey,' and I do your bidding; 'die,' if it be necessary, and I will die—Farewell!"

The jailor went, or rather rushed out of the chamber. He closed the door with violence behind him, and for an entire week was absent. A turnkey, in whom he could confide, executed the commands of the lady, and came each day to receive her orders, the slightest one of which, in the eyes of his master, was equivalent to the irrevocable commandment of a law.

One morning, and at an earlier hour than the turnkey usually visited her, and the noise of the bolts being withdrawn, was heard outside of her door. It was opened gently, and the captive uttered a cry of surprise, perhaps it was of pleasure, on seeing poor Cabonis, who approached her with downcast eyes and like the most timid of visitors.

"Be not afraid, lady—there is no danger—it is only I," he stammered forth.

"Come here," said the young lady, smiling; "come here, until I scold you, and thank you. You here, my guardian angel, who soothe my sorrow and lessen my pains; but why do you make yourself as invisible as if you were an angel? Speak!—see! you have promised to obey me, and I order you to answer me."

"Lady," replied the jailor, blushing with delight at the gracious familiarity of his prisoner, "I have to tell you the motive of my visit to-day. I have promised, it is true, to obey you, even though in doing so I exceed my duty, or in what is not right. Well, then, I do for you as well as I can."

"I know it—I feel it."

"Fancy then that I have taken, at first sight, without my being conscious of, without my wishing, with a very strong feeling, with a friendship that is boundless, with an affection that is overwhelming, with an attachment that is irresistible, for one—"

"For me, perhaps?"

"Alas! yes. My thoughts are so occupied by you that I can think of nothing else. I speak so constantly of your beauties and your virtues, that I can hardly talk of any thing else. You are the only subject of my discourse with the prisoners; and thanks to my words, to my praises, to my admiration, every one in the prison fancies that he knows you, though he has never seen you. Every body here loves you, respects you, admires you. A few days, and it was I who took a pleasure in speaking of you to every one, and now every one seems pleased in speaking to me of you. But a few moments ago I was chatting about you to a young prisoner, who is very accomplished, very amiable, and extremely handsome. He is a M. de Castera. Do you know him?"

"No."

"M. de Castera has not the honor of knowing you, and yet he has made the finest speeches I ever heard about you. It was only this morning I found him writing verses respecting you with a piece of charcoal on the white wall of his chamber; and seeing this, I said to him, with the hope of pleasing you, 'Citizen, you ought to write some poetry for the amusement of your pretty neighbor.' But then, as M. de Castera had neither pen, ink, nor paper, I gave him my pencil and tablet, and he has written such splendid poetical compliments, that, though I have not read them myself, I have brought them to you, lady, in the hope that

they might attract your attention, and perhaps amuse you."

The impromptu of M. de Castera was nothing better than a simple and peurile piece of bandinage, entitled "Freedom in Prison." The rhymes were read once or twice by the lady, and then given to the jailor, in order that they might be restored to the imprisoned poet; but the jailor said to her with great *naivete*—

"Would it not be much better than sending him back what he has addressed to you, to give him an answer in verse or in prose. Do not smile at my folly; but in prison even the most trifling amusement has great charms for a captive; and I am very anxious that you should have some amusement."

Doubtless it seemed to Mademoiselle de Malortie that the singular project of Cabonis was not altogether unreasonable, in such a position, and under the circumstances that she was placed. The oddity of such an adventure, the strangeness of this epistolary intimacy between two invisible beings, who were thus about to speak to each other from afar, to know, to appreciate, and to comprehend each other, in despite of turnkeys, bolts, and bars, had in it something attractive for the curiosity, the mind, and the heart of a very young girl. She, therefore, with a bewitching grace, consented to lend herself to the romantic idea of the gentleman and the jailor. She answered the poet, and the next day a new demand on the part of M. de Castera compelled her to give him a new reply. The day following that again, and every succeeding day for an entire month, the letter-box of Cabonis received with a miraculous punctuality, the intimate and confidential correspondence of the two new friends. The verses of M. de Castera were of life, of gallantry, of frivolity, of tenderness, and of passion. The prose of the lady showed that she was at all times adorable, and if it sometimes proved that she was timid, embarrassed, trembling, it was, perhaps, the folly of the abode in which she found herself, had infected the pen of the young lady. The imagination and the heart sometimes make sad work with sense and reason. What, then, is to be said of this sweet adventure, this romance of letters, this courtship, which was not frightened by a prison, nor jailors, nor judges, nor the scaffold! It was one of the million of strange things that occurred during the French revolution. But the story must be proceeded with—the hearts of the correspondents began to be affected by their letters. Without ever seeing each other they were deeply in love.

M. de Castera at last expressed an ardent wish to see the lady that he was always writing to. He wished for a single glance, to heave a single sigh, to speak one word. Mademoiselle de Malortie was always alone, always sad, always weary of her solitude, and she had not the courage to say "nay" to the desire expressed by her enamored correspondent. Cabonis was

asked to grant the interview, and the single-minded man did not foresee any other consequence from the interview, than that it would be the means of soothing the sadness and solitude of the lady; and consequently, one night, thanks to the blind devotion of the lover, there met in the small cell we have already described, a gentleman remarkable for his beauty, and an exquisitely lovely young maiden.

Truth must be told. From the very first interview the presence of the honest jailor spoiled the conversation. Gallantry, before him, talked politics; inclination spoke of flying from France; and the eyes alone told of—love.

Prisoners have a great deal of patience; and therefore M. de Castera, encouraged by the weakness of Cabonis, determined to see and speak to Mademoiselle de Malortie without witnesses, without annoyances, without a jailor. The genius of a prison is a wonderful magician, and when he falls in love he is an unconquerable power. Thus it was with M. de Castera, who was one evening able to obtain admission to the cell of the lady. It was not more than an hour afterward that M. de Castera had ceased to address her as Mademoiselle de Malortie; but called her "Lucille"—"his own Lucille." She had answered to that name; she had smiled on him; she sighed, and then leaning her head upon her hand, she, from excess of happiness, wept. She was weeping, when the bolts of the door were shaken, the wicket opened with a crash, and the jailor appeared upon the threshold, actually motionless from rage; and then, fixing his eyes upon the gentleman, he said, in a tone of voice that struck terror into the hearts of those who heard him—

"Aristocrat, you are a villain! Answer, and answer quickly, what brings you here?"

"You see, my dear Sir, how I am employed," replied M. de Castera, "I have come to express my love for one who loves me in return. Monsieur Cabonis, I present to you Madame, the Marchioness de Castera."

"Aye, aye; but when do the nuptials take place, Monsieur le Marquis?"

"To-morrow, provided that Heaven sends us a priest, or liberty."

"To-morrow! To-morrow there is for you and for her—the guillotine!"

At that terrible word Mademoiselle de Malortie trembled with fear. She approached Cabonis; she took his hand and clasped it in both of hers. She besought of him to listen to her, and she spoke thus:—

"I remember to have found in you a protector and a true friend, and therefore will I confide in you."

The jailor bent down his head in grief.

"Monsieur Cabonis," the young girl continued, "if you still love me I have a favor to ask of you. Pardon me."

The jailor looked on her, but evidently not in anger.

"My friend," she proceeded to say, "I am going to make my confession to you. I shall do so in a very few words, and it will be as one heart speaking to another. You, too, shall be my judge."

The jailor began to smile.

"I owe to the generous, kindly care that you have had of me, and your desire to amuse me in my solitude, the first and the last poetical billet that I had from de Castera. Is not that true, Cabonis?"

"Yes."

"I owe to your devotion to your poor prisoner, the honor of having received, in the solitude of my prison, M. de Castera; whom you yourself have brought here, not once, but twenty, aye, a hundred, times. Is not that true?"

"Yes, and it was wrong in me to do so."

"Alas, my dear, kind, good, honest-hearted friend, you alone are the guilty one among us. I received your pupil eagerly, and I saw him a second time with pleasure. You it is who have shown him the way to my cell, and he has presumed to come and visit me without you. You have chaunted my praises so loudly, that you put it into M. de Castera's head to fall in love with me; and you suggested to my mind that—I do not well know how to express it—not to hate him; and now, but an instant—a minute—since, this nobleman has come to offer me his hand, and I have accepted it. He has offered to share the future with me, and I am ready to share it. He has promised me happiness, and I hope for it. This is our entire crime, and for this you would invoke, as a fitting punishment—the guillotine! Well, be it so."

"The executioner will never be here in time for you, lady," answered the now relenting jailor. "The executioner will perhaps be here to-morrow; but you shall escape this very night."

"This night!"

"Yes! and follow me. Quick, quick! Here is a disguise for your person, money for your pocket, and a passport to the frontier. I have hastened to you to save you this night, and I do save you. But, lady, do you in turn pardon me, when you see me thus trembling, thus weeping before you, like a child—like a fool, as I am. It seems to me that I look upon you, that I speak to you, and that I admire you—for the last time. Adieu, then; and when you have nothing better to do, think on the jailor of the fortress of Há."

The next day M. de Castera and Mademoiselle de Malortie had travelled a considerable distance from their prison. Three days afterward they had crossed the Spanish frontier, and Cabonis was ready to die of joy, upon hearing the happy tidings of their safe arrival in another country.

The escape of the prisoners continued, however, unknown to every one. Both morning and evening the

jailor, as usual, ascended to the chambers that had been occupied by the nobleman and the young lady. He delighted in touching, in kissing the books that had been read, the paper that had been written upon, by his lovely prisoner. He gathered the flowers that she had left behind her; he delighted to listen to the song of the birds that she had listened to; he looked at the horizon that she had gazed upon so often, the stars that she had admired, and the beauteous clouds that she had seen crossing the heavens.

Cabonis went every day thus to think over and to weep about the past, and to lose his senses in extatic visions. One evening, after one of those strange visits that he loved to make to the absent fair one, the jailor abandoned the prison, and presented himself at the bar of the death-dealing tribunal. There, having recounted to his judges the innocent history of his love, he demanded for himself the punishment that was awarded to one convicted of having favored the escape of two prisoners of state; of two suspected persons; of two aristocrats.

Cabonis was arrested, convicted, and condemned! Having been brought to the fortress of Hâ, to await there the passage of the *charrette*, the jailor of the evening before obtained permission to pay another visit to the chamber of Mademoiselle de Malortie. He visited it, and there he kissed, for the last time, the withered wall flowers that she had given him. He then marched boldly, gaily, to the scaffold, where his last words were, "Long live the Republic!"

HARRY CAVENDISH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CRUISING IN THE LAST WAR," THE "REEFER OF '76," ETC.

THE PRIVATEER.

I REMAINED but a short time in THE ARROW after we sailed finally from the port of —; for happening to fall in with and capture a rakish little schooner, Captain Smyth resolved to arm and send her forth to cruise against the enemy on her own account. A long Tom was accordingly mounted on a pivot amidships, a complement of men placed in her, and the command given to our second lieutenant, with myself for subordinate. Thus equipped, we parted company from our consort, who bore away for the north, while we were to cruise in the Windward Passage.

For several days we met with no adventure. The weather was intensely sultry. He who has never witnessed a noontide calm on a tropical sea can have no idea of the stifling heat of such a situation. The sea is like molten brass; no breath of air is stirring; the atmosphere is dry and parched in the mouth, and the heavens hang over all their canopy of lurid fire, in the very centre of which burns with intense fierceness the meridian sun. The decks, the cabin, and the tops are alike stifling. The awnings may indeed afford a partial shelter from the vertical rays of the sun, but no breeze can be wooed down the eager windsail; while, wherever a stray beam steals to the deck through an opening in the canvass, the turpentine oozes out and boils in the heat, and the planks become as intolerable to the tread as if a furnace was beneath them.

It was on one of the hottest days of the season, and about a fortnight after we parted from THE ARROW, that we lay thus becalmed. The hour was high noon. I stood panting for breath by the weather railing, dressed in a thin jacket and without a cravat, feverishly looking out across the ocean to discern, if possible, a mist or cloud or other evidence of an approaching breeze. My watch was in vain. There was no ripple on the deep, but a long monotonous undulation heaved the surface of the water, which glittered far and near like a mirror in which the sun is reflected vertically, paining and almost blinding the gaze. The schooner lay motionless on the ocean, the shadow of her boom shivering in the wave, as the swell undulated along. Silence reigned on the decks. To a spectator at a distance, who could have beheld our motionless shadow in the water, we would have seemed an enchanted ship, hanging midway betwixt the sea and sky.

Noon passed, and the afternoon drew heavily along, yet still no breeze arose to gladden our listless spirits.

Two bells struck and then three, but the same monotony continued. Wearied out at length I was about turning from the weather quarter to go below, when I fancied I saw a sail far down on the horizon. I paused and looked intently in the direction where the welcome sight had been visible. For a moment the glare of the sun and the water prevented me from distinguishing with any accuracy whether what I saw was really a sail or not, but at length my doubts were removed by the cry of the look-out on the fore-castle, and before half an hour it became evident that the vessel to windward was a square-rigged craft, but of what size or character it was impossible to determine.

"They must have had a puff of wind up yonder," remarked the second lieutenant to me, "or else they could not have come within sight so rapidly."

"But the breeze has left them ere this," I said, "for they have not moved for the last quarter of an hour."

"We shall probably know nothing more of them until nightfall, for the wind will scarcely make before sunset, even if it does then. He has the weather gauge. Until I know something more of him I would rather change positions."

"He is some fat merchantman," I replied, "we will lighten his plethoric pocket before morning."

During the afternoon the calm continued, our craft and the stray sail occupying their relative positions. Meantime, innumerable were the conjectures which we hazarded as to the character of our neighbor; and again and again were our glasses put in requisition to see if any thing could be discovered to decide our conflicting opinions. But the royals of a ship, when nothing else of her is visible, give scarcely any clue as to her character; and accordingly hour after hour passed away, and we were still altogether ignorant respecting the flag and strength of our neighbor. Toward sunset, however, signs of a coming breeze began to appear on the seaboard, and when the luminary wheeled his disc down the western line of the horizon, the sea to windward was perceptibly ruffled by the wind.

"Ah! there it comes at last—" said the second lieutenant, "and, by my halidome, the stranger is standing for us. Now, if he will only keep in his present mind until we can get within range of him, I am no officer of the United Colonies if I do not give him some some hot work. By St. George, the men

had had so little to do of late, and they long so eagerly to whet their palates, that I would venture to attack almost twice our force—eh! Cavendish! You have had such a dare-devil brush with the bucanears lately that I suppose you think no common enemy is worth a thought."

"Not altogether," said I, "but I think we shall have our wish gratified. Yonder chap is certainly twice our size, and he carries his topsails as jauntily as a man-of-war."

"Faith! and you're right, Harry," said my old messmate, as he shut the glass with a jerk, after having, in consequence of my last remark, taken a long look at the strange sail, "that's no sleepy merchantman to windward. But we'll swagger up to him, nevertheless; one does n't like to run away from the first ship he meets."

I could not help smiling when I thought of the excuses with which the lieutenant was endeavoring to justify to himself his contemplated attack on a craft that was not only more than twice our size, but apparently an armed cruizer, for I knew the case would have been the same if this had been the hundredth, instead of the first vessel he had met after assuming a separate command, as no man in the corvette had been more notorious for the recklessness with which he invited danger. Perhaps this was the fault of his character. I really believe that he would, if dared to it, have run into Portsmouth itself, and fired the British fleet at anchor. In our former days, when we had been fellow officers on board *THE ARROW*, we had often differed on this trait in his character, and perhaps now he felt called on, from a consciousness of my opinion, to make some excuse to me for his disregard of prudence in approaching the stranger; for, as soon as the breeze had made, he had close-hauled the schooner, and, during the conversation I have recorded, we were dashing rapidly up towards the approaching ship.

As we drew nearer to the stranger, my worst suspicions became realized. Her courses loomed up large and ominous, and directly her hammock nettings appeared, and then her ports opened to our view, six on a side; while, almost instantaneously with our discovery of her force, a roll of bunting shot up to her gaff, and, unrolling, disclosed the cross of St. George. There was now no escape. The enemy had the weather gauge, and was almost within closing distance. However prudent a more wary approach might have been hitherto, there was no longer any reason for the exercise of caution. It would be impossible for us now to avoid a combat, or get to windward by any manœuvre; and to have attempted to escape by going off before the wind would have been madness, since of all points of sailing that was the worst for our little craft. Gloomy, therefore, as the prospect appeared for us, there was no hesitation, but each man, as the drum called us to quarters, hurried to his post with as much alacrity as if we were about to engage an inferior force, instead of one so overwhelmingly our superior.

The moon had by this time risen and was calmly sailing on, far up in the blue ether, silvering the deep

with her gentle radiance, and showering a flood of sparkles on every billowy crest that rolled up and shivered in her light. Everywhere objects were discernible with as much distinctness as under the noon-day sun. The breeze sang through our rigging with a joyous sound, singularly pleasing after the silence and monotony of the day; and the waves that parted beneath our cutwater rolled glittering astern along our sides, while ever and anon some billow, larger than its fellows, broke over the bow, sending its foam crackling back to the foremast. Around the deck our men were gathered, each one beside his allotted gun, silently awaiting the moment of attack. The cutlasses had been served out; the boarding pikes and muskets were placed convenient for use; the balls had already been brought on deck; and we only waited for some demonstration on the part of the foe to open our magazine and commence the combat in earnest. At length, when we were rapidly closing with him, the enemy yawed, and directly a shot whistled high over us.

"Too lofty by far, old jackanapes," said the captain of our long Tom, "we'll pepper you after a different fashion when it comes to our turn to serve out the iron potatoes. Ah! the skipper's tired of being silent," he continued, as Mr. Vinton ordered the old veteran to discharge his favorite piece, "we'll soon see who can play at chuck-farthing the best, my hearty. Bowse away, boys, with that rammer—now we have her in a line—a little lower, just a trifle more—that's it—there she goes;" and as he applied the match, the flame streamed from the mouth of the gun, a sharp, quick report followed, and the smoke, clinging a moment around the piece in a white mass, broke into fragments and eddied away to leeward on the gale; while the old veteran, stepping hastily aside, placed his hand over his eyes, and gazed after the shot, with an expression of intense curiosity stamped on every feature of his face. Directly an exulting smile broke over his countenance, as the fore-top-sail of the ship fell—the ball having hit the yard.

"By the holy and thrue cross," said a mercurial Irishman of the old veteran's crew, "but he has it there—hurrah! Give it to him nately again—it's the early thrush that catches the early worm."

"Home with the ball there, my hearties," sung out the elated veteran, "she is yawing to let drive at us—there it comes. Give her as good as she sends."

The enemy was still, however, at too great a distance to render her fire dangerous, and after a third shot had been exchanged between us—for the stranger appeared to have, like ourselves, but a single long gun of any weight—this distant and uncertain firing ceased, and both craft drew steadily towards each other, determined to fight the combat, as a gallant combat should be fought, yard arm to yard arm.

The wind had now freshened considerably, and we made our way through the water at the rate of six knots an hour. This soon brought us on the bows of the foe. Our guns, meanwhile, had been hastily shifted from the starboard to the larboard side, so that our whole armament could be brought to bear at

once on the ship. As we drew up towards the enemy a profound silence reigned on our deck—each man, as he stood at his gun, watching her with curious interest. We could see that her decks were well filled with defenders, and that marksmen had been posted in the tops to pick off our crew. But no eye quailed, no nerve flinched, as we looked on this formidable array. We felt that there was nothing left for us but to fight, since flight was alike dishonorable and impossible.

At length we were within pistol shot of the foe, and drawing close on to his bows. The critical moment had come. That indefinable feeling which even a brave man will feel when about engaging in a mortal combat, shot through our frames as we saw that our bowsprit was overlapping that of the enemy, and knew that in another minute some of us would perhaps be in another world. But there was little time for such reflections now. The two vessels, each going on a different tack, rapidly shot by each other, and, in less time than I have taken to describe it, we lay broadside to broadside, with our bows on the stern of the foe, and our taffarel opposite his foremast. Until now not a word had been spoken on board either ship; but the moment the command to fire was passed from gun to gun, a sheet of flame instantaneously rolled along our sides, making our light craft quiver in every timber. The rending of timbers, the crash of spars, and the shrieks of the wounded, heard over even the roar of battle, told us that the iron missiles had sped home, bearing destruction with them. A momentary pause ensued, as if the crew of the enemy had been thrown into a temporary disorder—but the delay was only that of a second or two—and then came in return the broadside of the foe. But this momentary disorder had injured the aim of the Englishman, and most of his balls passed overhead, doing considerable injury however to the rigging. Our men had lain flat on the deck after our discharge, since our low bulwarks afforded scarcely any protection against the fire of the enemy, and when, therefore, his broadside came hurtling upon us, the number of our wounded was far less than under other circumstances would have been possible.

"Thank God! the first broadside is over," I involuntarily exclaimed, "and we have the best of it."

"Huzza! we'll whip him yet, my hearties," shouted the captain of our long Tom; "give it to him with a will now—pepper his supper well for him. Old Marblehead, after all, against the world!"

With the word our men sprang up from the decks, and waving their arms on high, gave vent to an enthusiastic shout ere they commenced re-loading their guns. The enemy replied with a cheer, but it was less hearty than that of our own men. Little time, however, was lost on either side in these bravados; for all were alike conscious that victory hung, as yet, trembling in the scales.

"Out with her—aye! there she has it," shouted a grim veteran in my division, "down with the rascally Britisher."

"Huzza for St. George." came hoarsely back in

reply, as the roar of the gun died on the air, and, at the words, a ball whizzed over my shoulders, and striking a poor fellow behind me on the neck, cut the head off at the shoulders, and while it bore the skull with it in its flight, left the headless trunk spouting its blood, as if from the jet of an engine, over the decks. I turned away sickened from the sight. The messmates of the murdered man saw the horrid sight, but they said nothing, although the terrible energy with which they jerked out the gun, told the fierceness of their revengeful feelings. Well did their ball do its mission; for as the smoke eddied momentarily away from the decks of the enemy, I saw the missile dismount the gun which had fired the last deadly shot, scattering the fragments wildly about, while the appalling shrieks which followed the accident told that more than one of the foe had suffered by that fatal ball.

"We've revenged poor Jack, my lads," said the captain of the gun—"away with her again. A few more such shots and the day's our own."

The combat was now at its height. Each man of our crew worked as if conscious that victory hung on his own arm, nor did the enemy appear to be less determined to win the day. The guns on either side were plied with fearful rapidity and precision. Our craft was beginning to be dreadfully cut up, we had received a shot in the foremast that threatened momentarily to bring it down, and at every discharge of the enemy's guns one or more of our little crew fell wounded at his post. But if we suffered so severely it was evident that we had our revenge on the foe. Already his mizzen-mast had gone by the board, and two of his guns were dismounted. I fancied once or twice that his fire slackened, but the dense canopy of smoke that shrouded his decks and hung on the face of the water prevented me from observing, with any certainty, the full extent of the damage we had done to the enemy.

For some minutes longer the conflict continued with unabated vigor on the part of our crew; but at the end of that period, the fire of the Englishman sensibly slackened. I could scarcely believe that our success had been so decisive, but, in a few minutes longer, the guns of the enemy were altogether silenced, and directly afterwards a voice hailed from him, saying that he had surrendered. The announcement was met by a loud cheer from our brave tars, and, as the two vessels had now fallen a considerable distance apart, the second lieutenant determined to send a boat on board and take possession. Accordingly, with a crew of about a dozen men, I pushed off from the sides of our battered craft.

As we drew out of the smoke of the battle we began to see the real extent of the damage we had done. The ship of the enemy lay an almost perfect wreck on the water, her foremast and mizzen mast having both fallen over her side; while her hull was pierced in a continuous line, just above water mark, with our balls. Here and there her bulwarks had been driven in, and her whole appearance betokened the accuracy of our aim. I turned to look at the schooner. She was scarcely in a better condition,

for the foremast had by this time given way, and her whole larboard side was riddled with the enemy's shot. A dark red stream was pouring out from her scuppers, just abaft the mainmast. Alas! I well knew how terrible had been the slaughter in that particular spot. I turned my eyes from the melancholy spectacle, and looked upwards to the calm moon sailing in the clear azure sky far overhead. The placid countenance of the planet seemed to speak a reproof on the angry passions of man. A moment afterward we reached the captured ship.

As I stepped on deck I noticed that not one solitary individual was to be seen; but in the shattered gun-carriage, and the dark stains of blood on the deck, I beheld the evidences of the late combat. The whole crew had apparently retreated below. At this instant, however, a head appeared above the hatchway and instantly vanished. I was not long in doubt as to the meaning of this strange conduct, for, almost immediately a score of armed men rushed up the hatchway, and advancing toward us demanded our surrender. I saw at once the dishonorable stratagem. Stung to madness by the perfidy of the enemy, I sprang back a few steps to my men, and rallying them around me, bid the foe come on. They rushed instantly upon us, and in a moment we were engaged in as desperate a *mêlée* as ever I had seen.

"Stand fast, my brave lads," I cried, "give not an inch to the cowardly and perfidious villains."

"Cut him down, and sweep them from the decks," cried the leader of the men, stung to the quick by the taunt of cowardice. "St. George against the rebels."

A brawny desperado at the words made a blow at me with his cutlass, but hastily warding it off I snatched a pistol from my belt, and fired at my antagonist, who fell dead to the deck. The next instant the combat became general. Man to man, and foot to foot, we fought, desperately contesting every inch of deck, each party being conscious that the struggle was one of life or death. The clashing of cutlasses, the crack of fire-arms, the oaths, the shouts, the bravado, the shrieks of the wounded, and the dull heavy fall of the dead on the deck, were the only sounds of which we were conscious during that terrible *mêlée*, and these came to our ears not in their usual distinctness, but mingled into one fearful and indescribable uproar. For myself, I scarcely heard the tumult. My whole being was occupied in defending myself against a Herculean ruffian who seemed to have singled me out from my crew, and whom it required all my skill at my weapon to keep at bay. I saw nothing but the ferocious eye of my adversary; I heard only the quick rattle of our blades. I have said once before that my proficiency at my weapon had passed into a proverb with my messmates, and had I not been such a master of my art, I should, on the present occasion, have fallen a victim to my antagonist. As it was, I received a sharp wound in the arm, and was so hotly pressed by my vigorous foe that I was forced to give way. But this temporary triumph proved the destruction of my antagonist. Flushed with success, he forgot his wari-

ness, and made a lunge at me which left him unprotected. I moved quickly aside, and, seizing my advantage, had buried my steel in his heart before his own sword had lost the impetus given to it by his arm. As I drew out the reeking blade, I became aware, for the first time, of the wild tumult of sounds around me. A hasty glance assured me that we barely maintained our ground, while several of my brave fellows lay on the deck wounded or dying; but before I could see whether the ranks of the foe had been equally thinned, and while yet scarcely an instant had passed since the fall of my antagonist, a loud, clear huzza, swelling over the din of the conflict, rose at my side, and, turning quickly around, I saw to my joy that the shout proceeded from a dozen of our tars who had reached us at that moment in a boat from the schooner. In an instant they were on deck.

"Down with the traitors—no quarter—hew them to the deck," shouted our indignant messmates as they dashed on the assailants. But the enemy did not wait to try the issue of the combat. Seized with a sudden panic, they fled in all directions, a few jumping overboard, but most of them tumbling headlong down the hatchways.

We were now masters of the deck. As I instantly guessed, the report of the fire-arms had been heard on board the schooner, when, suspecting foul play, a boat had instantly pushed off to our rescue.

"A narrow escape, by Jove!" "said my messmate who had come to my aid, "these traitorous cowards had well nigh overpowered you, and if they could have cut your little party off they would, I suppose, have made another attempt on the schooner—God confound the rascals!"

"Your arrival was most opportune," said I, "a few minutes later and it would have been of no avail." And then, as I ran my eye over our comparatively gigantic foe, I could not restrain the remark, "It is a wonder to me how we conquered."

"Faith, and you may well say that," laughingly rejoined my messmate; "it will be something to talk of hereafter. But the schooner hasn't come off," he added, glancing at our craft, "without the marks of this fellow's teeth. But I had forgot to ask who or what the rascal is."

The prize proved to be a privateer. She had received so many shot in her hull, and was already leaking so fast, that we concluded to remove the prisoners and blow her up. Her crew were accordingly ordered one by one on deck, handcuffed, and transferred to the schooner. Then I laid a train, lighted it and put off from the prize. Before I reached our craft—which by this time had been removed to some distance—the ship blew up.

We rigged a jury mast, and by its aid reached Charleston, where we refitted. Our capture gave us no little reputation, and while we remained in port we were lionized to our hearts' content.

Eager, however, to continue the career so gloriously begun, we staid at Charleston no longer than was absolutely necessary to repair our damages. In less than a fortnight we left the harbor, and made sail again for the south.

THE PROPOSAL.

BY J. H. DANA.

CHAPTER I.

IN one of those stately old gardens which were attached to every lordly mansion of the reign of Charles the First, sat a cavalier and lady. The seat they occupied was a rude garden sofa, overshadowed by trees, and in close proximity to a colossal urn on which was represented in bold relief, according to the classic predilection of the age, Diana and her nymphs engaged in the chase. The lady was one of rare beauty. Indeed few creatures more lovely than Isabel Mordaunt ever graced a festive hall, or brushed the dew from the morning grass. She was gay, witty, eighteen, and an heiress. Her mother died when Isabel was an infant, and thus left chiefly to her own control she had grown up as wilful as a mountain chamois. Exulting in the consciousness of talent, there were few who had not experienced her wit. Yet she had a kind heart, and, if she was at times too apt to give offence, no one was more ready to atone for a fault. Her beauty and expectations had already drawn around her crowds of suitors; but though she laughed and chatted with all, she suffered none to aspire to an interest in her heart. Indeed she professed to be a skeptic to the reality of love. But, as is ever the case, her gay raillery and careless indifference seemed only to increase the number of her suitors.

The cavalier by her side was in the first flush of manhood, and one whose personal appearance rendered him a prize which any fair girl might be proud to win. Grahame Vaux had been the ward of Isabel's father, and was but four years her senior. In childhood they had played together, and though subsequently separated by the departure of Vaux to the university, they had been again thrown into each other's society at that critical period of life when the heart is most keenly alive to the influences of love. To Grahame this daily companionship was peculiarly dangerous. Isabel was just the being to dazzle a romantic character like his; for he regarded the sex with all the high, chivalrous feelings which actuated the Paladins of old, whom indeed he resembled in other respects. A second Sir Philip Sidney, he excelled in every graceful accomplishment. At Oxford he had won the first prize. In every manly sport he was pre-eminent. We will not trace the progress of his passion—how it sprung from a single word, fed on smiles, and finally devoured, as it were, his very being. Suffice it to say, he soon came to love Isabel with all the ardor of a first affection, worshipping her as an idolator adores his divinity, and evincing his passion in every look, word and gesture.

Perhaps this was not the surest road to the affections of a wilful creature like Isabel—perhaps the alternation of doubt and fear, of admiration and indifference, would more effectually have enlisted her feelings; but be this as it may, her new lover met at her hands the same capricious treatment which her other suitors received. In Grahame's case this wilfulness was more than usually apparent, though there were not wanting those who said that this demeanor was only a veil worn to hide a growing preference for her noble-hearted lover. At any rate her conduct toward him was caprice itself. Now she would smile on him so sweetly that he could not help but hope, and now a word or gesture would plunge him into the deepest despair.

"I can endure it no longer," at length he said, "I love Isabel!—Oh! how deeply and fervently God only knows. I will terminate my suspense. I will learn my fate. Better know the worst than live on in this agony."

He rose and sought out the lady. She was at her favorite seat in the garden; and as she perceived him approaching, her color deepened, as if she divined, in Grahame's excited air, the purpose of his visit. With that instinctive desire, so natural to the sex, to avoid the subject, she herself opened the conversation in a gay and trifling tone. Grahame, who could have stood the shock of battle undaunted, felt his heart fail him when he saw her sportive mood, but, firm in his resolve, he said, at length, at a suitable pause,

"Do you believe in love, Isabel?"

"Love! *I* believe in love!" laughingly replied the capricious girl. "What! give up my maiden liberty for a pretty gallant,—oh! no, Sir Romance, madcap as I am, it has not come to that. Believe in love, forsooth! why I should sooner believe that men were wise or women fickle. Love may sound very well in a play, but I'll have none of it. Pale cheeks, sighs, and the gilded fetters of a wife are not for a free maiden who, like the untamed hawk, would soar whither she lists. Love, indeed!" and she laughed merrily,

Poor Grahame! how his sensitive heart throbbed at these words. He would have given worlds to be miles away. But the light, half-mocking laugh, all silvery though it was, with which she concluded, wrung even from him a reproach.

"Oh! Isabel," he said, and his low voice trembled with emotion, "*can* you believe all this? Ah! little indeed then do you know of love."

"And who would presume to think that *I did* know ought of it?" said Isabel, with a heightened color,

and a flashing eye,—“I have no taste for jealous lovers or domineering lords; and I never saw one of your sex—I pray your pardon, fair sir—” and there was a slight scorn in her words, “who could tempt maiden to think twice of matrimony. Love indeed, forsooth! I pray Heaven to open men’s eyes to their vanity.”

The moment she had ceased speaking, Isabel would have given any thing to recall her words. Hurried away by her love of raillery, and a little piqued at the tone of reproach in which Grahame ventured, she had given free license to her speech, and said things which she well knew she did not believe. Her lover turned deadly pale at her words. Believing now that she had all along been trifling with his feelings, he started to his feet, and looking at her a moment sadly, exclaimed bitterly, “Isabel! Isabel! May God forgive you for this; I leave you and forever;” and ere she could reply, or Grahame see the tears that gushed into her eye, he darted through the neighboring shrubbery and was lost to sight. Isabel looked after, and called faintly to him to return, but if he heard her, which was scarcely possible, he heeded it not. Pride prevented her from repeating the summons; she saw him no more.

CHAPTER II.

More than an hour elapsed before Isabel returned to the mansion, and when she did the traces of tears were on her cheeks. She instantly sought her chamber.

“He said we parted forever—oh! surely he cannot have meant it,” she exclaimed, “he will be here to-morrow. And then—” and she paused, while a blush mantled over her cheeks, and invaded even her pearly bosom.

But to-morrow came without Grahame. All through the long day Isabel watched for his arrival, and even ventured half way to the park-gates, but when she heard footsteps in the avenue ahead, she hurried trembling behind the shrubbery until she saw that the stranger was not her lover. And when night came, and still he did not appear, her heart was agitated by contending emotions; and while one moment pride would obtain the mastery, love would in turn subdue her bosom. Until this hour Isabel had never known how deeply she loved Grahame; for her passion, growing with her growth and increasing with her years, had obtained the mastery of her heart with such subtle and gradual power, that the rude shock of Grahame’s departure first woke her to a consciousness of her affection. And now she felt that she had wronged a true and noble heart. Had her lover then returned he would have won a ready confession of her passion; but day after day passed without his arrival, and finally intelligence was received that he had joined the army of King Charles, then first rallying around that ill-fated monarch, preparatory to the fatal civil war in which so many gallant cavaliers lost life and fortune. The news filled

Isabel’s heart with the keenest anguish. “Alas! Grahame,” she said, as if in adjuration, “I love only you, and your noble heart deems I despise the offering. Could you but know the truth! But surely,” she continued, “he might have sought some explanation. Oh! if he had returned only for a moment, and given me the opportunity to ask forgiveness, he would not have had to complain of a cold and ungrateful heart in Isabel Mordaunt. He is unjust,” and thus resolving, she determined to demean herself with becoming pride.

However much, therefore, Isabel might suffer in secret, no curious eye was allowed to penetrate the recesses of her heart. To the world she appeared gay and witty as ever, and if sometimes the name of Grahame was mentioned, or his gallant deeds commended, she heard the announcement without betraying aught more than would have been natural in a common friend. She was often put to this trial, for, from the moment when Grahame joined the royal standard, his career had witnessed a succession of the most brilliant exploits. Seeming to be utterly regardless of life, he ventured deeds from which even the bravest had shrunk back. Wherever the storm of battle was thickest, wherever a post of extreme peril was to be maintained, there was Grahame, pressing forward in the front rank, like another Rinaldo. He did not shun the companionship of the gayer gallants of the camp, but he ever wore, amid their mirth, an expression of settled sadness. But this peculiarity was forgotten in the brilliancy of his exploits, and his name came at length to be so famous that when any new and daring deed was done, men asked at once whether Sir Grahame Vaux had not been there.

Isabel heard all this with a beating heart, but an unmoved cheek. She had schooled herself to disguise her heart, and she succeeded so that no one suspected the truth. Only her father, when he saw her refuse one after another of her many suitors, divined that some unrevealed secret lay hidden in her bosom, and remembering the sudden departure of Grahame, was at no loss to refer her conduct to the right cause. Meantime a change had gradually come over Isabel. She was less light-hearted than of old—her laugh, though musical, was scarcely as gay at it once had been—and her sportive wit no longer flashed incessantly like the lightning in the summer cloud.

The tide of war had long rolled steadfastly against the cavaliers, and finally the battle of Marston Moor closed the tragedy. The day after the news of the defeat arrived, a travel-soiled retainer of Grahame reached Mordaunt Hall and recounted in detail the events of that bloody field, from which he was a fugitive. He said that his master, when the day was lost, flung a discharged pistol into the thickest ranks of the enemy and died, like a knight of old, fighting to regain it. At these words her father turned to Isabel, in whose presence the retainer had related his story, and saw a deathly paleness overspread her cheek. The next instant she sank to the floor in a swoon.

“My child, my darling Isabel, speak,” said the

aged father, raising her in his trembling arms. "Oh! I have long suspected this, and the blow has killed her! Why did I suffer her to hear this tale!"

With difficulty they revived her; but she only woke to a spell of sickness; and for weeks her fate hung in a balance between life and death.

CHAPTER III.

But Grahame had not fallen. True, as his retainer asserted, he had maintained the unequal combat long after every one else had left the field, and true also he had finally been overwhelmed by numbers and left for dead, covered with wounds, upon the battle plain; but when the pursuing squadrons had swept by, leaving the field comparatively deserted, and the chill night wind breathed with reviving coolness over his brow, he awoke to consciousness, and was enabled, by the assistance of one of his followers who yet prowled about the scene of carnage in the hope of finding his master, to gain a secure retreat where he might be cured of his wounds. Here, on the rude couch of a humble cottage, he lay for weeks, and the third month had set in after the battle, before he was enabled to leave his lowly shelter. During all this time his faithful retainer watched over him, tending him one while with the assiduity of a nurse, and another while, on any alarm, preparing to defend him to the last extremity.

"I am now a houseless, persecuted outlaw," said Grahame when he mounted his steed to leave the humble cottage where he had found shelter. "The crop-eared puritanic knaves have shed the best blood in the country and they will not spare mine. The land is overrun with their troops, and there is no safety, in this portion of it at least. I will go once more to the halls of my fathers, take a last farewell of them, and then carry my life and sword to some foreign market, for, God help me, there is nothing else left to do."

It was a bright sunny afternoon when Grahame reached his ancestral halls, now deserted and melancholy. Already had the minions of the parliament sequestered and shut up the mansion, and it was only through the fidelity of an old servant, who yet lingered around the place, that its former master was enabled to enter its portals. The aged retainer wept with joy on his lord's hand, and said,

"Oh! dark was the day when news came of your honor's death."

"And was it then reported that I was no more? Yet how can I wonder at it, considering my long seclusion."

"Oh! yes—and sad times too they had of it over at Mordaunt Hall. The young mistress fainted away, and was near dying, though since she has heard that you yet lived—as we all did, you know, by your messenger,—she has wonderfully revived. But what ails you, my dear master?—are you sick?"

"No—no—but I must to horse at once," said Grahame, whose face had turned deadly pale at his servant's joyful intelligence. "I may be back to sleep

here—think you I can have safe hiding for one night in my father's house?"

"That may you, God bless your honor," said the old man as Grahame rode away.

"She loves me, then! Life is no more all a blank," said the young knight almost gaily, as he dashed through the arcades of his park, his steed seeming to partake in his master's exhilaration.

Isabel sat in the great parlor of Mordaunt Hall, looking down the broad avenue that led to the park gates. A partial bloom had been restored to her cheek, for hope whispered to her that Grahame might yet be hers. Suddenly a figure emerged to sight far down the avenue, and though years had elapsed since she had seen that form, and though she imagined her lover to be far away, and perhaps in exile, her heart told her at once that the approaching figure was Grahame's. For a moment her agitation was so excessive that she thought she would have fainted, but though there were many painful recollections, her sensations on the whole were of a happy kind. Quick as lightning, the thought flashed across her mind that Grahame had heard of her agitation when the false report of his death had reached Mordaunt Hall, and, for the moment, maidenly shame overcame every other feeling in her bosom. Conscious that she dare not meet her lover without preparation, she took to instant flight, and sought, as if instinctively, her favorite seat in the garden. Here, resting her head on her hands, she strove to collect her thoughts. It was not long before she heard a tread on the graveled walk, and her whole frame trembled with the consciousness that the intruder was Grahame. Nervous, abashed, unable to look up, her heart fluttered wildly against her bodice. How different was she from the gay, capricious creature who had occupied that same seat, two short years before. She heard the footstep at hand, and her agitation increased. She knew that her lover had taken his seat beside her, and yet she dared not let her eye meet his, but blushing and confused she offered no resistance when he took her trembling hand in his.

"Isabel—dear Isabel!" said a manly voice, and though the tones were full of emotion, the accents were clear and firm, for it was not Grahame now who trembled, "let us forget the past," and he stole his arm around her waist. "We love each other—do we not, dear Isabel?"

Isabel raised her eyes, now beaming with subdued tenderness, to her lover's face, and then bursting into tears was drawn to his bosom, as tenderly as a mother may press her new-born infant to her heart.

The interest of Isabel's father, who had taken no part in the civil war, procured for Grahame an immunity from proscription; and when his estates were brought to the hammer, under the order of the parliament, they were purchased by Mr. Mordaunt, and restored to their rightful owner. Long and happily together lived Sir Grahame Vaux and his beautiful wife, and when Charles the Second was restored to his kingdom, none welcomed him back with more joy than the now blooming matron, and her still noble looking lord.

ORIGINAL TALES OF FASHIONABLE LIFE.

THE PROUD MAN'S LOVE.

THE proudest person I ever knew was Mr. Woodrow, and, to be sure, his fault was very neatly punished. In fact, after a careful, and as I suppose, unprejudiced observation of life, I may say that I have never known any departure from the moral law in the principles of character or conduct, or indeed any deviation from that law in particular acts, which did not sooner or later draw upon itself a retribution peculiarly adapted to sting the erring passion, though, oftentimes in a degree that seems to be excessive. My trade is to tell stories and not to write sermons. I shall therefore not puzzle myself or my readers with inquiring whether the distinctions of morality are artificial differences created by the divine will, and having rewards and punishments arbitrarily joined to them, which is the theological view, or whether the results found uniformly to follow certain modes of feeling and acting have suggested to men that characteristics of right and wrong are inherent in things, which is an extreme statement of Paley's notion: I content myself with noting what I have seen, and with believing what I have known. And if it may be pardoned to one whose profession it is to be gay among the gayest, that he touches for a moment on a serious subject, I will take leave to say, that however men's opinions may deal with the theories of Scripture, the facts it goes upon, and the conclusions it comes to, shall stand fast for ever, for they are grounded in the immutable verity of nature. "Be sure thy sin shall find thee out," is the inspired form of a truth which all experience proclaims. Our great natural teacher says, "Of our pleasant vices the gods make instruments to scourge us." Byron through successive years renewed a deep analysis of the career of Napoleon, to extract from it whatever it had of instruction, till at last grasping the whole subject with all the mature force of his mind, in the sublimest passage his writings present, he sees in it nothing but

"The moral, taught so long,
"So vainly—learn to do no wrong."

But my tale is drifting off into a treatise, and I must get it back. Of pride I may remark, that by wounding every one it comes near, it tends instantly to raise opposition. A writer, whom I would commend as much for the uncommon depth and justness of his views of life, as for the beautiful suavity with which they are conveyed—I mean Dr. Goldsmith—has said on this matter: "No qualities are so fatal to success as pride and resentment."

Henry Woodrow's pride was any thing but cold; it was a vivid, a passionate sentiment. The pride of indifference may arise from a real superiority to the rest of mankind, but contemptuous pride usually springs from a consciousness of inferiority in some point. A certain degree of natural haughtiness Woodrow undoubtedly had, for I know that it was the temper of his family; but in the rank blossom of fulness in which it developed itself in him, it came from a sensitive apprehension of disgrace which fretted his bosom. That apprehension, when the cause of it was opened, showed qualities in his character which made it, in its worst errings, as much an object of compassion, and almost of admiration, as it was of blame. Henry Woodrow's feelings were of the most susceptible kind, his imagination exquisitely delicate. His happiness would have been to love purely and passionately, and with the most genial outgush of emotion, some elevated being, whose charms would satisfy the quick soarings of his fancy. For his heart was made for the loveliest and sweetest impressions: for the purity of rapture, for that sublimated virtue which is joy. But, alas! it was too finely made; for to be "not in the harmony of things," whether you are above or below it, is a mournful condition. A bosom whose strings are set far higher than the chords of others' feelings, and an ear attuned to loftier notes, makes discord in the concert of society, and is pained by the discords of the rest. From

such pain a strange relief is felt in the resolution to feed wholly on the most horrid discords. The bruising pressure of the hopeless certainty that the cravings of the heart never can be satisfied, maddens the spirit into a totally opposite set of feelings and principles, compelled by the distress of apathy to feel acutely, and finding nothing to furnish ecstasies of goodness; such a nature exclaims—"Evil, be thou my good," and rushes madly into the excitement of wrong. Some such principle wrought in the soul of this person; the detailed process of its operation the reader can guess as well as I can give; so let it go. The action amounted effectively to a complete transformation. Love manifested itself by hate. Woodrow found delight in bitter contempt and harsh scorn. It gave him a strange pleasure to wound the feelings of people. It was a fiendish thing, to be sure; the world condemned, but I, who knew his nature, pitied him.

Mr. Woodrow was a person of easy fortune, superior understanding, and high and refined cultivation of mind and manner. A proud man will never lack something to be proud about, if it be only a thread-bare coat; the point on which this man's pride built itself was his blood. What the ground was of those differences in blood which he commented so much on I never could rightly make out; but to his eye the distinctions were as palpable as those which a Spaniard finds between blue blood, pink blood, red blood, &c. For my own part I took the liberty of thinking that it was some accidental or conventional union of people in society that made these varieties in blood, rather than that blood regulated the classes of society. For if you pointed to the respectable bearing and excellent manners of certain persons without the pale, you were met with the reply—"Ay! but they have no ton;" while if your criticism squinted to certain humble employments which the ancestors of the party himself may have exercised, the decisive answer was—"Any thing is genteel that a gentleman chooses to do." In the circle within which Mr. Woodrow confined his regards he was not only brilliant but easy, courteous and delightful: to all outside of it his nature was rough and bristling as a porcupine. His friends found him a man very difficult to offend, others found him impossible to please. As the honest chronicler said of Wolsey,

"Lofty and sour to them that loved him not;
"But to those men that sought him, sweet as summer."

If the feelings approved not that lofty selfishness, to the eye it made a fine sight to see Mr. Woodrow's bearing in his intercourse with society. Gay, vivacious and bright, animated in manner, ardent in his sympathies, directing great force of character to give vigor and earnestness to life; contributing a brilliant flow of varied and fresh conversation that always had the purity of a very practised care, and often sparkled with the richest wit. A graceful haughtiness, a will accustomed to prevail, an impatient rapidity of purpose, made him a leader wherever he appeared. I was often astonished—no, I was not astonished, for I well knew what value any one may give himself by assumption and arrogance—I was instructed, at seeing with what eagerness his company and commendation were sought, and what vanity was inspired by his compliments. There was scarcely any one whom he could not control when he chose to lay himself out to please and flatter. This conscious power, bringing to his feet every thing that the insolence of desire could shape before his mind, and giving him the idea of an almost boundless superiority, rendered him the spoiled child of pride and fortune. To be denied or baffled was a thing he was but little used to. Borne thus high on a stream of success and happiness, he spurned and even detested those of his fellows who did not meet the requirements of his taste. He could conciliate and charm, where he chose to do it, with irresistible effect; and he could annihilate a man or woman with more consummate art than I ever saw employed for such a purpose. He possessed the faculty of ignoring people, of treating them as if they were not, of blotting out their existence, more effectually than any one I ever knew. There were persons

whom he met constantly, and who often formed part of a group whom he was entertaining, yet without seeming to avoid or appearing to wish to shun their acquaintance or conversation, he could behave as if he did not see them, and was wholly unconscious of their being. He could also put the most stinging mortifications on those against whom he had taken up some resentment; and he seemed sometimes to find a joy in doing it—in pressing his contempt home keenly on their feelings—in proving to them what utter scorn he held them in. Among those whom he seemed to select for particular resentment was a family whose name I shall call Blair. They were certainly what must be called new people in the fashionable world: they were very rich, and though without much sense, were very good-natured, civil and unassuming. There were four or five brothers of them. I knew them, and though there was not much that was interesting in them, and their ostentation in living and dress was not in very good taste, I found them easy enough to get on with, and in fact quite as agreeable as the common run of society. It was their wealth, I suppose, that excited Woodrow's indignation; for I must say that I never knew him discourteous to any one who was poor or depressed. He totally refused to know these people. He overlooked, neglected, avoided them, and having begun by being uncivil, he naturally went on more decidedly in the same course. For it is a common thing for one who has done an injury to another, to come very soon to hate the injured person; if he retains a sense of friendliness he feels that he has violated his own feelings; and in order to be consistent himself, and feel the satisfaction of acting upon principle, he endeavors to persuade himself that the person ought to be treated rudely, and he sets to work to detest them as cordially as he can. One of these gentlemen called once on Woodrow in company with a friend, and left his card, and Woodrow never returned the visit. He must either have been laboring at that moment under some extravagant paroxysm of contempt, or else he forgot the matter, for I think that in his ordinary moods he would never have been guilty of so excessive a rudeness. A winter or two passed on; having quelled these people, as he termed it, and broken them in to a due degree of subordination, his bitterness wore away, and his feelings toward them sank into a civil indifference. He fell into a speaking acquaintance with them, treated them with common-place kindness, and probably forgot the insulting demeanor he had once shown them. That they should remember it, or undertake at any time to resent it, never for an instant occurred to him.

One evening at a ball I was standing in what L. H. used to call the Dardanelles, to wit, the door-way passage that connected the adjoining rooms. Leaning against one of the piers, I presently espied Woodrow a little in front of me at the side, occupied, like myself, in gazing upon the dancers.

"Ha!" said he, turning round, "you, and Williams on the other side, are fixed there like the pillars of Hercules."

"You give the name, I suppose," said I, "because beyond us the voyager stands to see."

"Because between you," said he, in a lower tone, and glancing at a group of dowagers who blocked up the way, "the white-caps are particularly formidable. By-the-by, who is that very striking young lady at the opposite side of the dance?"

"That is Miss Blair."

"Ah! yes; the Blairs, I know them; very nice persons. Will you present me?"

"Of course, as soon as the quadrille is ended."

Woodrow fixed his gaze upon the lady, and by the intensity of his eye and a flush that suffused his cheek I saw that his spirit drank the loveliness of her beauty. When I presented him, and she accepted his invitation to dance, there was more of genial and delighted feeling in his countenance than I ever saw there before. We hear a good deal about love at first sight, and I have rarely found that any notion or name prevails extensively in the world without its having some portion of truth in it, and some

foundation in the experience or consciousness of men. Perhaps the most permanent and the most ardent forms of love are those where the emotion has been gradual, and even where it has been founded upon conquering some degree of dislike; still there is a passion which is instantaneous; there are cases where beauty at once reaches and possesses the sympathies of the gazer; where before the subject can look round him and consider, he finds his being invaded and thoroughly occupied by the presence of her who is before him, and he cannot separate his heart from the impression and meditate on the admission of it, for already his soul is love. Somewhat thus it fared with my friend. For the first time in his life the genuine ardors of his spirit were awakened: the natural warm enthusiasm of his breast was touched and roused. The barriers and artificial defence-work of assumed opinions and principles with which he had guarded his feelings were penetrated in a moment, as by some magical power, and his youthful feelings, there dwelling in their freshness, felt a vivid inspiration poured upon them. For the first time, he found something that answered those wild, intense, yet sensitive longings, which though checked and crushed down through many a year, retained their life, and now rose in their power. The pleasure was novel as it was keen, yet it throbbed through his breast with a most familiar feeling. It was the delight of being restored to a long-remembered paradise, since his exile from which all had been dim and languid. It was the eager joy with which a hero, long condemned to listlessness, grasps once more the sword of his strength, and finds his soul returned to him. The visions which fancy had dimly sketched in boyhood were now poured forth around in substantial splendor and loveliness; his nature, which had been fettered and half-paralyzed, and all unreal, rushed back to the full fervor of youth, and his existence became a passion. He led Miss Blair to the supper-room, and returning, when there were but few persons in the room, and a small train of waltzers on the floor, she seated herself on a small ottoman, and he, occupying a stool at her feet, conversed and gazed, seeming to be absorbed by her loveliness.

Certainly, there was something wonderfully attractive in the countenance and manner of Miss Blair. Of simple, flower-like beauty, she was the rarest model I ever saw. A man of Woodrow's composite and sophisticated character would have his admiration excited by finished elegance and studied accomplishment: his heart could be touched only by natural, unelaborate charms. Miss Blair was tall and very fair. Her eyes were the softest, gentlest, brightest in the world; clear, yet melting in loveliness; pure, but dreaming of delicious passion. The outline of her forehead and temples presented a swelling curve of fascinating beauty; a curve that seemed to have been caught from the smiles and dimples of Love itself. Her complexion was of lilies and roses; that kind of fairness which in its inferior degrees is the most common-place thing we see, and often even vulgar, but which in its highest perfection and when joined to an exalted refinement, constitutes, after all, the highest style of beauty. Her hair was light and fine, curling exquisitely about her temples, like the tendrils of a vine. It was that color which the Roman poets are so fond of attributing to the favorites of their fancy, with epithets whose delicate shade we cannot successfully transfer to English; it was not so light as flaxen—that hue is decidedly disagreeable—it verged more towards brown. Her lip was, perhaps, the chief source whence the artless charm of her loveliness was derived: simple, yet faultless in shape, it seemed to be the token of her character; it was traversed every moment by quick, gay, transient smiles.

"That pass,
"Light as the wind across the grass;"

changeable as spring, bright as the summer. Her dress, which was plain but in perfect taste, displayed to great advantage a figure which to an oriental fancy would have suggested the appropriate comparison of a cypress.

The mind of Henry Woodrow,

"Feelingly alive
To each fine impulse,"

tasted a refined and exquisite pleasure in the pure, fresh conversation of this child. Her mind, her sentiments, her tastes showed the same floral innocence and spontaneous grace which threw around her person a peculiar fascination. She was intelligent; yet it was intelligence veiling itself more softly in the guise of animated feeling rather than displayed vividly in thought, which has ever something repelling about it. The perfection of a woman is not to display mind, but to have an understanding nature, to comprehend by the just susceptibilities of the frame, to interest by the impulses of sentiment. The admirer in this case was delighted with the passive intellect with which

her being was informed. An atmosphere of comprehension, as it were, seemed to brood around her like a cloud of odors, and the brilliant efforts of her companion in offering to her the brightest notions, seemed but reviving and waking up ideas which had existed in her spirit before, unconsciously. The highest and most subtle thoughts and fancies which the excited powers of Woodrow could suggest were not only perfectly and in all their shades of meaning understood by her, but she appeared to have been in full possession of them before; and if she replied not by definite opinions, she displayed to you a soul which seemed to be radiant with a more essential illumination; and Woodrow found that however profound and splendid his remarks might be, he could not equal the superior intelligence of her sympathies. That effect operated like an overpowering charm: his admiration gazed with a still-growing wonder. Unable to explain that mystery, his mind looked into the depths of that bright, serene existence, and was fascinated by its impressive presence.

The beauty of Miss Blair acted as a powerful stimulus upon the faculties of Woodrow, and he elaborated with rapid brilliance a thousand subtle compliments and *recherches* flatteries. She held in her hand a *bouquet*, of which the string had become untied, and the order was somewhat disarranged.

"My *bouquet* is coming to pieces," she said, as her attempts to restore it to order were not altogether availing.

"It is the effort of the inner flowers," said he, "to get nearer to your hand. Who can be surprised at their ambition?"

"Ah! how that poor camelia is faded!"

"The loveliness of the flower fades before the brighter flower of loveliness."

"But this other *bouquet*, which has just been returned to me, is withered still more."

"It faints with joy at being restored to the smiles of its mistress."

A bit of jasmine dropped, which he immediately took up.

"Ah! what exquisite fragrance you have imparted to this blossom! I shall keep it sacredly, that, redolent always of beauty and excellence, it may perfume my life for ever."

Thus he ran on, not very successfully as to good taste, to be sure; but the ardent action of his mind served to lead his heart still farther into passion. When that conversation was ended, Woodrow's feelings were beyond his own control. He loved with an impulsive, unchecked emotion. When they had taken their places for a quadrille, Mrs. Blair came down from supper, and told her daughter that it was time to go. She begged permission to remain till that dance was over; Mr. Woodrow joined his remonstrances, but she was inflexible, and directed her daughter to follow her. He put her into the carriage, and in saying "good night," he unconsciously bade farewell to all the pleasure her society was to afford him. We went to the supper-table together. He was loud in his praises of Miss Blair; professed himself decidedly a lover, and declared himself determined to woo her, with the air of a man confident of carrying all before him. She was, by-the-by, probably the best connection in town. Her father was dead, and being an only daughter, possessed in her own right a large fortune, well invested.

The next morning as I was walking I happened to see Woodrow leaving a card at Mrs. Blair's. He did not see me. On the following day there came out invitations to a general party at her house. Woodrow was not invited. He came to see me, and picked up the card of invitation which was lying on the table.

"Humph!" said he; "you are going to this Mrs. Blair's. I do not know her."

"Ah! my good fellow," said I, "if you had left your card there the day before, you would have had an opportunity of seeing your beautiful friend."

He said nothing in reply, but turned the conversation off to something else. I had no right to urge him to a position where he would be obliged either to tell a lie or confess himself repulsed; but it gave me considerable pleasure to witness his vexation at the consciousness of being neglected.

In an ordinary case, to be left out of an invitation would give one no concern at all; nay, would be rather a relief to one who goes much into society. But in the present circumstances, the vexation and mortification which it gave to Woodrow were intense. He could not understand it. He still hoped and believed that he might receive a card; and every time he returned home after being out, during the two or three days which preceded the party, he looked anxiously about for a note. He met Miss Blair in the street, who spoke to him with affability; he observed that when

she saw him she said something somewhat earnestly to her companion. He thought, to be sure, that she was remarking that he had been forgotten in the invitations, and he expected certainly to receive a card that day. None, however, came. There was a party at Miss H.'s. He was plagued with the inquiry in every quarter, "Are you going to Miss Blair's to-morrow?" Every body seemed to him in a conspiracy to bore him on the subject. The awkward ingenuity which he was put to, in endeavoring to save his dignity and yet tell the truth was extremely amusing. For my part, I was malicious enough to enjoy it thoroughly. The hold which the thing had taken of him was astonishing. He saw Miss Blair in conversation some time with one of his particular friends. His hopes revived. "She will ask him to bring me to-morrow night, no doubt." When this gentleman parted from Miss Blair he walked up to him to give him an opportunity of imparting the expected request. His friend gaped in his face and turned off. Woodrow went home, chagrined with the world and with himself. The party took place and he was not asked.

What course of conduct to follow towards the Blairs was the next point to be considered. His pride was the first counsellor. "This," said he, "is the just punishment when a gentleman so far forgets himself as to have anything to do with low people." He thought of sending to the house to withdraw his card, and say it was left by mistake, and terminating all acquaintance with them. That, however, would show pique, and it was presently given up. On the whole he thought it would be most dignified to treat them with civil indifference, and let them see that he cared too little for them to feel hurt by their neglect. He would speak to them politely but abstain from any intimate intercourse. He met Miss Blair every where; but when he approached to make his bow and exchange a few words, he felt himself enthralled and fascinated by her presence. He could not break off from her society. Then he resolved that the true plan was to conquer and break down the coldness of these people, and show them that they were not able to resist his wishes. He determined to possess this lady, or at least have her in his control. He found a certain Mr. Phelps a devoted attendant of hers. If there was any body in the world to whom more than to every other Mr. Woodrow's nature felt an instinctive antipathy of scorn, it was this Mr. Phelps. He was well-behaved, well-dressed and well-looking; but one of those perfectly commonplace persons, whose entire want of tone, and finish, and high-bred spirit, excited an involuntary resentment in Woodrow's mind. He set himself to crush this man; when they were conversing with Miss Blair, he exerted all the powers of stinging sarcasm that wounded passion could inspire him with, to cut him to pieces. Here, however, he found himself balked; Miss Blair always took his part and though the poor fellow himself had no replies to make, Woodrow found that she always protected him in such a way that his shafts could not reach his rival without wounding her. He became excessively irritated, nay, enraged with mortified self-love: and instead of quietly drawing off and giving the matter up, he thought he had risked his dignity too far to retreat, and he pushed on with a blind determination to succeed. Miss Blair treated him always civilly, as did the rest of her family. In a short time Mr. Woodrow had gone so far that though no such formal proposal as required a direct and explicit answer had been made, yet, substantially, he had declared himself.

At this time he gave a supper-party; he intended it to be in honor of a cousin and uncle who lived in the same house with her. He left his card for those gentlemen and invited them. They sent him no answer. This was in its clear effect a most scornful insult; yet it could not be taken notice of, for perhaps they did not get his notes. He understood it perfectly, and was afraid to repeat the invitation, or call for an explanation, lest he should be more directly insulted. About the same time Mrs. Blair issued cards for a large ball; all the world was invited—but not Mr. Woodrow. How well I remember his behavior at his unfortunate supper! It consisted of a dozen or fifteen persons; and he had again to run the gauntlet of the good-natured and obliging inquiry, "Are you going to Miss Blair's?" . . . Every person as he came in, after greeting him, asked him, "Are you going to Mrs. Blair's on Thursday?" till I expected to see him become infuriated. If there occurred a pause at supper, somebody was sure to lean over towards the end of the table and cry out, "By-the-by, Woodrow, you said you were going to Mrs. Blair's, I believe?" or, "Woodrow, did you say you were going to Mrs. Blair's?" till I suppose the name of Blair sounded in his ears like jangled brass. It seemed as if fortune had become a vindictive fury, and all his friends were ministers in her service to torture him. However, he was thoroughly

roused and under strong self-control; and a man of his practised manners found no difficulty whatever in warding off these questions by replies that were not answers; but they tried his temper bitterly.

I who was extremely familiar with him, could see, by slight but significant indications, that his feelings, that whole evening, were in a perfect fester: he was suffering little short of anguish. But the art and dissimulation of a thorough-bred man of the world is never at fault. No one at that table but myself had a suspicion that there was anything on Woodrow's mind which annoyed him. Sitting at the head of his board with the flowing courtesy of genial hospitality, the circle was entertained by him with the same easy but ever-watchful politeness, the same gay wit, *recherchée* anecdote, and light, graceful sarcasm, which they were accustomed to find from the same quarter. No difference was discernible to the common eye between his present bearing and his best moods, save that perhaps occasionally, when off his guard for a moment, his sneer darkened into a deeper bitterness than he usually permitted himself to show. But within his "quick bosom" was a kind of "hell." To give, as it were, a poetical completeness to the scene, a person coming in at a late hour, announced, on authority, the engagement of Miss Blair to Mr. Phelps: not forgetting, to be sure, the grateful inquiry, "Are you going to Mrs. Blair's on Thursday?"

The next morning at an early hour, the day being fine, I met Mr. Woodrow walking. I passed close to him, but so intense was his self-occupation, that either he did not see me, or seeing, did not know me. His face was flushed; his eye was like fire, and glanced from side to side; his features were set rigidly to a mingled expression of pride and pain: he seemed to be muttering to himself, or drawing the air impatiently through his teeth, as if smarting under some repeated infliction. He absolutely walked lame; as if the nervous irritability was such that it hurt him to put his feet to the ground. The fact is, he was suffering at that moment all the agony that the most exquisitely sensitive feeling, wounded to the most grievous extent, could produce. These people, whom in heart he despised, and whose power to injure him he would have laughed at as nought, by pursuing their way quietly, and by simply doing nothing, inflicted on him the most stinging disgrace he ever felt. He had pointed their insignificance into daggers, and then rushing against them, had wantonly wounded himself. Self-irritated pride was inflicting on itself a sharper punishment than any other hand could bestow.

But a deeper and a darker penalty was suffered than the mere pain of mortified passion. The society of this pure and lovely young person had developed, in the character of Woodrow, softer and more exalted sentiments than he had known for years. He was capable in youth of "noble aspirations," and the emotion of a genuine and elevating love. His nature had long been warped and crooked into a fierce selfishness. This new affection seemed to thaw the hardness of his assumed principles, and open fresh springs of genial feeling in his spirit. He rejoiced at the effect as a blessed one: the purity and gentleness which were inspired around him filled him with delight, as the dawn of a happier day upon his being; "sick of himself for very selfishness," the consciousness of a new and better nature expanding within him, he welcomed as something grateful and dear. It was the only opportunity afforded him of recovering himself from moral ruin, and building up a truly honorable character. But let no man imagine that he can taste the sweetness of sin without imbibing the poison of it. We cannot knowingly and wilfully make evil passions the companions of our bosom for our temporary gratification, but they will work upon us a bitter retribution. He, endowed with higher instincts and a better knowledge, impatient of the discipline of endurance, at the first disappointment had desperately thrown himself into pride. That was a grievous sin. And in nature there is no mediator. Full upon the soul of the guilty come "the ministers of fate," led in by treacherous guilt. That delicate vice which had warmed in his own bosom into a direful fiend, hunted him in society and stung him in his solitude.

THE REGICIDE.

"His harmless life
Does with substantial blessedness abound
And the soft wings of peace cover him round."

COWLEY.

CHAPTER I.

It was in the reign of Charles the Second, that there dwelt at the village of Cheshunt, in the county of Herts, two families, both revered and loved by their neighbors, although they each differed in political opinions from the other. At the head of the first of these families was Sir Frederick Davison. He had been, from habit and from conviction, attached to "the good old cause of the monarchy," which he had defended with his sword both at Durham and Worcester. His loyalty was more like fanaticism than the mere result of reason, or of well-regulated feeling. He was as full of frankness, as of honor and of truth. He had, when our story commences, been long separated, by death, from a wife whom he had adored, and now all his affections and all his tenderness were centered in his daughter.

Brought up with the most constant care, and guarded by the most unceasing solicitude, Clara had become a most worthy object of the pride and parental love of the old cavalier. Regarding her merely on account of her beauty, she might be said to be perfection itself; and as respects her mind, her talents, and her education, she was amongst the most accomplished ladies of the time. Her imagination was lively and active, her conversation always as full of charms as it was of genuine poetry; for she was deeply read in the old bard Chaucer, in the elegant poet Spenser, and in the immortal author Shakespeare. But a time came when her mind and her heart were to be occupied with other thoughts than those of mere study.

The gentleman whose desmesnes adjoined those of Sir Frederick Davison, was a Mr. Clarke—and of him it was said that he was good-natured, benevolent, but a little uncouth in his manners. He had been only an inhabitant of the county of Hertford since the year 1680, and no one knew anything very certain either about his descent or his past life. The general opinion, however, was that he must have been a man of some weight and celebrity amongst the Roundheads. There was, too, it was said, at times, something curious in his demeanor, which was in direct contrast to the simple and tranquil manners of a country gentleman. Perfectly indifferent to all that was passing in the luxurious court of the then existing monarch, he passed his life in the most perfect tranquillity, with his wife, his daughter, and his only son, exclusively occupied with the amusements of hunting and fishing, or the occupations of agriculture. Never, in their many associations together, as neighbors,

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had he voluntarily trenched upon the dangerous ground of politics. In case that they were referred to, he, sombro and silent listened to the discussion, and never attempted to take any part in it. The most constant prayers that were made to him, joined even with the consciousness of the danger to which he exposed himself at that epoch of monarchical re-action, could never induce him either to drink the King's health, or to take part in the maledictions with which Sir Frederick Davison covered the memory of Oliver Cromwell. If it happened, as it sometimes did, that he was too urgently pressed upon both points, he replied with a melancholy dignity, that although he felt hatred against no one in the world, yet he could not pray for the prosperity of the Stuarts; and as to "the Protector," so far from joining with his enemies to curse, he prayed that Heaven might, for the sake of his greatness, his genius, and his love for England, pardon him the faults of which he had been guilty, and the errors into which he had fallen.

The son of Mr. Clark, Richard, imitated his father, in the veneration he always entertained for the memory of Oliver Cromwell; but this veneration was nourished in secret. It had in it something of the solemnity of religion, and he could not bear to expose it to the vulgar and the profane. Richard was not more than twenty-two years of age; but the fire inherent to his youth was tempered by a wisdom that appeared to be almost precocious. Already had he been in love with Clara, and that love did not trouble the calm and tranquil progress of his life; but events soon arose that made him pay to that passion the unavoidable tribute of agony that it always exacts. A marked coldness grew up between Sir Frederick Davison and his old neighbor, and the two lovers could then only see one another but in secret or by chance—with scarcely time to exchange a vow of affection, or manifest a passing mark of old feelings. The restraint that they were compelled to impose upon themselves was increased by the arrival at the house of the Colonel of a Royalist, named Sir Charles Luttrell, and who was *en route* through the county of Hertford, on a secret mission from the Earl of Shaftesbury.

Sir Charles Luttrell, was at the same time, bold, insinuating, tricky and courageous. He soon won the entire confidence of Sir Frederick, who, like all other enthusiastic men, had in his nature an immense fund of credulity, and was never capable of distinguishing between cunning and sincerity; between that which is true and that which is merely assumed. The newcomer so often and so complacently tossed off bumpers "to the health of his Majesty Charles the Second," "the glory of his reign," "to the continuation and solidity of his dynasty," and he flattered the prejudices of the old cavalier with so indefatigable an adulation, that he completely won the good man's heart, who, one evening

that you are *my* daughter, and that to you I ought always to be obedient."

"Alas! it is *not you* that have forgot that you are *my* father? Force me not to this marriage; I ask—beseech you on my knees."

Sir Charles tore himself away from Clara, with a look in which an attentive observer might discover, perhaps, as much of compassion as of severity. Then he said in a stern tone of voice, which betrayed how much his resolution cost to himself—

"You shall obey me, Clara."

Hearing these words, the poor girl covered her face with her hands, and burst into tears; she felt that there was to be no happiness for her in this world, and she cried out—

"Heaven have pity on me, for my father abandons me."

The next morning, when the Baronet recalled to mind the imprudent promise that he had given, he experienced an involuntary sinking of the heart; for, although he had reared his daughter in those absolute ideas of obedience that made him complete master of her will, still he could not but admit to himself, that he was conscious of the mutual affection entertained by Clara and Richard Clark for each other. Yet he had no idea that their feelings had deepened into a profound passion—besides, his word of honor was pledged, and for a man like him, an inevitable engagement had been entered into, of which no consideration could prevent the accomplishment.

Filled with these thoughts, he sought out Clara, and found her seated in the garden beneath a little bower that was raised as a boundary mark between the two adjoining estates. Who could picture her afright and despair when the Baronet apprised her of his projects with regard to her. Clara remained for a few moments utterly dumb—quite unable to move—and then—grasping the hands of the old man, she said,

"Ah! let me but think that this is only a terrible trial to which you would expose, and thereby test, my filial obedience. Never—oh! no—never could you think of binding up the destiny of your only child, with that of a man she could not love. And then, father, you know well—very well, that I do not love Sir Charles. My heart belongs to Richard Clark, and never can be transferred to another. Besides, who is this man that you have chosen as my husband? You scarcely know him—you never heard of him. He presents himself in your house without being known to you. Two months ago you had never heard of him; and yet an instant suffices to make him master of your confidence, and of all your affections—and you—you fling into his arms your child, your poor child; you do this without resolution, without fear—without even the certainty that you may not bind one whose life is pure as her blood to one, who—"

"Silence, Clara; I tell you to be silent. Remember

"You shall obey me, Clara."

"Heaven have pity on me, for my father abandons me."

Sir Frederick became pale with emotion for it was the first time in his life that a harsh or menacing word disturbed the sweet sentiment of cordial feeling that united him to his daughter. Eighteen years had passed over their affection, and had clothed it with a character of sanctity, that was now, perhaps, about to disappear for ever. Sir Frederick felt this; and feeling it, he was about to faint to the earth. He hurried out of her sight, in order that he might conquer the desire that he experienced to throw his arms around the neck of Clara, and to say, "I shall be perjured, but thou must be made happy."

Scarcely, however, had he disappeared, when a young man burst from behind a clump of trees, where he had kept himself concealed during this discourse.

"Weep no more, Clara," he exclaimed, "you shall never be the wife of Sir Charles Luttrell. There remains one way of preventing it, and I mean to employ it."

Clara raised her eyes that were swimming in tears toward her lover, and contemplated him with affright.

"That is that you would kill Sir Charles or die yourself! Oh, horrible!—a duel! But no, Richard; for suppose you were to be victorious in so detestable an affair, still your very victory would be an insurmountable barrier between us."

"What, then, is to be done? What is to be done!" cried Richard Clark, in a tone of the bitterest despair.

"Wait," said a voice behind them.

The two young persons trembled, and at the same moment turning round, they beheld before them the old servant, John—Sir Frederick's man, who had approached them noiselessly, and had listened to them without being himself seen.

There are words which at times, according to the accent in which they are pronounced, bring conviction along with them. The firm and assured tone with which John had uttered the single word "Wait," had deeply struck both Richard and Clara. They never

thought of asking how an obscure servant could render of no avail the firm will of the Baronet, or how such as he could exercise a happy influence over their destiny; but they clung to that inexplicable hope thus presented to them, with all the ardor of youth, and all the credulity of love.

As to the old domestic, eager to escape from questions that he either wished not, or would not answer, he withdrew, and as he was about to ascend the steps of the hall-door, he saw standing and leaning on the railing, Sir Charles Luttrell. The latter appeared to be lost in deep thought. The harsh and sombre countenance of this person, his eyes black and deep set in his head, his thick beard, his long hair which fell with more art than grace upon his shoulders, gave to his appearance something that was sinister and repulsive.

John stopped upon seeing him in this attitude, and began to observe him with an astonishment so marked, and an attention so obstinate, that Sir Charles felt himself put out of countenance. Ashamed, however, of his emotion, he soon resumed his *sang froid*, drew from his pocket five or six guineas, and presented them to the old man saying, "Take these, they are but an earnest of the large present I mean to make you when I marry Miss Davison."

John stood motionless as a statue. He seemed not to have heard a word. His looks were pertinaciously fixed upon the hand that Sir Charles Luttrell held toward him. He grasped the hand convulsively, drew it near to his eyes, and then dashing it away from him with horror, he exclaimed—

"Keep your gold. I do not sell my friendship nor my devotion."

CHAPTER III.

It was on the banks of the Lea, and at the extremity of a wide park, upon the property of Mr. Clark, that there was to be seen, at the epoch of our narrative, a small eminence, which in its site was extremely picturesque, because from its summit might be seen the fertile fields that stretched for many a mile on the other side of the river. Mr. Clark had a particular liking for this poetical solitude, and scarcely an evening passed away in which he was not to be found there with his son, discoursing upon the beauties of Nature, and the infinite goodness of God. What a noble, calm, and dignified face was that of the old gentleman! To look at him, it might at once be seen in his tranquil brow, that he was destined by nature for that life of retirement which he had selected, and if it were true that he had ever known a different and a higher fortune, it had caused him no regret to be parted from it.

Richard Clark and his father were at this spot one evening, when Sir Frederick, Clara, Sir Charles Luttrell, and the old man, John, appeared at the foot of the hill.

The first inclination of Sir Frederick Davison was to turn back, in order that he might escape an interview that could not but be disagreeable to both parties. A moment's reflection, however, showed him that he could not do this without being guilty of great impoliteness. He, therefore saluted his neighbors, and took a seat beside them. Need we say that Clara had no objection to follow his example?

John remained standing. A shade of doubt passed across his face—but after a moment's hesitation it was overcome. He fastened a searching glance upon Sir Charles, and then approaching his master, he said—

"Sir, among the many extraordinary events of which in my long course of life I have been a witness, there is one that I have ever religiously preserved in the hope that it might some day tend to promote the ends of justice. Will you be so good as to listen to it, for I have now the proper auditory for hearing it."

The master of John, although not a little surprised at this demand, and the manner in which it was made, assented as much from curiosity as from a regard for his faithful domestic. Sir Charles alone appeared a good deal annoyed. He shrugged his shoulders, and whistled between his teeth the old favorite air of the cavaliers.

After the reflection of a few moments, John spoke as follows:—

"It was in the year 1649, when the trial of King Charles took place, that there stood at a short distance from the palace of Whitehall, a small tavern that was much frequented by the Roundheads. In that place misery alone forced me to hold the situation of a waiter. Now, upon that day, that should ever stand accursed, the 30th of January, two men all of a sudden burst from the crowd that surrounded the scaffold, which you all know, was erected under the very windows of the palace, and entered into the tavern where I was. They both wore masks, and on their clothes were drops of that august blood, which they had just shed. The one, a large and robust man, remained at first silent and pensive, and then seizing the tankard that I had placed before him, he dashed it against the wall opposite to him, and in doing it evinced a bitter feeling of disgust—perhaps of remorse—that man, at least I believe so, was no other than Oliver Cromwell."

"It is an infamous lie," cried Mr. Clark, while fire flashed from his eyes, and his pale forehead was wrinkled by rage.

"I may be deceived, Sir, and indeed what I do say of him is only from my own supposition, for I never saw that person again, and his face was altogether unseen by me. It was not so, however, with his companion. Less cautious than the elder, he unclasped his mask that he might breathe the more freely. I could scan his features well, precisely, completely—and never—never since then could they be effaced from my memory. One particular

circumstance, too, attracted my attention. Little experienced, doubtless, in the horrid office of a headsman, he had wounded himself very severely. The axe, in falling upon the head of the King, had wounded the left hand of his executioner. What shall I say to you? Providence had so willed it, that I should meet that monster once more, and that my eyes should be able to penetrate the new mask by which he has sought to conceal not only his face, but his very life—that under the appearance of an ardent loyalist, and as the *protégé* of Lord Shaftesbury, I should meet again the assassin of Whitehall—the executioner of the King of England. “You grow pale, Sir,” he said, turning to Sir Charles Luttrell, “and you have a right to do so—for the man who shrank not at the commission of a horrible crime—he who became the courtier of the son, after he had been the murderer of the father—that man that God has been pleased to mark with an ineffable brand, in order that sooner or later punishment might overtake, that man is—*yourself*; and *us to the proof*—”

John flung himself upon Sir Charles, who was petrified with horror and fear—he seized the left hand of the wretch, and pointing to a long scar, which seemed almost to divide it, he exclaimed—

“*Here it is !*”

CHAPTER IV.

TAKEN thus completely unawares, struck to the earth by the simple words of the old servant, which came upon him as the echo of the Divine command, Sir Charles Luttrell lost at once his coolness and his courage. Seeing in an instant, too, that a strict examination into his past life would speedily expose the dreadful part he had acted in 1649, this man, whose real name was Stoup, and who at a subsequent period was Colonel of a Swiss Regiment in France, taking advantage of the general horror and astonishment that pervaded the company, fled from the house before his indignant host thought of giving orders for his arrest.

When Sir Frederick had recovered a little from the emotion and agitation, consequent on the preceding scene, he shook hands first with his old servant, who had saved him from never-ceasing misery, and then turning to his old neighbor, he exclaimed—

“My word is now secure. I have had a terrible lesson—and it is for you now to make certain the happiness of our two children. I impose but one condition—it is that you will consent to drink his Majesty’s health.”

“Oh! do consent, Sir,” said the poor Clara trembling.

The person thus addressed turned toward his son, and observed—

“Do you speak, Richard—what ought I to do?”

The young man cast a look of affection upon his

almost affianced bride—then casting his eyes to the earth for a moment, he replied—

“Father, do not consent to do any such thing.”

The Colonel stamped with rage, and then in an angry voice exclaimed—

“What means this ridiculous puerile obstinacy?”

“It proceeds from a source at once sacred and for ever to be respected,” was the reply of Mr. Clark. “A son cannot, without being guilty of a crime, declare himself the partisan of his father’s enemy.”

Sir Frederick heard these words with astonishment, and said, “Then who and what are you?”

“I am now known,” was the answer, “merely as Mister Clark, a plain country gentleman; but a few years ago, I was known as—Richard Cromwell.”

“Oh! now, indeed, I understand you,” said the old Cavalier, greatly moved at this aspect of modest grandeur, and at the sight of a man who had preferred mediocrity to power—repose to fame; and who had voluntarily abandoned the pomp of Windsor for the solitary vale of Cheshunt—“I honor the pious sentiment that has dictated your refusal—and the most zealous servant of Charles the Second accepts, without hesitation as a son-in-law, the grandson of Oliver Cromwell.”

F.

THE REPRIMAND.

BY EPES SARGENT.

In this utilitarian, leveling, democratic age, when candidates for the Presidency are expected to attend "mass clam-bakes," at Seekonk, Squam, or some equally central and populous locality, it is quite delightful to meet with a good, old-fashioned, uncompromising aristocrat like Aunt Adeline. Possessing no discoverable attraction, personal, intellectual, or moral—masculine in her features, voice and manners—penurious in her habits—and violent in her prejudices—all these little foibles and defects are redeemed and dignified by her magnificent family pride. Her grandmother was niece to a lady, whose husband had a cousin, whose husband's brother's wife's sister had been lady-in-waiting to Queen Anne. What a blessed privilege! What a cause for felicitation and delicious retrospection to the remotest posterity!

Amy Ammidon and her brother Harry had the never-to-be-sufficiently-appreciated good fortune to be the children of Aunt Adeline's brother, and to partake consequently in the lustre of her ancestral glories. At the time of the incident, the particulars of which have been communicated to me, Mr. Ammidon, who had been a prosperous merchant, had met with reverses in business, which compelled him to circumscribe his expenditures. Harry was supposed to be traveling in Europe; and Aunt Adeline, much to the chagrin of all concerned, had undertaken to supply the void in the family, occasioned about a year before by the death of an affectionate mother and wife, by taking up her residence amongst them. Such were the circumstances of the little group early in the spring of 1842.

What a dear, artless, sunny-tempered creature was Amy! Vainly, vainly has the limner tried accurately to trace her face and figure. He deserves credit for what he has done. I can see a resemblance—a strong one, in the picture which the graver of Gimbrode has transferred to steel. But where is the ever-varying expression, the sparkling animation of lip and eye, too evanescent and too mutable to be daguerreotyped even by memory with fidelity? Art can do much, but it cannot do justice to such a Protean beauty as Amy.

Although born in the city—although the din of Broadway was the first noise that broke upon her infant slumbers—Amy was as much out of place in New York, with its reeking gutters, its eternal omnibuses and its "indignation processions," as a pond lily would be in a tanner's pit. The country, with its wealth of foliage, its fields and its wild flowers, was her delight. The anticipation of visiting it

seemed to be alone sufficient to fill her heart with cheerfulness during the winter months. A little cottage, in Westchester county, to which the name of Glenwood had been given, and which had not been sacrificed in the general wreck of her father's property, was her *beau ideal* of Paradise. And a delicious spot it was—cool, sequestered, rich in its smooth lawns and ancient forests, and commanding a fine view of Long Island Sound, from which a fresh breeze was wafted in the hottest days of summer. I cannot imagine a more suitable place at which to introduce Amy to the friendly regards of my readers.

But before I proceed, let me express my regret that a rigid adherence to truth and candor will not permit me to conceal the fact that there was one trait of character in which Amy was lamentably and unaccountably deficient. Notwithstanding the lessons and the example of her respectable aunt—notwithstanding the hereditary *blood* in her veins—notwithstanding the family tree and the family pictures, Amy had not one particle of that praiseworthy and truly disinterested pride which springs from the contemplation of the superiority of some remote ancestor over ourselves. She had not sense enough to see (poor thing!) why the circumstance of her great grandfather's having been a bishop was a sufficient proof of her own orthodoxy and worth, or what her grandmother's merit had to do with *hers*. Had she been in the habit of quoting poetry, she might have adopted the base-spirited sentiment expressed by Pope:

What can enoble fools, or knaves, or cowards?

A great fallacy, and one which never failed to excite the vehement and proper indignation of Aunt Adeline! I am sorry that at the very outset I am compelled to tell these things of Amy, but, as they illustrate her conduct on an important occasion, they could not well be omitted.

It was a bright and beautiful afternoon in June. The air from the water was fresh and elastic. The bees about Glenwood were plying a brisk business among the clover, and the birds were singing as if their life depended on the amount of noise they could make. Amy stole in from the piazza that encircled the cottage, and, with her apron full of newly plucked flowers, sat down in the big leathern arm-chair in the library to arrange a nosegay. To one who could not sympathize with her admiration of their fragrance and beauty, her delight would have seemed almost childish, for she kissed them and

laughed, and laughed and kissed them again, then put her forefinger to her mischievous lips, and whispered "hush!" as if warning herself against intrusion, then shrugged her ivory shoulders and laughed once more, as if congratulating herself upon the undisturbed enjoyment of some interdicted pleasure.

But Amy was mistaken in supposing that she was alone and unobserved, for at that moment Aunt Adeline, who had been watching her antics from behind a door, burst in upon her with an exclamation which made her start from her seat and drop the half-formed nosegay, and scatter the flowers upon the floor, while she stood trembling like a culprit, with one hand grasping her apron, and her left elbow instinctively resting on a couple of large volumes which concealed a whole wilderness of pressed flowers.

And what was Amy's crime? Listen, and perhaps you may find out.

"So, Miss—so!" screamed Aunt Adeline, at the top of her voice, which, in its melody, resembled a Scotch bag-pipe more than a Dorian flute. And having uttered these monosyllables, she tossed herself into the vacated chair, as if preparing for a reprimand of some length. Then, pointing to the abandoned flowers, she sternly asked—"How came you by those flowers? Speak, minx!"

Amy continued silent; and Aunt Adeline renewed her interrogation with more severity. A little indignation began now to mingle with Amy's grief, and she was on the point of astonishing her aunt with a spirited reply, when the latter exclaimed:

"You needn't tell me where you got them, Miss. I know all about it. They were given to you by that plebeian clodhopper, Tom Greenleaf, the milk-man's son. Yes, you mean-spirited thing, you. The milk-man's son!"

It was even so. Mortifying to my feelings as it is to make any such admission in regard to a heroine of mine, I must confess that Aunt Adeline was right, and that the flowers were the gift (pah!) of an individual of thoroughly rustic extraction. Some twenty years since, old Greenleaf was the owner of a snug farm on the island of Manhattan; where he obtained a frugal subsistence by selling milk to the denizens of the city. It was even true, that occasionally, when the old man was confined at home by the rheumatism, Tom, who was then a mere lad, would mount the cart and go the rounds in his father's stead. While engaged in this employment, it was his lot to meet Amy Ammidon, whose family he supplied with the snowy beverage enclosed in his large tin tubs. Amy was then as rosy-cheeked, black-eyed a little maiden as ever perpetrated unconscious damage in the hearts of venturous youths. Tom instinctively discovered her fondness for flowers, and the nosegays he used to bring her in consequence surpassed all computation. Years rolled on; and one fine summer day the old milk-man was overwhelmed with astonishment at discovering that his little thirty-acre farm was worth a hundred thousand dollars. He sold out, purchased a beautiful estate in Westchester, removed to it, and just as he was beginning to feel

the *emul* of inert prosperity, he died, leaving Tom the sole heir of his safely invested property.

Tom showed himself a man, every inch of him, in the course he pursued. He had always had a taste for reading, and he now devoted himself with assiduity to the attainment of a fitting education. At the age of twenty-one he graduated at a respectable college, and then wisely chose the profession of a farmer. He had not been home many days, when in one of his walks he encountered his old friend Amy. Both were equally delighted at renewing the acquaintance; and one step led to another, until Tom had the audacity to send her the nosegay which had called down Aunt Adeline's appropriate indignation.

"Hear me, Amy Ammidon," continued she; "if you dare to disgrace your family by receiving the addresses of that son of a cauliflower—that low-born, low-bred cultivator of turnip-tops and radishes—that superintendent of hay-mows and pig-pens—that vulgar cow-boy—if you dare to sully the blood of an Ammidon by such a union, I will utterly disown you, and you shall never have the advantage of my society again."

Strange to say, Amy's eyes brightened at this menace, and I am afraid she was just on the point of exclaiming, "O, then, I will marry him, by all means;" but she checked herself, and said: "Can't one receive a few flowers from a gentleman without risking the imputation of being engaged to him?"

"Gentleman, indeed! Tom Greenleaf a gentleman!"

"Yes, Miss Adeline Ammidon," exclaimed Amy in a tone which transfixed her aunt with amazement, "as true a gentleman as any ancestor of yours or mine ever was! A gentleman not only in mind and manners, but what is better far, in heart—and therefore a perfect gentleman!"

"Oh dear! What a deal of spirit Miss Innocence can show when a word is said against the clodhopper! Why does n't she show as much indignation when Frank Phaeton and Harry Hawker, from both of whom she has had offers, are abused?"

"I shall be eighteen next January—heigho!"

"So, you mean by that to taunt me with your approaching freedom; but we will have you married before that time in a manner becoming your rank. Have you forgotten what I told you about Col. Mornington, a son of the Earl of Bellingham, being in the city from Canada? My friend, Mrs. Ogleby, has promised to give him a letter to me, and I am daily expecting a call. When he comes, I mean to invite him to pass a week at Glenwood, and if you are not a fool you can bring him to your feet."

"Is n't he very dissipated?"

"That is not of the slightest consequence, my dear, when you think of his splendid connections."

"I am told he is utterly destitute of principle."

"He will be a lord when his eldest brother dies. It is ridiculous to bring up such frivolous objections."

While this conversation was going on, Greenleaf, who had been lying in wait for Amy near the porch, was attracted to the window by the loud, oburgatory tones of aunt Adeline's voice, and, to his dismay,

found that Amy was the victim of her anger. He was on the point of jumping into the room, and gagging the old woman, when his eye fell on a suspicious-looking flask near the window-sill, and he charitably concluded that the cordial it contained was at the bottom of the disturbance. How far this conjecture was correct I have never been able to ascertain. Tom was soon joined by Amy, who, with tears in her eyes, told him of her aunt's violent behavior. The lovers sauntered away, arm in arm, and, as they reached the termination of a shady lane that opened upon the highway, they saw a carriage, containing a young man of foreign appearance, with long hair and moustaches, drive toward the cottage.

"That must be the Colonel Mornington, of whom Aunt Adeline spoke," said Amy, stifling a sob.

"Shall I knock him down?" asked Tom, clenching his fists.

Before Amy could reply, the carriage was suddenly stopped, and the stranger, throwing open the door, jumped from it without waiting for the steps to be let down. Then, rushing toward Amy, he threw his arms about her neck, hugged and kissed her. So abrupt and rapid was the act, that Greenleaf was thoroughly confounded at the fellow's impudence, and had no opportunity of interposing. He was making preparations to seize the coxcomb, however, and throw him over the hedge, when he was relieved by Amy's exclaiming, "Brother Harry! Is it possible? I should never have dreamed it was you, with those frightful whiskers."

"Yes, Amy, it is Harry himself. And you—how you have grown! When I last saw you, you were a chubby little girl. But, Amy, Amy, is that a tear on your cheek? What is the meaning of it?"

"Oh, nothing serious, I assure you. I am so glad—so very glad to see you, Harry! You intend to remain with us, do you not?"

"Nay, I must know the meaning of that tear. Father is well, is he not?"

"When I last heard from him, at Charleston, he was never better. We are all well—quite well."

"Introduce me to your companion, Amy."

Amy did as her brother requested; and the introduction was soon succeeded by a frank explanation of the position of the parties, and of Aunt Adeline's ferocious opposition to the existence of their present relation.

"I will punish the old shrew," exclaimed Harry. "I owe her an ancient grudge, for making me go in petticoats, when a boy, a year longer than was necessary. Let me see—she is daily expecting this Colonel Mornington, you say?"

"Yes; and she is studying, with more zest than ever, the family records, to enlighten him fully in regard to her pedigree."

"Well, you must concur in a little plot, by which you can be relieved from her present system of annoyance, and I can gratify the long-deferred vengeance implanted by her opposition to my appearance in jacket and trowsers. It is nearly ten years since she saw me. Of course she will not recognize me with these hirsute appendages. I will appear as

Col. Mornington. I will make love to you. You must prove fickle, and receive my attentions—and then leave the *dénouement* to me."

"Delightful! Do you approve of it, Thomas?"

"By all means. It will be a very harmless mode of revenging ourselves."

An hour afterwards, as Aunt Adeline was peeping through the parlor blinds, she saw, as she supposed, the long expected carriage of Col. Mornington dash up before the door, and the colonel himself—the "dear, delightful colonel," with a remarkably languid air, alight. Preceded by a servant, she hastened to receive him, and, as the door was thrown open, welcomed him to Glenwood with an antiquarian courtesy. The colonel's manner of receiving her salutation was rather peculiar. Before replying to her greeting, or saying a word, he slowly drew from his pocket a leather case, from which he took an enormous opera glass. Then hunting, first in one pocket and then in another, for a handkerchief, he finally succeeded in finding one; and, in a manner which was not at all significant of haste, proceeded to wipe the glasses. Then leisurely returning the handkerchief to its place of deposit, he balanced himself in a sort of easy straddle, coolly put the opera-glass to his eyes, and took a long survey of Aunt Adeline's physiognomy. As soon as he had finished his inspection he returned the glass to its case, and asked, in a drawling tone—"Are you Miss Am-Am-Amworth, or Amburgh, or Am—"

"Miss Ammidon, you probably mean," said Aunt Adeline. "I am that person, and you, sir, I presume, are Colonel Mornington. You need n't hunt for your letter of introduction. I have been expecting the honor of a visit, sir, for some days, and now bid you heartily welcome to Glenwood. Have the goodness to walk into the parlor. Your baggage shall be taken care of. I must insist on your making our cottage your home while you are in the village."

"Thawideawquoitewavishesme," said the colonel, but whether he was speaking in the Choctaw or Hindostanee tongue, Aunt Adeline could not guess.

Entering the parlor he encountered Amy, to whom he was at once introduced by Aunt Adeline. He again went through the process of inspection with the aid of an opera-glass, and Amy, in spite of her aunt's frowns, burst into a fit of laughter and left the room.

"Extwardinarygwirl!" exclaimed the colonel, in the same unknown tongue. Then turning to Aunt Adeline, he abruptly asked for "bwandy and water."

As soon as she could comprehend his wants, she recollected, much to her chagrin, that there was no brandy in the house; and informed the colonel of the fact, promising at the same time to send to the nearest grocery, which was a mile off, and obtain the desired article.

"No bwandy! No bwandy in the house!" exclaimed the noble visiter, staring at his dismayed hostess with an expression of utter consternation and despair depicted in his countenance.

Assuring him that the brandy should be procured with all possible expedition, Aunt Adeline hurried

out of the room, and despatched all the servants in different directions, promising a reward to that one who would be the first to bring home a pint of brandy. No sooner had she disappeared than Amy re-entered the parlor; and when Aunt Adeline returned, which she did not venture to do until, after great exertions, the brandy had been obtained, she saw to her surprise her niece and the colonel sitting familiarly on the sofa, engaged, apparently, in affectionate dalliance.

"Now, colonel, if you will try some of this brandy," said Aunt Adeline.

"Throw it away!" exclaimed the colonel, "here is something better than *eau de vie*!" and saying thus, he kissed Amy, first on either cheek, then on her lips, to all which she submitted with perfect resignation. Aunt Adeline flung up both arms in astonishment. "This is the quickest wooing," thought she, "that I ever heard of!"

The colonel had not been two days in the family before it was regarded as settled that he and Amy were affianced. Aunt Adeline eagerly gave her consent, notwithstanding some little eccentricities in the young man's conduct, of which she did not wholly approve. For instance, when she undertook to bore him with an explanation of her family tree, he laughed in her face, and told her that his mare Betsey could boast a better pedigree. This was touching the old woman on a tender point, but she suppressed the exhibition of her chagrin through a secret admiration of that superiority in blood, which could afford to sneer at her genealogy. Another circumstance was rather annoying, and some illiberal people might have considered the trait it displayed objectionable in a lover. The colonel, who had *apparently* been indulging too freely in strong potations, on meeting Aunt Adeline alone on the stairs, was rude to the ancient vestal, and even attempted to throw his arms about her neck. To tell the truth, Aunt Adeline was a very little shocked at this ebullition, but when she recollected that the aggressor was the son of an earl, she forgave him with all her heart, and determined not to mention the occurrence to her niece.

These, however, were but trivial symptoms of depravity, compared with those which were soon developed. The colonel had not been engaged two days when he petrified the "old woman," as he called her to her face, by applying to her for money. She could have endured any thing but this without faltering in her alliance. He might have been as tipsy and profligate as he pleased, and still she would have thought him an excellent match for Amy; but in money matters, Aunt Adeline was rigid and inexorable as death itself. Although in the receipt of a competent annuity, she had always contrived, from parsimonious motives, to live upon her friends and relatives; and it was rare indeed that a dollar found its way from her store. And now Colonel Mornington called upon her, peremptorily, for a hundred dollars, and would not listen to a refusal! It was like draining her of her life-blood, but there was no remedy. With a heavy heart, and with many a longing, lingering look at the money, she placed it in his

hands. She had hoped that he would of his own accord offer to give her his acceptance for the sum; but the idea evidently did not occur to him, and she timidly hinted something about a receipt.

"A what!" exclaimed the colonel in a tone, and with a stare, which effectually prevented her from renewing the suggestion.

The very next day the colonel applied for another hundred dollars, ingenuously informing her that he had experienced heavy losses at the village nine-pin alley. Aunt Adeline at first peremptorily refused to give him the amount, but she was finally so worked upon by his taunts and menaces that she acceded to his exorbitant demands. The same scene was repeated the next day, and the next, and the next, until the colonel was her debtor to the amount of five hundred dollars, when she unequivocally declared that she would advance him no more money. The colonel left her presence, muttering mysterious threats.

Late that night, as Aunt Adeline, with a mind torn by unavailing regrets and painful conjectures as to the probabilities of her ever getting back her loan, was vainly trying to compose herself to sleep, she heard a slight noise at the handle of her chamber door, and, turning her eyes in the direction, saw to her horror the colonel enter with a dark lanthorn in his hand and two enormous pistols under his arms. Gently closing the door, he locked it, and stealthily advanced toward the toilet table, where he deposited one of the murderous weapons, and then cocking the other, approached the bed-side. Although Aunt Adeline was shaking with fright, she had sense enough to feign slumber, and the colonel, after examining her features and muttering, "it is lucky for the old girl she is asleep," proceeded to search the various drawers and trunks in the room for plunder, having first abstracted a formidable bunch of keys from under the venerable spinster's pillow. The most valuable articles he found were a bag filled with golden half eagles and a little casket of jewels. Thrusting these into the pockets of his dressing-gown, he replaced the keys where he had found them, took another look at Aunt Adeline, to assure himself that she was asleep, and glided quietly out of the room.

At the breakfast-table the next morning, when Aunt Adeline made her appearance, both her niece and the colonel professed to be very much shocked at her pale and altered features; and the latter pressed upon her some patent pills, in regard to the efficacy of which he told some wonderful stories. Had not Aunt Adeline been thoroughly convinced of his wish to poison her, she might have taken some. The poor woman's troubles were by no means lessened on the reception of the following letter from her brother, which was handed to her while her coffee was cooling:

"DEAR ADELINE,—Far from having my indignation awakened by your account of Amy's attachment to young Greenleaf, I was heartily glad to hear that she had fixed it on so worthy an object. I have the most satisfactory assurances as to his worth, his unexceptionable habits, and his ability to make my daughter happy. What more shall we look for? You say he is a milk-man's son, and ask if I am wil-

ling to see my child wedded to a clodhopper. Let me tell you, it is no small distinction in these days, when whole states have set the example of repudiating their debts (or, in plain, downright English, of *swindling their creditors*.) to be descended from an honest man, let his vocation have been what it might. At any rate, I am delighted at Amy's choice, and I most earnestly forbid your throwing any obstacle in the way of its fulfillment. I remain your affectionate brother, etc., etc."

As Aunt Adeline lifted her eyes from the letter, she beheld Amy seated in the colonel's lap, and playfully feeding him with a spoon, while at intervals she smoothed back his hair and kissed his forehead. The girl was evidently wildly enamored of a character who had shown himself a most eligible candidate for Sing Sing; and Aunt Adeline had the soothing reflection, that she herself had originated and encouraged the attachment. Requesting Amy to follow her to the library, she at once made known to her the fact of the colonel's unworthiness, and related the occurrence of the night before. Amy professed her utter disbelief of the charges against her "own Arthur," as she called him, and on her aunt's offering to prove them, by calling in a magistrate, and having the colonel's trunk searched, the infatuated girl exclaimed :

"Well, what if he is guilty? His father is an earl, and his aunt is the daughter-in-law of a duke, and happen what may I won't give up my own Arthur."

Aunt Adeline groaned in spirit as she replied—"Have you so soon forgotten that nice, respectable, amiable young man, Greenleaf, to whom you gave so much encouragement? I never believed you could be so fickle, Amy!"

"Greenleaf! Foh! Turnip-tops and cabbage-heads! Radishes and carrots! How can you condescend to mention his vulgar, vegetable name after what yourself have said about him to me, my dear aunt? Besides, how do you know that the milkman's son has not changed his mind by this time, seeing your hostility to his pretensions?"

Aunt Adeline had penetration enough to put a favorable construction upon this last interrogation, and, leaving her niece, she started off to pay a visit to Greenleaf. After an abundance of circumlocution, she ventured to sound him upon the subject of her niece. To her disappointment, she found him cold and impenetrable, and when she put him the question point-blank, whether he wished to marry Amy, the upstart replied that he had some young ladies in

his eye, who, if they did not possess the personal charms of her niece, could boast of more illustrious ancestors, which, of course, rendered them far more eligible. Aunt Adeline could only groan. The weapons with which she was foiled were of her own forging.

Poor Aunt Adeline! After being tormented a couple of days longer, the joke was explained to her, the money and jewels were restored, and Colonel Mornington and Harry Ammidon were shown to be one and the same personage. In the first blush of her mortification and rage, she packed up her trunks, and removed to the city, where she bivouacked upon a niece, who was blessed with a houseful of small children. Soon after her departure, Greenleaf and Amy were married, and established in the new and tasteful structure built by the father and embellished by the son. Since that event, there has been but one ripple in the smooth stream of their felicity, and that was occasioned by the reception of a letter from Aunt Adeline, in which was the following passage :

"You know, Amy dear, that you were always my favorite niece, and I am sure you will be pleased to hear that I intend paying you a long visit next month. I am quite willing to forego the gayeties of New York, for the pleasure of passing a year or two with you and your charming husband. I hear you see a good deal of company, and are visited by many highly genteel people from the city. I always said that my darling Amy would make a creditable match. You may expect me early in October."

Immediately on the arrival of this letter, there were a number of anxious consultations in regard to its contents. A proposition was brought forward by Harry Ammidon for blowing up the old woman with gunpowder, after a plan that had been communicated to him in Paris by one of the conspirators against Louis Philippe. This project being objected to, he suggested whether she could n't be put into a haunted room, and a ghost hired, for a small compensation, to torment her nightly. But the house being one of modern construction, and no well authenticated murder having been yet committed in it, this contrivance did not appear altogether feasible.

When I took leave of the family, which was on a pleasant afternoon last September, they were still plotting the means of averting the menaced visitation. Should any thing interesting transpire in this connection, perhaps I will give an account of it in a supplement to my present narrative.

THE RESCUE.

A LEGEND OF THE JAMES RIVER.

BY M. RUSSELL THAYER.

THIRTY-TWO miles from the mouth of this beautiful river, and on its northern shore, there is seen by the traveller an old and fast crumbling ruin. It consists of a single dark and broken wall, with a door-way, whose simple arch is still spared by time and tempest, a sad memorial of the thrilling incidents of years long gone. The scene itself at present though pleasing, is not strikingly beautiful—a golden harvest stretches for miles in its rear, bounded by dark forests of pine—before it, rolls the broad and placid James, as calmly as on the morn when its waters were first broken by the stranger's bark, while at intervals its banks are studded with the lofty mansion of some country gentleman, or the humble abodes of his tenantry. Yet, could ruins speak, how many a tale of sorrow and adventure would break from the wasting walls of that old church, shaded as it is by many a clambering vine, and girt by its moss-grown fragments! More than two centuries have now elapsed since the settlement of Jamestown by the English; but though the wild forests which then encircled it have shrunk before the axe of the husbandman and the improvements of civilized life, save this ancient relic, there remains no memorial of the early colonists—the flowerets that adorned the grave of the early settler now bloom above the hearths of his children; a few more years and tradition alone marking the spot,

“Where grass o’ergrown each mouldering bone,
And stones themselves to ruin gone—”

will point to this peninsula, as the theatre of the first struggle of Anglo-Saxon enterprize with the wild barbarism of this western world. It would seem that the Genius of their wilds, mourning over the decay of her favorite sons, had returned to erase from the soil, the footsteps of their destroyer, and the marks of his early triumph. He, who now stands upon that forsaken spot, listening to the river wind as it sighs through the rents of the ruin, or the solitary notes of the black-bird, as they pour from the thick foliage of the vine, experiences a feeling of melancholy solitude. The mind wanders back through the long lapse of years to the rude fortifications and grouped dwellings of 1607—it recalls the struggle of the infant colony with treachery, famine and disease, the cautious vigilance and desperate alternatives of the colonist, his weariness of toil—his abandonment of labor—the birth of conspiracy, and the inroad of the savage—it clothes those fertile fields with their primeval forests, peoples their obscure recesses with the athletic forms of Sachem and Indian—it lights the evening air with the blaze of the camp-fire, and loads the evening

hreeze with the scream of the night-bird, and the thousand unknown sounds of the wilderness—it sympathises with the toilsome and precarious situation of the colonist—renders its just tribute of admiration to the Indian character, and wakes from its revenge to extol the hardy perseverance of the one and to mourn the untimely extinction of the other.

It was the evening of a bright and beautiful day in August, 1607, and the rays of the declining sun glancing along the placid waters of the James, bathed, in a flood of gold, hill and stream and wood. By the side of a rock which jutted into the river, and whose rugged front had for ages overlooked the murmuring flood, there leaned a female figure, apparently in an attitude of deep musing—her form was slightly, though exquisitely made, and was encircled with a garment of strange texture, sparkling with many a gem, and adorned with the bright plumage of the tropic bird. The countenance was one of serene beauty, and had that pensive cast so fascinating to the beholder. Her head was uncovered, and her dark hair, parting above a lofty brow, floated in raven waves around her shoulders; while the clear olive of her complexion, and her dark and lustrous eye, as bright as that of the wild gazelle, plainly bespoke the Indian girl—one half covered arm rested upon the rock, while the other played carelessly with a necklace of small and variegated shells. The sun set, and the beautiful landscape, so lately lit with his beams, now reflected the light of the risen moon. Yet still that form lingered by the old and moss-grown rock, and still those eyes were fixed upon the passing waters, and the tranquil shadows reflected in their bosom. That scene—with its forests that frowned as far as the eye could stretch—the river, that glided away in the distance until it seemed, beneath the pale moonlight, a silver thread that a child might sunder, the solitary being that stood upon its banks, and the unclouded sky that canopied all—was one which might have gladdened the wild dreams of a Claude Lorraine, but which his waking visions might never know.

The slender form of the Indian maid moved from its reclining position—"No!" she exclaimed in the wild accents of her native tongue, "The stranger must not die! he came like the early bird of spring to the fields of Manitou's children, bringing from his far-off home, naught but the voice of song; he must spread his white wings for the sun, but the children of the forest may not hold their war dance above his grave." With these words she turned into the forest and was soon lost in its gloom.

The shades of night were fast fleeing away, and the topmost leaves of the forest were already tinged with the light of the returning sun; as a band of warriors were gathering to the wigwam of their chief. If expression could be defined upon the swarthy countenances of the various groups that came thronging to the scene, it was

one which augured any thing but hope to the luckless captive who had fallen into their hands—they spake little, conveying their meaning for the most part by significant glances and wild and uncouth gesticulations. In silence and in gloom, each group, as they arrived, seated themselves upon the green sward, (here, greener than elsewhere, owing to the sun's more frequent visits through the thick foliage of the wilderness,) awaiting the coming of the Sachem, and the presence of the captive; but a few moments elapsed before the tall form of the one emerged from the wood, and the other was led bound into their midst. The Sachem was a man of commanding mien, tall and athletic proportions; easily distinguished from his fellows by his Herculean stature, and a scornful smile that played perpetually around his mouth. The white man (for such was the captive) had perhaps known the vicissitudes of forty summers, and bore upon his body the marks of recent struggle; but there was that in the proud glance of the adventurer which seemed to scorn, while it watched with scrutinizing gaze, the deadly preparations of his foes—it was the triumph of an oft-tried courage over the prospect of certain death. His head was laid upon the fatal stone—the club of the giant warrior circled on high—and the victim closed his eyes with a shudder of despair, when there broke upon the heavy air of the wilderness the phrenzied shriek of a female; with wild look, and disordered tresses, an Indian maid burst into the throng and shielded the white man's head with her beating bosom—there was a fearful pause—the savage group sat like sculptured granite—the sinewy arm of the warrior was yet stretched on high—the Indian girl wound her arms more closely around the victim. It was but for a moment—the weapon fell from the Sachem's grasp, "the path of the pale face," he said, "is free; Powhattan is the father of his people; but Pocahontas is the sower of his ago!" The dark eyed maid sprang from the scene; the captive turned to seek his home in the settlement; and the warriors went to their forest haunts.

THE RETURN.

BY PERCIE H. SELTON.

THE summer sun was sinking in the west, purpling the embattled clouds around, and shooting long lines of light across the green hills, as a lady, attended by a cavalier, stepped forth on the terrace of Langly Manor, a noble edifice in one of the most beautiful counties of England. The sunset scene arrested their attention, and they paused to gaze on the landscape. Far away before them rolled a succession of undulating hills, spotted with woods, lanes, farms, villages, and lordly mansions, all bathed in the mellow radiance of the declining luminary. A silvery river, winding in and out among the hills, skirted the distant landscape, while immediately beyond a bold ridge towered up against the empurpled sky. Above this ridge lay piles of massy clouds, heaped one above another, and tinged with every shade of crimson, gold and purple, until, at length, toward the zenith, they faded into a pale apple green.

"How glorious!" exclaimed the lady.

"Beautiful indeed," said her attendant, "this scene reminds me of Italy. It is not often we have such a sunset in our foggy clime."

A silence of some minutes ensued, during which each gazed on the landscape, wrapt in thought. While they are thus engaged let us describe them.

The cavalier was a man of noble aspect, though a shade of melancholy hung over his countenance, and seemed illly to accord with the rich dress in which it was the fashion of that day for gentlemen of birth to be attired. His face was strikingly handsome, with finely cut features, and an eye of extraordinary beauty, though withal tinged with sadness. His hair fell in flowing ringlets down his neck and over the deep lace collar which adorned his throat and shoulders. He wore the mantle then in common use among the gallants of the day, and had throughout the air of a wealthy and high born cavalier. But all peculiarities in his dress were forgotten when you came to regard his face, but especially when that prevailing expression of melancholy forced itself on you.

His companion was more beautiful than imagination can conceive or pen describe. Tall and queenly in her person, with black, majestic eyes, and tresses that were darker than the darkest midnight, she seemed one born to captivate all observers. Her dress was a bodice of dark velvet, with a skirt of white satin, while a mantle that an empress might have been proud to wear, fell in graceful folds from her shoulders. Her exquisitely small hands and feet betokened her high lineage quite as much as the eagle glance of her eyes, and her proud majestic port. She seemed, indeed, a being above the ordinary rank of mortals, one who might have personated

a Juno under the old mythology—one who would deign to love only a monarch and scarcely him. She lingered long gazing on the landscape, but at length turned away and began to trail a vine around a gigantic urn which stood on the balustrade. She had been occupied in this feminine employment some time before the cavalier spoke, though he looked furtively at her more than once, and seemed wishing to say something which he yet was half afraid to utter. At length, suddenly turning from the landscape, he approached the lady, and standing a pace or two behind her, said,

"Kate!"

The lady turned with a look of enquiry on her countenance.

"Kate," he began again, and then stopped, abashed by the proud, steady look of her majestic eyes.

"Kate," he repeated a third time, not daring to lift his gaze to hers, "hear me for a few minutes, and let me be free from this horrible suspense. I love you. I have long loved you, but I fear hopelessly. There is that in your haughty port, in your unembarrassed air which convinces me you love me not. But yet, hopeless as I know my case to be, like the criminal at the scaffold, it is a relief to me to unburthen myself to you. Turn not away, dear lady Katharine. If you cannot love, do not hate, but oh! pity me. God grant that you may never know the pangs of unrequited love."

The lady was touched. A tear gathered into her eye, and she suffered her companion to retain the hand which he had taken. But there was no encouragement in her emotion. Her demeanor was only the sympathy of one noble heart for another, whose distress it grieves at, but cannot redress.

"Edward," she said at length, "you pain me—and oh! would that I could return your love. I know your heart is noble and true—I know that your love is a prize for which the haughtiest of my sex might strive, and had we met under other circumstances I might have loved you, loved you as you deserved, loved you with a love which would have daily grown stronger until death——"

"Bless you! bless you!" said the cavalier affected to tears. His companion resumed sadly.

"But it must not be. Long before you returned I had lost my heart, and become the affianced bride of Edward Percy. This I have never told you before, and for that silence I now blame myself. But it was agreed that our engagement should remain a secret until he returned from his travels, and I did not, therefore, feel justified in speaking of it until now. When I tell you that I love him with all the ardor of a first passion, with all the depth of which I am capable, you will feel that I hear with pain your declaration, because I can appreciate the agony of a disappointment. Believe me, it cuts me to the very heart to hear your words.

"Oh!" she continued, clasping her hands, "what would I not give that we had never met, so that I had never been thus the innocent torturer of a noble and true bosom like yours."

"Say nothing of it," said her companion sadly but firmly, for he had now recovered his composure, "say nothing of it. Of my own disappointment I will say nothing, but that the sight of these tears reduces it one half. Oh! it grieves me that I have brought pain to your heart. God bless you, dear, dear Kate—sometimes think of your poor relative."

"Why, you will not leave us?" she said, surprised.

"Can I remain?" he replied mournfully. "Oh! never, never. I may, when far away, school my heart to bear my lot, but think you I could endure to see you the wife of another. No, this were more than human nature could endure, and my heart would break. But when distance separates us, and the strife of war in part diverts my thoughts, I can perhaps hear calmly of your happiness, and bid, as I do now, God bless you."

"And whither do you go?"

"There is good service to be done in Germany, and thither will I go to seek a grave."

"Nay, nay—say not so. You can yet be happy. There are others fairer and more lovely than I, who would be proud to be your bride. I could almost weep to hear you thus despond, and think that I am the cause of it all. Stay, stay, my kind cousin," she said, laying her hand upon his arm, "and do not thus leave us. We will all strive to make you happy, and, believe me, you may yet be so."

Her enthusiasm, the tear that glittered in her eye, and the eloquent sympathy of her voice, for awhile staggered the purpose of the lover, and he remained silent, torn by conflicting emotions; but at length he looked up and said with a mournfulness which drew fresh tears from the Lady Katharine's eyes.

"It cannot be—it were madness to think of it. Here I can never stay."

"Oh! say not so," replied his companion, determined not to give up hope, "think better of it. We all esteem you, we will do every thing to make you happy. I am far beneath many in this wide realm and in winning them you will forget me. Promise only not to make up your mind now. Give us the delay of a week. Then we will hear you. But now, now, oh! do not decide now. I ask it as a favor—you will not refuse."

Again the resolution of the lover was staggered. That the Lady Katharine should beg a favor of him, and beg it too in a manner that proved how deeply she felt for him, was too much for his heart. He could resist no longer, and was on the point of yielding, when his attention and that of his companion, deeply engrossed as they had been with their conversation, was arrested, and directed to another object.

The terrace on which they stood looked down the long avenue that led, straight as an arrow, through the park, to the great entrance. Into this avenue a couple of horsemen had sometime since entered, and advanced up it at an unusually rapid pace. The strangers were evidently a cavalier and his groom; and from their travel-soiled dresses it was apparent that their journey had been long and hurried. The cavalier was strikingly handsome. While yet far down the avenue he espied the party on the terrace, and spoke, half aloud and half to himself, unconscious, however, in his elation, that any one was listening.

"By St. George, yonder she is herself—ah! what a load of fears the sight of her has removed from my mind. It seems a century, instead of two years, since we parted—a life-time, instead of four months, since I heard from her. How surprised will she be to see me, for she thinks I am not to return for these six weeks yet. Faster, faster, Richard," he said, addressing his steed, "your pace seems that of a common hackney rather than that of my own tried hunter," and thus with the glad exhilaration of love and youth, he indulged in many a wayward thought as he progressed.

It was long after this, however, and not till the sound of his horse's hoofs could be heard on the terrace, when the Lady Katharine and her companion discerned the approaching cavalier. Then, as she looked up, her affianced lover gracefully lifted his hat, and the next instant reined in his courser, and leaping to the ground, and flinging the bridle to his attendant, he hastened to the terrace.

At the first recognition of her lover a glad cry had escaped from the Lady Katharine, and, in joy at the unexpected arrival of Sir Edward, she forgot for the time the companion by her side. Hastily advancing she reached the descending steps just as her lover, flying up them, gained the top. He seized her extended hand, gazed into her glad yet downcast eyes, and kissed it rapturously.

"Kate, dear Kate," he said, "thank God I find you well."

"Oh! Edward, I am so, so glad to see you safely returned—tell me all about it—you know not how happy we all shall be. See even Swan, my pet greyhound, recognises you and is frisking around us," she said, in that low sweet tone in which love delights to speak, as she leaned fondly on his arm and looked up into his eyes.

A deep sigh, at this instant, broke on her ear, and she remembered her late companion, whom, until now, she had forgotten. He had remained leaning on the pedestal, which supported the gigantic urn of which we have spoken, gazing sorrowfully on the Lady Katharine, during her meeting with her affianced lover, but now, heaving a deep sigh, he turned away, and when

the attention of the happy girl was again attracted toward him, he was some distance on his way to the mansion.

They never saw him more. His sudden disappearance was accounted for that evening by a note directed to Kate, which he had penned hurriedly ere he left the house. The epistle ran thus:

"Alas! dear Lady Katharine, my first decision was correct, and though, through mistaken kindness, you have striven to change it, I feel that it would be of no avail. I do not blame you, but oh! *can* I remain and see you another's, however worthy he may be of you? This day's lesson has convinced me that I cannot, and I go, never to see you more. When you hear of my death, on some hotly contested field, drop a tear for your unfortunate relative and lover.

HENRY DE SILVERTON.

"Poor Silverton," kindly said Sir Edward, as he pressed Kate to his bosom and dried her tears, for she had already told him all, "my heart bleeds for him."

A few months later he died, as he had prophesied, on the field of battle. And none wept more sincerely for him than Sir Edward and his happy bride.

THE RICH WIFE.

A PRACTICAL TALE OF THE TIMES.

BY ELLEN ASHTON.

"I wish Mary Elcott was richer," exclaimed Charles Masters, as if thinking aloud, breaking the silence which had now lasted for more than five minutes at his friend's dinner table.

"And I second your wish, Masters," answered his companion, coolly cracking an almond, and drawing the wine toward him, "since you seem so heartily in earnest—although I cannot see why you should desire it so much. Is there not something more than a mere interest there, eh! Masters?"

"To be candid with you there is, or rather would be if Mary was rich. I have often been on the point of telling you my sentiments, but something has always intervened to prevent me. Now, however, I will put off my confession no longer. I admire; ardently admire Miss Elcott, and I am satisfied I could love her, provided she were only wealthy. You needn't smile. I am not, as you would suppose, a fortune-hunter—that is I do not consider a fortune the '*ne plus ultra*' in a wife—but as my means at present are just equal to my own wants, I cannot afford to get married unless I wed a bride who has some money at least."

"Stop—let me understand you. You say you cannot afford to get married because your income is only sufficient for your own wants. Now it is but the other day that you told me your profession yielded you two thousand dollars a year—surely it is not impossible to live, even when married, on such an income. I make but a bare fifteen hundred, and yet I should not be afraid to venture matrimony to-morrow, although it is true I should calculate on increasing my income in a year or two."

"Exactly; but you were always a saving fellow, even with your pocket money at school, when I have always liked to live a little more expensively. Now two thousand dollars will just allow me to live as I wish, but even then it must be as a bachelor. There is my horse, and then my private parlor, and there is my annual trip to the springs—all these I *must* have, and to have them, I *must* spend my two thousand. Now if I get married, without I wed an heiress, I should have to give up all these—in other words I must surrender my tilbury and walk on foot, while my wife must patronize the omnibus or stay at home. Egad! just think of it—the lady of Charles Masters, Esq. Attorney at Law, running after a Cheshut street omnibus whenever she is tired and wishes to return home."

"All very humorous, my dear fellow—join me in a glass—but still it has little to do with the question; and

since you have consulted me I will," he continued smiling, "give you, as the old women say, a bit of my mind. I dislike, as much as you, to deprive a wife of the comforts of life, but with your income, or even mine, there is little danger of doing that. The very thing which you cling to so perversely are luxuries, mere luxuries, nothing else under the sun. Possessed of the love of some virtuous woman you would soon learn to do without them—aye! and enjoy ten-fold more happiness than you do now. Believe me, my dear fellow, you are misleading yourself on this important subject. It is *not* necessary that you should marry an heiress. You *can* live, and respectably too, for the first year or two, on your present income; and after that, with *your* talents, and the standing marriage will give you, you need fear nothing. I do not speak what I am not willing to practice. You are a lawyer and I am a physician. Your profession can be made available sooner than mine. You have two thousand a year and I have but fifteen hundred; and yet I am about to be married, and that to, I may as well tell you, Mary's younger sister. You have seen her, I believe, but once, for she returned only last week from New York, where, however, I met her last summer during my three months sojourn there. I have every reason to believe we shall be happy, even," and again he smiled, "on a bare fifteen hundred a year."

"You surprise me," said Masters, after a pause, "but still there is a difference betwixt your case and mine. Mary has high views of things, and as she could not, if married to me, live, at least for some years, in the style in which her father lives, she would—you may depend on it—grow discontented and peevish. You shake your head, but it would, I am certain, be so. Even if I could give up these comforts, which you call luxuries, *she* could not—"

"Stop, my dear fellow, you misrepresent Mary. I know her well. She is not the kind of girl you pretend she is. I will not enter into details, but of this I can assure you," and here he emphasised his words, "that if Mary could love a man she would cheerfully give up every thing but the bare necessities of life, to follow his fortunes."

"Well—well, it may be. She is at any rate an angel. I have had hard work to keep myself from falling in love with her, although conscious of the folly of uniting my lot to hers in the present state of my finances. Confound this money—why had she not a few thousands, or why am I not richer?—I must stop thinking of her, or going there so often, for," and here he paused and added, "*it cannot be*. There is Charlotte Spencer, whom all my relatives wish me to marry—she is rich, pretty, accomplished—I suppose I shall have to propose to her, though, heaven knows! if Mary had but half her money I would prefer her. Well, after all

there is an old saying 'that when poverty comes in the door, love flies out the window.' "

"As you please, Masters, but you are still deceiving yourself, by calling comfort poverty, and pretending that a wife will beggar you even with two thousand. I will say no more of Mary, except that I believe a nobler or more beautiful woman you will never find. She is a treasure in herself. Nor will I say ought of Miss Spencer, beyond a word—I fear she has a bad temper. And now, my dear fellow, let us dismiss this matrimonial debate, and take to our cigars—here are some choice Habanas."

Charles Masters, as our readers will have seen, was one of those young men who without being an actual fortune-hunter, deem *some* money indispensable in a wife—although, as in his case, they veil their real character from themselves by a course of deceptive sophistry, and will not admit the actual selfishness of their views. His friend, Henry Prescott, was of a different character. Love, with him, was a pure unalloyed passion—a sentiment in which nothing base took part—a holy exalted feeling which filled the heart with sunshine, and would have made even privation endurable. He loved Ellen Prescott with his whole soul, and had long been satisfied that his love was returned. Indeed, as he said, their union was already settled. He saw with pain the determination of his friend, for he knew that Charles was a favorite with Mary, although, as yet, the feeling had not on her part ripened into a warmer sentiment—more, however, because the attentions of Charles had been nothing more than those of an acquaintance, and the strict principle in which Mary had been brought up, would not suffer her to throw away her affections unsought, and thus perhaps shipwreck her happiness forever. It was with an inward sigh, therefore, that Prescott heard, a few days after the above conversation, that the attentions of Charles to Miss Spencer were becoming of the most marked character. He saw also that Masters no longer visited the Elcotts. The love for display had triumphed over affections.

Meanwhile time slipped rapidly away, and rumors began to be prevalent that Charles had proposed for and been accepted by Miss Spencer. In a little time the report was confirmed by those who were believed to know, and to set all doubt at rest it was authorized by Charles himself. He met Prescott casually, for of late they had been less intimate than formerly.

"Ah! my good monitor," he said, laughingly, "they tell me you and Ellen are to be married in a fortnight. Is it so? Glad to hear it. But I shall not be long behind you—egad! since I come to think of it, we shall be married on the same day. Miss Spencer is a fine, dashing girl—a cool fifty thousand is hers—we shall live in some style, but you must come and see us.

Cards and all that sort of thing will be sent you. But I forgot—I've an appointment to look at a pair of carriage horses at cloven, and it now only wants five minutes of that hour. Good bye—I'll see you soon."

"There goes a fine fellow who is about to sacrifice his happiness to his love of display," mused Prescott, as his eye followed the receding form of his friend; and with a sigh he turned and walked on.

They were married—Prescott and his bride seeking their simple, yet comfortable home, while Mr. and Mrs. Masters were whirled off on a fashionable tour from which they returned in due time to astonish the town by their splendid entertainments. But alas! even before the honey moon was over Masters found that his friend's anticipations were true, and that Mrs. Masters, though rich, beautiful and accomplished, threatened, by a peevish temper, to embitter his life. As time elapsed, moreover, the evil only increased, and about two months after the wedding, it was more than doubled by an event which then occurred. This was nothing more than the discovery—then first made by the final settlement of Mr. Spencer's estate—that his daughter was in reality worth but a bare ten thousand dollars. The knowledge of this circumstance could not fail to irritate a husband whose chief motive in marrying was to possess himself of his wife's fortune—crimination and re-criminations ensued betwixt the ill-mated pair—and, as usual, the interview ended in a flood of tears on the part of the lady, and a volley of curses on that of the gentleman. Seizing his hat, Masters rushed from the house in no very enviable state of mind. Almost the first person he met was a mutual acquaintance of himself and Prescott.

"Ah! Masters—the very man I wanted to see—have you heard the news—I am glad of it for both their sakes. I see you are ignorant, and that I am the first one to bring you the intelligence. Well then Prescott has had a glorious windfall in the way of fortune—his wife and her sister Mary have fallen co-heiresses to a hundred and fifty thousand dollars, left them by an East Indian uncle, whom they had not heard of for twenty years. I once thought you and Mary would be married, but I was mistaken—she has been engaged you know a month and more to Mr. Leicester, your old rival. But I must hurry on. You look ill. I hope all is well at home. Remember me to your bride."

Masters did not speak, but, in his heart, he cursed the day he ever saw Miss Spencer, or refused the love of such an angel as Mary Elcott, for filthy lucre. He was rightly punished, in being tied for life to a peevish, extravagant, and comparatively portionless woman.

If his story shall prove a lesson to our readers, our object in relating it will have been fulfilled. It is better to deal in truth, simple though it be, than in fiction, however gorgeous.

THE RIVAL BRIDALS.

BY S. D. ANDERSON.

"So Ellen Lester is going to marry young Davis," said Clara Elton, to her friend Constance Seldon, as they seated themselves in the parlor after a morning walk, "well, I am surprised; I thought she had more spirit than to marry him."

"Why, who is this Mr. Davis?" asked her friend, "is he a stranger in the place, and what is the objection?"

"A stranger, oh, no," said Clara, laughingly, "he is no stranger, at least to me, nor Ellen neither, and that is the most surprising part of the affair, he is old Davis, the baker's son—would you believe it of Ellen Lester?"

"But I see no objection to him on that account," said Constance, seriously, "but tell me what occupation does he follow?"

"Why, he is studying law to be sure, that is the fashion now. Every man must study law, especially among the mechanical classes. The family was content to pursue the business of his father; but some of his friends persuaded him that he had talents, and that he must study, so he gave up the bakery and took to the office. We shall soon have nothing but persons of that description at the bar."

"Well, if they possess talents of the right kind, I can see no harm that can result from their pursuing this profession," replied Constance, "indeed I think it rather a merit to surmount the obstacles of birth and fortune, and carve out your own elevation in the higher walks of the sciences. Would you shut out from the humble citizen all hopes of promotion in life?"

"By no means," said Clara, as she played with her ten dollar French fan, a present from Count Trejaney, "but then there must be mechanics, and why not be satisfied in that sphere, and not wish to soar above their proper place—besides they cannot expect those, who have been born and educated in a different rank of society, to associate with them. Much as we may talk of equality of birth, we cannot disguise the fact, as in the face of nature there are inequalities, so it will be in the social world. There always has been and always will be different grades—the high and the low—the rich and the poor—the gifted and the humble—these are the barriers through which you would break, and force all to a level—trust me, dear Constance, 'tis all a dream."

"But a dream that must be realized, Clara. Mental superiority will find its way to the front rank, whether seen in the rich or the poor. This is the equality that I trust to, and this is strikingly the case in a country like ours, where the means of cultivating those gifts are put within the reach of all classes; and here too the incentives to action are to all alike, each will strive for the prize because it may be obtained by each. Men are

valued here, Clara, or ought to be, in proportion as they display those qualities most needed in society—and what so needed as an understanding of the principles and laws that are the real foundation of a nation's liberties? But we are getting away from the subject—young Davis has talent, has he not?"

"It is said so. I have not met him since Ellen left us to reside with her aunt. You know that, at the death of her mother, she came into possession of some property, and as her aunt was poor she went to reside with her, that she might the more readily aid her without the appearance of charity. Whilst she resided with us, we all discountenanced the match so much that he did not visit us often; but since Ellen has resided with her aunt he has been quite attentive, and I heard this morning they are to be married as soon as he has been admitted to the bar. But I have other news to tell you, Count Trejaney has accepted an invitation, and will be here to-night. He is so engaging, and then so rich, quite the rage in society."

"How long have you been acquainted with this Count?" asked Constance.

"I was introduced to him at Mrs. Madden's last party," said Clara, "and he paid quite particular attention to me during the evening; and then he talked so interestingly about his travels—you will be delighted with him, Constance."

"And this is all you know about him," said Constance, "and with this slight acquaintance you invite him to a private circle of friends. Why this is more than you would think of extending to some of your earliest acquaintances."

"Ah! but then consider the circle in which he moves. The first in the city. They would not admit him if he was not quite the man of honor, besides we must pay some respect to the custom of the country from which the Count comes. The Count says that there a person's rank, and not his long acquaintance, is his passport to good society."

"And so it would be here if that rank conferred on its possessor more than the mere title," answered Constance, "but our country has been flooded with vain pretenders to the honor, if honor it be, to have the Count attached to a name, that, but for that fortunate appendage, would not rise above the mists of their own ignorance. If I was a man I would prefer the humblest rank in a land, where all must or may be useful, to a thousand titles conferred as the meed of inglorious deeds."

"But the Count's cause must suffer in my hands," said Clara, while a slight blush covered her cheek, "and I will leave the defence to him. Come, shall we practice the new song?" and taking her friend's hand, she assumed her seat at the piano, and commenced humming the melody, whilst her friend, selecting a book from the table, sank into silence.

Clara Elton was a spoiled child of fortune. Her parents were wealthy and worldly. With them the two great principles were riches and rank, and they could not separate the idea of respectability from a man who kept an account in a bank, and had a carriage and a farm. To them the doctrine that "wealth makes the man," though very good on *paper*, was not so good in practice; and however sweet a period it makes in the abstract, in real life it was a stumbling block. Mr. Elton had risen from almost the lowest grade, to his present high station in the business world, but, once having got there, he did as people usually do—he despised the means that enabled him to arrive at the honor. Mrs. Elton was a woman, and loved her husband, and as a matter of course he was the focus of all her knowledge. If Mr. Elton had said the banks had ruined the country, every thing evil from the ruin of a community to the burning of a church, would be attributed to that source. If Mr. Elton said that Mr. So and So was not respectable, he could not have been admitted to the house. But Mr. Elton never *did* say that a rich man was not respectable, and consequently that was the open *sesame* to the hearts and doors of this worthy couple.

Clara Elton presented what at this age of the world is not an uncommon character among this class of females—a being right in feelings but wrong in principles. To all the calls of charity she was ever ready. No one could accuse her of stepping in the least from the paths of duty, be that what it may. This was the result of untaught native feelings; and thus far she was right, thus far the stream of the affections had not been turned out of the right channel by a false system of education, but she had been taught to revere and look up to wealth as the basis of all that was true and good in principles and actions. This was the fault. From her father she had caught all her contempt for the useful classes, and the tendency to cringe to any thing that partook of the show and glitter of wealth, without an attempt to strip off the guise and appreciate, if possible, the real character of the individual. This trait in her character, moreover, had been strengthened by the members of the circle in which she usually moved. As wealth was the magnet of attraction with her parents—the means to secure a welcome reception to the dwelling of Clara Elton, all that visited there were either wealthy or made up the deficiency in the real article by a double portion of pretension. Being an heiress, and the daughter of one of the *elite* of the land, she lived in an atmosphere of flattery—a state of being where all the finer and better feelings of the human mind are overrun by the rank weeds of pride and arrogance. All bowed to the shrine of Clara Elton, and all, while they bowed, saw in the distance the golden visions of a father's wealth. Thus surrounded

by the idlers of the season, and the hangers on of the latest French fashions, no marvel that she became haughty and vain in principle, and looked upon the different orders of society as far beneath the station of Clara Elton.

Among the early associates of Clara had been Ellen Lester. Mr. Lester was not so rich as his neighbor, still he had enough at his death to leave his widow in competency. Ellen had been the companion of Clara at school, and when she had been separated from that mother to enjoy the benefits of a superior system of instruction, she had accepted the proffered kindness of Clara to make her residence a home. At the death of her mother, Ellen became the possessor of property sufficient to meet all her most lavish wants, and in obedience to her mother's will she took up her residence with her maternal aunt in a different part of the city. In the characters of the friends there was a marked difference. Ellen had been taught to look upon society as it is, to judge of mankind by the plain rule of truth, and not by extraneous circumstances. This made her look deeply into the characters of the persons who constituted the circle into which she entered, and, in her estimate, she was seldom mistaken. Plain and unsuited in her manners, she was not dazzled or led astray by the display and assumption of little minds, or lured aside after the fleeting phantoms of fashions and extravagance. She had resided long enough with the Elton's fully to appreciate the first wish of the family—a splendid alliance for their daughter. To the attainment of this hope she had seen them bend all the energies of their minds, and often had her pure mind been shocked by their conduct. Step by step she saw Clara being drawn into the vortex of fashionable life, and inducted into the schemes of her family. In private she knew Clara to be the kindest of creatures; but the web of the tempter had been set, and the victim was now about to commence the struggle for life. It is the first step in our career that decides our fate, and that had now been taken by Clara under the guidance of her father.

Among the early friends and companions of Ellen Lester was Edward Davis. His father was in comfortable circumstances, but still thought it necessary to instil into his son habits of industry. As a matter of course he was taught the business in which his father had acquired both character and competency. Whilst the father was anxious to train up his son in the paths of industry—he did not neglect his mind, and young Davis early in life displayed marks of talent and genius. In character he was frank and open, and free from deceit and treachery. He soon gained the confidence and love of all who knew him, and of none more than of Ellen Lester, who saw in him all that, in her opinion, constituted the great traits in the sum of a man's character—truth, honor, and fidelity—and thus their young hearts,

grew up together. Edward soon learned to associate her name with all that was pure and lovely in his estimate; while she watched over the rising fame of her young friend with all a woman's fondness. After he had completed his education, at the instance of his friends, he commenced the study of the law, and now but waited the completion of those studies to lead Ellen to the altar. He had told her *all* his hopes and wishes—his plans and prospects for the future—and she had blushing consented, and thus their happiness was complete. The busy tongue of report had given the news to the winds, and it was to this that the conversation at the commencement of this sketch alluded.

Evening came, and with it the private circle at Mr. Elton's, to which Clara had pressed Constance Seldon to stay. It was a brilliant affair. All that wealth could command and fancy suggest, ministered to the wants and wishes of the select few. Music and song and wit were there—beauty clad in rosy smiles, as if not dangerous enough without, glided through the mazy dance, light as the zephyr's breath upon the sleeping lake. A flood of light poured down upon the magic scene, giving to that gorgeous mansion the semblance of a fairy land. All was happiness, at least to the eye. Clara Elton was the star of the bright array. Richly dressed, she shone the gayest of them all. Around her was gathered a crowd of admirers, all bowing to the shrine of the regal beauty. And she was the life of all. To one a smile, to another a word, here a bow, and there a witty remark—kept the small circle in spirits. But to none did she bend her eyes so often as to the Count Trejaney. Many a bright glance beamed from her speaking eyes in answer to the compliments that fell from his lips, and deeper to the soul went the thrill of that voice when he spoke of beauty and admiration. Clara was called on to sing, and she complied, and the Count stood by the chair, and the touch of the player trembled, and the music ended, she accepted the arm of the Count, and together they sought the garden. The summer air was bland and fragrant, the breath of sleeping flowers stole over the senses, the strains of the distant melody floated by, the calm stars looked down upon this Eden with a smile, and then the Count talked of love, and Clara listened, and when she left the spot it was as the affianced bride of Count Trejaney. And now the time of departure had come, the greetings were said and over, the gay voices hushed and still, the bright lights dim and gone, and silence reigned over what late was all life and excitement. And Clara had gone to her chamber, but not to rest. The excitement of the past hour had waked up within her breast a tide of emotions, that would banish sleep from her pillow. She had taken the final step. The last act of the drama was drawing to a close, and yet she was not happy. The sudden proposal from the Count—and

her acceptance of that proposal, after so brief an acquaintance—the language of Constance—and the undefined dread of the consequences, all spoke to her in this still hour; but then the riches and rank of the Count—the difference in the customs and manners of the people of different lands—and more than all, the known admiration which her father had for what he termed splendid matches, made up the bright side of the picture. In this whirl of contending emotions, she fell asleep, and, in her dreams, she still thought of wealth, rank and pomp. As might be expected from the character of Clara's father, the proposal was accepted; and amid the magnificence and pagentry of wealth and circumstances, Clara Elton became a bride. The Count signified his intentions of remaining for some time in the country, and a mansion, corresponding with the pretensions of the parties, was taken for their future residence.

On the same day that witnessed the nuptials of the Count—Edward Davis—having completed his course of studies and been admitted—led to the altar his long loved Ellen. With them the time was not one of excitement. All was hushed and still, save the beating of their hearts, that spoke almost audibly the completion of their joy. After the lapse of a few days they took possession of a small, but neat mansion, the property of Edward's father—and Ellen prevailed on her aunt to accept a home with her, and thus we leave them. May your stream of life, young couple, be never dimmed. You have chosen the wiser part, you have culled the roses in the spring, may the frosts of winter wither them not.

Ten years had passed away. But many a change has come upon that scene since last we trod the path together. Many a dream has vanished—many a hope has been tested—many a wish has been disappointed—many a bright vision faded in the bud; but still the wheels of time press on, regardless of what they crush.

In one of the many apartments of a splendid mansion in our city, were seated two females. The room bespoke the standing of the occupants, and told of ease and comfort. Much that revealed the pursuits of the owners could be seen in that apartment. Books and music were laid upon the table, a piano occupied its place amid the arrangement, on the walls were hung several pictures from the old masters, and others of a more modern nature, though scarcely inferior in point of merit. It was evening, and the lamps had been lit and the curtains drawn. The fire burned brightly in the grate. Without, the wind was howling and whistling through the streets in wild and woful fury. The snow, that had fallen during the day, now lay white and dreary in uneven ridges in the deserted streets, or was caught up by the blasts and whirled in clouds against the persons of the benighted and houseless wanderer.

Seated at a table in that room were the two friends Ellen Lester and Clara Elton, though each now bore a different name; and in the appearance of the two there was a marked and perceptible difference. Both were still beautiful, but in the subdued and melancholy expression that would steal over the features of Clara, could be read a tale of suffering, well calculated to fade the rose from the cheek, and the fire from the eye of beauty. Yet still traces of her former loveliness lingered, "like the beams of the parting day." She was clad in a robe of plain black, a color well fitted to her pale and chastened features. From the page on which she was reading, she would occasionally raise her eyes and fix them upon the face of Ellen, who, engaged in some of the many occupations of a mother, sat opposite to her; and in that glance what volumes of the feelings and thoughts of the woman were told! Ellen Davis presented a different picture. In her sweet face, slightly touched by the hand of time, were to be seen hope and joy fulfilled, a youth not spent in dreams for the unattainable, nor a womanhood consumed in longings for all the visionary romance of a girl's desires. She was a wife and mother, and as she bent her gaze upon her child, sleeping by her side, tears would roll up into her eyes; but how different from these that filled those of her friend. Both were silent. Clara's thoughts were with the past—she was again a girl, innocent and happy, at home amid the flowers and joys of youth and the friends that she loved, before the world with its chilling blasts nipped all the warmer and holier feelings of the young affections, and gave her in return a blighted and withered existence. And Ellen was in the present, calm and contented, blest with the love of a husband, who cherished in each expiring year all the depth and intensity of his young aspirations—surrounded with the love of her children—conscious of being the means of cheering the drooping spirits of one to whom through every vicissitude she still clung to with a wife's deep love. No wonder that, on her beaming countenance, no traces of sorrow could be seen. But as the hours flew by, and still no familiar knock was heard, (and all day had that husband been absent) impatience began to be manifest in the eager listening for each noise, and the frequent risings to catch, even through the gloom, a glimpse of the husband and father. But the anxiety was soon rewarded, as, flushed with the attainment of a cause in which more than ordinary ability had been engaged, Edward Davis entered the room. And now he recounted the labors of the day, and in his glowing and forcible manner gave to his listeners a brief and simple account of the few past hours. Then the toil of the office forgotten, he took up a volume of *Hemans*, and, in the best tones of a rich and manly voice, read aloud. This poetry of Home, this copy of the affections, and what a family circle was gathered there! When the

time of rest came, each retired with the love of peace resting upon the household altar, and among the many prayers that ascended from the shrine of *Faith* to the throne of *Love* that night; none was more pure or sincere than that of Clara Elton for the happiness of Ellen Davis.

Kind reader! one more move on the table of the past and we are done. As stated in the preceding part of this tale, after the nuptials of Clara Elton and the Count Trejany, they began life on the most magnificent scale. All that wealth could lay upon the altar of fancy was procured. Ball followed ball, and parties succeeded each other in rapid succession. All was glare and show, fashion and extravagance; and the beautiful wife of the Count was every where the theme of admiration and envy. Thus passed a year. But at the end of that time, Clara saw a visible change in the manner and appearance of that husband, and in his habits came also a change. Home to him was no longer a source of attraction; he was often absent all night. To the remonstrance of his wife he at first presented an evasive answer, but now came the harsh look and the cutting reply. Under the pretence of delayed remittances, he procured large sums of money from the father of Clara to be expended secretly in gambling. Clara bore up against the tide of coming misfortunes with a woman's strength and resolution. She saw one after another of her long cherished dreams fade away, and bitterly did she repent the wrong impressions of men and things that she had entertained in early life. She saw now the true standard of worth, but alas! too late. For some time after the marriage, her family gave themselves up to vain and delusive dreams of the alliance, but as the requests for means to keep up the course of living in which the Count indulged became more frequent and pressing, doubts would suggest themselves to the mind of the worldly man, and these were every day strengthened by the reports that began to be circulated as to Trejany's pretension to the title of Count. More than one boldly hinted that he was a foreign adventurer, in quest of money; and this became the settled belief of many. At this crisis of affairs came the derangement of the business matters of our country, and as Mr. Elton was deeply engaged in the moneyed institutions, he of course was a heavy sufferer. Whilst he was writhing under the losses that must reduce him to absolute dependence, the Count still continued to solicit large sums of money. Seeing that there was now no possibility of concealment, Mr. Elton gave up his effects, and retired to a small residence some distance from the city, the property of a friend. This was a severe blow to poor Clara. But a still heavier one awaited her. She was accustomed to the protracted visits of her husband to other cities; but he had now been absent still longer than usual, when she received a letter

from him, that was a death blow to all her hopes. The letter said that he had left the country, and indulged in all the meanness of a little mind. It confirmed all the worst suspicions of her friends, and he was indeed a foreign adventurer. He taunted her with this, and gave, as his reasons for his departure, her father's inability to supply him in his demands for money. All this was told, and to his wife. And this was the consummation of *all* Clara's hopes! Her spirits became prostrated under this awful affliction. Hastily disposing of the property still remaining, she joined her parents. To them the blow was a severe one, and reflection did not lighten the burden. Had they not by their attachment, only to these who had the appearance of wealth, so tutored the mind of that daughter as to lead her to a mistaken judgment in this important matter? This reflection was the bitterest draught of *all*. Her mother did not long survive the desertion. Of a naturally weak constitution, she fell a victim to the most fatal of all complaints, because the least understood, a broken heart. Still Clara labored to cheer the declining years of her remaining parent, but to no purpose. He too fell beneath the crush of all his hopes, and she was left alone. It was now that Ellen Davis heard of her misfortune, and, through the kind and delicate attentions of her gentle spirit, and the more than brotherly care of her husband, Clara regained a portion of her spirits, and became an inmate and friend of their family. Here she still resides, joining with a hushed and noiseless tread in all the tender sympathies that makes woman, in the hour of trouble, a ministering angel.

Edward Davis is still rising in his profession, taking his place amid the wisest and best of the land. He has twice represented his native state in the councils of the nation, and exhibited there genius and purity, rare combination in these days of political degeneration! And Ellen! she still is the idol of her husband and the best of women. With him she has fought, and with him she wears the laurels, in the pride of a wife for the honor of a husband.

And Constance Selden what shall I say of you? Years have been added to thy brow, but not to thy feeling. They still are fresh and green. The wings of thy sympathies are still over the children of want and suffering, as they were in the days of the past. Many a prayer from the abode of the poor and needy is sent up for thy happiness. Eyes beam brighter as they recognise thy lightsome step. Hearts beat with hope that before were sunk in sorrow at the mention of thy name. God's benison be on thee, gentle lady! Mayst thou have the best of all earthly rewards, the knowledge of a well spent life.

Original.
 THE ROMANCE OF CAROLINA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GUY RIVERS," "THE YEMASSEE," "THE KINSMEN," "PELAYOW," ETC.

THIRD NOUVELLETTE.

COMBAHEE; OR, THE LAST VOYAGE OF LUCAS DE AYLLON.

"— Bind him, I say;
 Make every aftery and sinew crack;
 'The slave that makes him give the loudest shriek,
 Shall have ten thousand drachmas! Wretch! I'll force thee
 To curse the Pow'r thou worship'st."
Massinger.—The Virgin Martyr.

BUT the losses of De Ayllon were not to end with the death of his noble captive, the unfortunate Chiquola. We are told by the historian, that "one of his vessels foundered before he reached his port, and captors and captives alike were swallowed up in the sea together. His own vessel survived, but many of his captives sickened and died; and he himself was reserved for the time, only to suffer a more terrible form of punishment. Though he had lost more than half of the ill-gotten fruits of his expedition, the profits which remained were still such as to encourage him to a renewal of his enterprize. To this he devoted his whole fortune, and with three large vessels and many hundred men, he once more descended upon the coast of Carolina."*

Meanwhile, the dreary destiny of Combahee was to live alone. We have heard so much of the inflexibility of the Indian character, that we are apt to forget that these people are human; having, though perhaps in a small degree, and less activity, the same vital passions, the same susceptibilities—the hopes, the fears, the loves and the hates, which established the humanity of the whites. They are colder and more sterile,—more characterized by individuality and self-esteem than any more social people; and these characteristics are the natural and inevitable results of their habits of wandering. But to suppose that the Indian is "a man without a tear," is to indulge in a notion equally removed from poetry and truth. At all events, such an opinion, is, to say the least of it, a gross exaggeration of the truth.

Combahee, the Queen of Chiquola, had many tears. She was a young wife;—the crime of De Ayllon had made her a young widow. Of the particular fate of her husband she knew nothing; and, in the absence of any certain knowledge, she naturally feared the worst. The imagination, once excited by fear, is the darkest painter of the terrible that nature has ever known. Still, the desolate woman did not feel herself utterly hopeless. Daily she manned her little bark, and was paddled along the shores of the sea, in a vain search after that which could never more be found. At other times she sat upon, or wandered along, the headlands, in a lonely and silent watch over those vast, dark, dashing waters, of the Atlantic, little dreaming that they had already long since swallowed up her chief. Wan and wretched, the sustenance which she took was simply adequate to

the purposes of life. Never did city maiden more stubbornly deplore the lost object of her affections than did this single-hearted woman. But her prayers and watch were equally unavailing. Vainly did she skirt the shores in her canoe by day;—vainly did she build her fires, as a beacon to guard him on his home return by night. His people had already given him up for ever; but love is more hopeful of the object which it loves. She did not yet despair. Still she wept, but still she watched; and when she ceased to weep it was only at moments when the diligence of her watch made her forgetful of her tears.

The season was becoming late. The fresh, and invigorating breezes of September began to warn the tribes of the necessity of seeking the shelter of the woods. The maize was already gathered and bruised for the stocks of winter. The fruits of summer had been dried, and the roots were packed away. The chiefs regarded the condition of mind under which their Queen labored with increasing anxiety. She sat apart upon the highest hill that looked from the shore, along the deep. She sat beneath the loftiest palmetto. A streamer of fringed cotton was hung from its top as a signal to the wanderer, should he once more be permitted to behold the land, apprizing him where the disconsolate widow kept her watch. The tribes looked on from a distance unwilling to disturb those sorrows, which, under ordinary circumstances, they consider sacred. The veneration which they felt for their Queen increased this feeling. Yet so unremitting had been her self-abandonment—so devoted and unchangeable her daily employments, that some partial fear began to be entertained lest her reason might suffer. She had few words now for her best counsellors. These few words, it is true, were always to the purpose, yet they were spoken with impatience, amounting to severity. The once gentle and benignant woman had grown stern. There was a stony inflexibility about her glance, which distresses the observer, and her cheeks had become lean and thin, and her frame feeble and languid, in singular contrast with that intense spiritual light which flashed, whenever she was addressed, from her large black eyes.

Something must be done!—was the unanimous opinion of the chiefs. Nay, two things were to be done. She was to be cured of this affection; and it was necessary that she should choose one, from among her "beloved men," one, who should take the place of Chiquola. They came to her, at length, with this object. Combahee was even then sitting upon the headland of St. Helena. She looked out with straining eyes upon the sea. She had seen a speck. They spoke to her, but she motioned them to be silent, while she pointed to the object. It disappeared, like a shadow and others. It was some porpoise, or possibly some wandering grampus, sending up his *jets d'eau* in the unfamiliar ocean. Long she looked, but profitlessly. The object of her sudden hope had already disappeared. She turned to the chiefs. They prostrated themselves before her. Then, the venerable father, Kiawab,—an old man who had witnessed the departure of an hundred

* History of South Carolina, page 11.

and twenty summers,—rose, and seating himself before her, addressed her after the following fashion :

"Does the daughter of the great Ocketee, look into the grave of the warrior that he may come forth because she looks !"

"He sleeps father, for Combahee. He has gone forth to hunt the deer in the blue land of Maneto."

"Good! he has gone. Is the sea a hunting land for the brave Chiquola? Is he not also gone to the blue land of spirits?"

"Know'st thou? Who has told Kiawah, the old father? Has it come to him in a dream?"

"Chiquola has come to him."

"Ah!"

"He is a hunter for Maneto. He stands first among the hunters in the blue forests of Maneto. The smile of the great spirit beckons him to the chase. He eats of honey in the golden tents of the great spirit."

"He has said. Thou hast seen."

"Even so! Shall Kiawah say to Combahee, the thing which is not? Chiquola is dead!"

The woman put her hand upon her heart with an expression of sudden pain. But she recovered herself with a little effort.

"It is true what Kiawah has said. I feel it here. But Chiquola will come to Combahee?"

"Yea! He will come. Let my daughter go to the fountain and bathe thrice before night in its waters. She will bid them prepare the feast of flesh. A young deer shall be slain by the hunters. Its meat shall be dressed, of that shall she eat, while the maidens sing the song of victory, and dance the dance of rejoicing around her. For there shall be victory and rejoicing. Three days shall my daughter do this; and the night of the third day shall Chiquola come to her when she sleeps. She shall hear his voice, she shall do his bidding, and there shall be blessings. Once more shall Combahee smile among her people."

He was obeyed religiously. Indeed, his was a religious authority. Kiawah was a famous priest and prophet among the tribes of the sea coast of Carolina—in their language an Iawa,—a man renowned for his supernatural powers. A human policy may be seen in the counsels of the old man; but by the Indians it was regarded as coming from a superior source. For three days did Combahee perform her lustrations, take the bath, and partake plentifully of the feast which had been prepared. The third night, a canopy of green bushes was reared for her by the sea side, around the palmetto where she had been accustomed to watch, and from which her cotton streamer was flying. Thither he repaired, as the yellow moon was rising above the sea. It rose, bright and round, and hung above her tent, looking down with eyes of sad, sweet brilliance, like some hueless diamonds about to weep, through the green leaves, and into the yet unclosed eyes of the disconsolate widow. The great ocean all the while kept up a mournful chiding and lament along the shores. It was long before Combahee could sleep. She vainly strove to shut her eyes. She could not well, because of

her expectation, and because of that chiding sea, and those sad eyes of the moon, big, wide, down staring upon her. At length she ceased to behold the moon and to hear the ocean; but in place of these, towards the rising of the morning star, she heard the voice of Chiquola, and beheld the young warrior to whom her virgin heart had been given. He was habited in loose flowing robes of blue, a bunch of feathers, most like a golden sunbeam, was on his brow, bound there by a circle of little stars. He carried a bow of bended silver, and his arrows looked like darts of summer lightning. Truly, in the eyes of the young widow, Chiquola looked like a very god himself. He spoke to her in a language that was most like a song. It was a music such as the heart hears when it first loves and when hope is the companion of its affections. Never was music in the ears of Combahee so sweet.

"Why sits the woman that I love beside the cold ocean? Why does she watch the black waters for Chiquola? Chiquola is not there."

The breathing of the woman was suspended with delight. She could not speak. She could only hear.

"Arise, my beloved, and look up at Chiquola."

"Chiquola is with the great spirit. Chiquola is happy in the blue forests of Maneto;" at length she found strength for utterance :

"No! Chiquola is cold. There must be fire to warm Chiquola, for he perished beneath the sea. His limbs are full of water. He would dry himself. Maneto smiles, around him are the blue forests; he chases the brown deer, 'till the setting of the sun; but his limbs are cold. Combahee will build him a fire of the bones of his enemies, that the limbs of Chiquola may be made warm against the winter."

The voice ceased, the bright image was gone. In vain was it that the woman, gathering courage in his absence, implored him to return. She saw him no more, and in his place the red eye of the warrior star of morning was looking steadfastly upon her.

But where were the enemies of Chiquola? The tribes were all at peace. The war-paths upon which Chiquola had gone had been very few, and the calumet had been smoked in token of peace and amity among them all. Of whose bones then should the fire be made which was to warm the limbs of the departed warrior? This was a question to afflict the wisest heads of the nation, and upon this difficulty they met, in daily council, from the moment that the revelation of Chiquola was made known by his widow. She, meanwhile, turned not even from her watch along the waters where he had disappeared? For what did she now gaze? Chiquola was no longer there! Ah! the fierce spirit of the Indian woman had another thought. It was from that quarter that the pale warriors came by when he was borne into captivity. Perhaps, she had no fancy that they would again return. It was an instinct rather than a thought, which made her look out upon the waters and dream at moments that she had glimpses of their large white-winged canoes.

Meanwhile, the Iawas and chief men sat in council, and the difficulty about the bones of which the fire was to

be made, continued as great as ever. As a respite from this difficulty they debated at intervals another and scarcely less serious question :

"Is it good for Combahee to be alone?"

This question was decided in the negative by an unanimous vote. It was observed, though no argument seemed necessary, that all the younger and more handsome chiefs made long speeches in advocacy of the marriage of their Queen. It was also observed that immediately after the breaking up of the council, each darted off to his separate wigwam, and put on his newest moccasins, brightest leggins, his yellowest hunting shirt, and his most gorgeous belt of shells. Each disposed his plumes after the fashion of his own taste, and adjusted, with newer care, the quiver at his back; and each strove, when the opportunity offered, to leap, dance, run, mount, and shoot, in the presence of the lovely and potent woman.

Once more the venerable Iawa presented himself before the Queen.

"The cabin of my daughter has but one voice. There must be another. What sings the Coonee Latlee? (mocking bird.) He says, 'though the nest be withered and broken, are there not sticks and leaves; shall I not build another? Though the mate-wing be gone to other woods shall no other voice take up the strain which I am singing, and barter with me in the music which is love?' Daughter, the beloved men have been in council; and they say, the nest must be repaired with newer leaves; and the sad bird must sing lonely no longer. Are there not other birds? Lo! behold them, my daughter, where they run and bound, and sing and dance. Choose from these, my daughter,—choose the noblest, that the noble blood of Ockotee may not perish for ever."

"Ah!"—she said impatiently—"but have the beloved men found the enemies of Chiquola? Do they say, here are the bones?"

"The great spirit has sent no light to the cabin of council."

"Enough! When the beloved men shall find the bones which were the enemies of Chiquola, then will the Coonee Latlee take a mate-wing to her cabin. It is not meet that Combahee should build the fire for another hunter, before she has dried the water from the limbs of Chiquola!"

"The great spirit will smile on their search. Meanwhile, let Combahee choose one from among our youth, that he may be honored by the tribe."

"Does my father say this to the poor heart of Combahee?"

"It is good."

"Take this," she said, "to Edelano, the tall brother of Chiquola. He is most like the chief. Bid him wear it on his breast. Make him a chief among our people. He is the choice of Combahee."

She took from her neck as she spoke, a small plate of rudely beaten native gold, upon which the hands of some native artist, had, with a pointed flint or shell, scratched uncouth presentments of the native deer, the eagle, and other objects of their frequent observation.

"Give it him—to Edelano!"—she added; "but let him not come to Combahee 'till the beloved men shall have said—these are the bones of the enemies of Chiquola. Make of these the fires which shall warm him."

There was something so reasonable in what was said by the mourning Queen, that the patriarch was silenced. To a certain extent he had failed of his object. That was to direct her mind from the contemplation of her loss by the substitution of another in his place—the philosophy of those days and people, not unlike that of our own, leading people to imagine that the most judicious and successful method for consoling a widow is by making her a wife again as soon as possible. Combahee had yielded as far as could be required of her; yet still they were scarcely nearer to the object of their desire: for where were the bones of Chiquola's enemies to be found?—He who had no enemies! He, with whom all the tribes were at peace? And those whom he had slain,—where were their bodies to be found? They had long been hidden by their friends in the forests where no enemy might trace out their places of repose. As for the Spaniards—the white men—of these the Indian sages did not think. They had come from the clouds, perhaps,—but certainly they were not supposed to have belonged to any portion of the solid world to which they were accustomed. As they knew not where to seek for the 'pale faces,' these were not the subjects of their thought.

The only person to whom the proceedings, so far, had produced any results, was the young warrior, Edelano. He became a chief in compliance with the wish of Combahee, and, regarded as her betrothed, was at once admitted into the hall of council, and took his place as one of the heads and fathers of the tribe. His pleasant duty was to minister to the wants and wishes of his spouse, to provide the deer, to protect her cabin, to watch her steps—subject to the single and annoying qualification, that he was not to present himself conspicuously to her eyes. But how could youthful lover—one so brave and ardent as Edelano—submit to such interdict? It would have been a hard task to one far less brave, and young, and ardent, than Edelano. With him it was next to impossible. For a time he bore his exclusion manfully. Set apart by betrothal he no longer found converse or association with the young women of the tribe; and his soul was accordingly taken up with the one image of his Queen and future spouse. He hung about her steps like a shadow, but she beheld him not. He darted along the beach when she was gazing forth upon the big, black ocean, but he failed to win her glance. He sang, while hidden in the forest, as she wandered through its glooms, the wildest and sweetest songs of Indian love and fancy; but her ear did not seem to note any interruption of that sacred silence which she sought. Never was sweeter or tenderer venison placed by the young maidens before her, but that which Edelano furnished; the Queen ate little and did not seem to note its obvious superiority. The devoted young chief was in despair. He knew not what to do. Unnoticed, if not utterly unseen, by day, he hung around her tent by night. Here, gliding by like a midnight

spectre, or crouching beneath some neighboring palmetto, he mused for hours, catching, with delighted spirit, every sound, however slight, which might come to his ears from within; and occasionally renewing his fond song of devoted attachment, in the hope that, amidst the silence of every other voice, his own might be better heard. But the laughing of the sad winds and the chafing of the waters against the sandy shores, as they reminded the mourner of her loss, were sought to fill up her vacant senses, and still no token reached the unwearied lover that his devotion had awakened the attention of the object to whom it was paid. Every day added to his sadness and his toils; until the effect began to be as clearly visible on his person as on her's; and the gravity of the sages became increased, and they renewed the inquiry, more and more frequently together, "Where can the bones of Chiquola's enemies be found?"

The answer to this question was about to be received from an unexpected quarter. The sun was revolving slowly and certainly while the affairs of the tribe seemed at a stand. The period when he should cross the line was approaching, and the usual storms of the equinox were soon to be apprehended. Of these annual periods of storm and terror, the aborigines, through long experience, were quite as well aware as a more book-wise people. To fly to the shelter of the forests was the policy of the Indians at such periods. We have already seen that they had been for some time ready for departure. But Combahee gave no heed to their suggestions. A superstitious instinct made them willing to believe that the great spirit would interfere in his own good time; and, at the proper juncture, bestow the necessary light for their guidance. Though anxious, therefore, they did not press their meditations upon those of their princess. They deferred, with religious veneration, to her griefs. But their anxiety was not lessened as the month of September advanced—as the days became capricious,—as the winds murmured more and more mournfully along the sandy shores; and as the waters of the sea grew more blue, and put on their whiter crests of foam. The clouds grew banked in solid columns, like the gathering wings of an invading army, on the edges of the southern and southeastern horizon. Sharp, shrill, whistling gusts, raised a waning anthem through the forests, which sounded like the wild hymn of advancing storm. The green leaves had suddenly become yellow, as in the progress of the night, and the earth was already strewn with their fallen honors. The sun himself was growing dim as with sudden age. All around, in sky, sea and land, the presentments were obvious of a natural but startling change. If the anxieties of the people were increased, what were those of Edelano? Heedless of the threatening aspects around her, the sad-hearted Combahee, whose heaviest storm was in her own bosom, still wilfully maintained her precarious lodge beneath the palmetto, on the bleak head-land which looked out most loftily upon the sea. The wind strewed the leaves of her forest tent upon her as she slept, but she was conscious of no disturbance; and its melancholy voice, along with that of the ocean, seemed to her to increase in interest and sweetness as they increased in

vigor. She heeded not that the moon was absent from the night. She saw not that black clouds had risen in her place, and looked down with visage full of terror and of frowning. It did not move her fears that the palmetto under which she lay, groaned within its tough coat of bark, as it bent to and fro beneath the increasing pressure of the winds. She was still thinking of the wet, cold form of the brave Chiquola.

The gloom thickened. It was the day of the 23d of September. All day the winds had been rising. The ocean poured in upon the shores. There was little light that day. All was fog, dense fog, and a driving vapor, that only was not rain. The watchful Edelano increased the boughs around the lodge of the Queen. The chief men approached her with counsel to persuade her to withdraw to the cover of the stunted thickets, so that she might be secure. But her resolution seemed to have become increased, and to be increased in proportion to their entreaties. She had an answer, which, as it appealed to their superstitions, was conclusive to silence them.

"I have seen him. But last night he came to me. His brow was bound about with a cloud, such as goes round the moon. From his eye shot arrows of burning fire, like those of the storm. He smiled upon me, and bade me smile. 'Soon shalt thou warm me, Combahee, with the blazing bones of mine enemies. Be of good cheer—watch well that ye behold where they be. Thou shalt see them soon.' Thus spoke the chief. He whispers to my heart even now. Dost thou not hear him, Kiawah? He says soon—it will be soon!"

Such an assurance was reason good why she should continue her desolate and dangerous watch. The generous determination of the tribe induced them to share it with her. But this they did not suffer her to see. Each reared his temporary lodge in the most sheltered contiguous places, under his favorite clump of trees. Where the growth was stunted, and the thicket dense, little groups of women and children were made to harbor in situations of comparative security. But the warriors and brave men of the tribe advanced along the shores to positions of what shelter they could find, but sufficiently nigh to their Queen to give her the necessary assistance in moments of sudden peril. The more devoted Edelano, presuming upon the prospective tie which was to give him future privileges, quietly laid himself down behind the isolated lodge of the princess, with a delight at being so near to her, that made him almost forgetful of the dangers of her exposed situation.

He was not allowed to forget them, however! The storm increased with the progress of the night. Never had such an equinoctial gale been witnessed, since the memory of Kiawah. The billows roared as if with the agony of so many wild monsters under the scourge of some imperious demon. The big trees of the forest groaned, and bent, and bowed, and were snapped off, or torn up by the roots; while the seas, surcharged with the waters of the Gulf, rushed in upon the land and threatened to overwhelm and swallow it. The waves rose to the bond of the head-land, and small streams

came flashing around the lodge of Combahee. Her roof, tree, bent and cracked, but secure in its loneliness, it still stood; but the boughs were separated and whirled away, and at the perilous moment, the gallant Edelano, who had foreborne, through a natural timidity, to come forward until the last instant, now darted in, and with a big but fast beating heart clasped the woman of his worship to his arms and bore her, as if she had been a child, to the stunted thickets which gave a shelter to the rest. But, even while they fled—amidst all the storm, a sudden sound reached the ears of the Queen which seemed to awaken in her a new soul of energy. A dull, booming noise, sullen, slow rolling, sluggish,—something like that of thunder, rolled to their ears, as if it came from off the seas. No thunder had fallen from the skies in the whole of the previous tempest. No lightning had illuminated to increase the gloom. "What is that sound," said the heart of Combahee, filled with its superstitious instincts, "but the thunder of the pale-faces—the sudden thunder which bellows from the sides of their big-winged canoes?"

With this conviction in her mind, it was no longer possible for Edelano to retain her. Again and again did that thunder reach their ears, slowly booming along the black precipices of the ocean. The warriors and chiefs peered along the shores, with straining eyes, seeking to discover the hidden objects; and among these, with dishevelled hair, quivering lips, eyes which dilated with the wildest fires of an excited—an inspired soul, the form of Combahee was conspicuous. Now they saw the sudden flash—now they heard the mournful roar of the minute gun; and then all was silent.

"Look closely, Kiawah—look closely, Edelano; for what said the ghost of Chiquola?—'watch well! Soon shall ye see where the bones of my enemies lie.'—And who were the enemies of Chiquola? Who but the pale-faces? It is their thunder that we hear—the thunder of their big canoes. Hark, ye hear it now,—and hear ye no cries as of men that drown and struggle. Hark! Hark! There shall be bones for the fire ere the day opens upon us."

And thus they watched for two hours, which seemed ages, running along the shores, waving their torches, straining the impatient sight, and calling to one another through the gloom. The spirit of the bravest warrior quailed when he beheld the fearless movements of Combahee, down to the very edges of the ocean gulf, defying the mounting waves, that dashed their foamy jots of foam, twenty feet above them in the air. The day light came at last, but with it no relaxation of the storm. With its light what a picture of terror presented itself to the eyes of the warriors—what a picture of terror—what a prospect of retribution. There came, head on shore, a noble vessel, still struggling, still striving, but predestined to destruction. Her sails were flying in shreds, her principal masts were gone, her movement was like that of a drunken man—reeling to and fro, the very mockery of those winds and waters, which at other periods seem only to have toiled to bear her to do her bidding. Two hundred screaming wretches clung to her sides, and clamored for mercy to the waves and

shores. Heaven flung back the accents, and their screams now were those of defiance and desperation. Combahee heard their cries, detected their despair, distinguished their pale faces. Her eyes gleamed with the intelligence of the furies. Still beautiful, her wan, thin face,—wan and thin through long and weary watching, exposure and want of food—looked like the loveliness of some fallen angel. A spirit of beauty in the highest degree—a morning star in brightness and brilliance,—but marked by the passions of demonic desolation, and the livid light of some avenging hate. Her meagre arms were extended, and waved, as if in doom to the onward rushing vessel.

"Said I not," she cried to her people,—“Said I not that there should be bones for the fire, which should warm the limbs of Chiquola?—See! these are they. They come. The warrior shall be no longer cold in the blue forests of the good Maneto.

While one ship rushed headlong among the breakers, another was seen, bearing away, at a distance, under bare poles. These were the only surviving vessels of the armament of Lucas De Ayllon. All but these had gone down in the storm, and that which was now rushing to its doom bore the ill-fated De Ayllon himself. The Historian remarks—(see History of South Carolina, p. 11.)—"As if the retributive Providence had been watchful of the place, no less than of the hour of justice it so happened that, at the mouth of the very river where his crime had been committed, he was destined to meet his doom." The Indian traditions go farther. They say, that the form of Chiquola was beheld by Combahee, standing upon the prow of the vessel, guiding it to the place set apart by the fates for the final consummation of that destiny which they had allotted to the perfidious Spaniards. We will not contend for the tradition; but the coincidence between the place of crime and that of retribution, was surely singular enough to impress, not merely upon the savage, but also upon the civilized mind, the idea of an overruling and watchful justice. The breakers seized upon the doomed ship, as the blood-hounds seize upon and rend the expiring carcass of the stricken deer. The voice of Combahee was heard above the cries of the drowning men. She bade her people hasten with their arrows, their clubs, their weapons of whatever kind—and follow her to the beach. She herself bore a bow in her hand, with a well filled quiver at her back; and as the vessel stranded, as the winds and waves rent her planks and timbers asunder, and billows bore the struggling and drowning wretches to the shore, the arrows of Combahee were despatched in rapid execution. Victim after victim sunk, stricken, among the waters, with a death of which he had had no fear. The warriors strode, waist deep into the sea, and dealt with their knives upon the victims. These, when despatched, were drawn ashore, and the less daring were employed to heap them up, in a vast and bloody mound, for the sacrifice.

The keen eyes of Combahee distinguished the face of the perfidious De Ayllon among the struggling Spaniards. His richer dress had already drawn upon him the eyes of an hundred warriors, who only waited with their

arrows until the inevitable billows should bear him within their reach.

"Spare him!" cried the widow of Chiquola. They understood her meaning at a glance, and a simultaneous shout attested their approbation of her resolve.

"The arrows of fire!" was the cry, and the arrows of reed and flint were expended upon the humble wretches from the wreck. The miserable De Ayllon little fancied the secret of this forbearance. He grasped a spar which assisted his progress, and encouraged in the hope of life, as he found himself spared by the shafts which were slaying all around him, he was whirled onward by the breakers to the shore. The knife touched him not—the arrow forebore his bosom, but all beside perished. Two hundred spirits were dismissed to eternal judgment, in that bloody hour of storm and retribution, by the hand of violence. Senseless amidst the dash of the breakers, —unconscious of present or future danger, Lucas De Ayllon came within the grasp of the fierce warriors, who rushed impatient for their prisoner neck deep into the sea. They bore him to the land. They used all the most obvious means for his restoration, and had the satisfaction to perceive that he at length opened his eyes. When sufficiently recovered to become aware of what had been done for him, and rushing to the natural conclusion that it had all been done in kindness, he smiled upon his captors, and, addressing them in his own language, endeavored still further, by signs and sounds to conciliate their favor.

"Enough!" said the inflexible Combahee, turning away from the criminal with an expression of strong disgust—

"Enough! wherefore should we linger? Are not the limbs of Chiquola still cold and wet? The bones of his enemies are here—let the young men build the sacrifice. The hand of Combahee will light the fire arrow!"

A dozen warriors now seized upon the form of De Ayllon. Even had he not been enfeebled by exhaustion, his struggles would have been unavailing. Equally unavailing were his prayers and promises. The Indians turned with loathing from his base supplications, and requited his entreaties and tears, with taunts, and buffetings, and scorn! They bore him, by the instructions of Combahee, to that palmetto, looking out upon the sea, under which, for so many weary months, she had maintained her lonely watch. The storm had torn her lodge to atoms, but the tree was unhurt. They bound him to the tree with withes of grape vines, of which the neighboring woods had their abundance. Parcels of light-wood were heaped about him, while, interspersed with other bundles of thin resinous pine, were piled the bodies of his slain companions. The only living man, he was the centre of a pile composed of two hundred, whose fate he was now prepared to envy. A dreadful mound, it rose conspicuous, like a beacon, upon the head-land of St. Helena; he, the centre, with his head alone free, and his eyes compelled to survey all the terrible preparations which were making for his doom. Layers of human carcasses, followed by layers of the most inflammable wood and brush environed him with a

wall from which, even had he not been bound to the tree, he could never have effected his own extrication. He saw them pile the successive layers, sparing the while, no moment which he could give to expostulation, entreaty, tears, prayers, and promises. But the workmen with steady industry pursued their task. The pile rose,—the human pyramid was at last complete!

Combahee drew nigh with a blazing torch in her hand. She looked the image of some avenging angel. She gave but a single glance upon the face of the criminal. That face was one of an agony which no art could hope to picture. Her's was inflexible as stone, though it bore the aspect of hate, and loathing, and revenge! She applied the torch amid the increased cries of the victim, and as the flame shot up, with a dense black smoke to heaven, she turned away to the sea, and prostrated herself beside its billows. The shouts of the warriors who surrounded the blazing pile attested their delight; but though an hundred throats sent up their united clamors, the one piercing shriek of the burning man was superior, and rose above the rest. At length it ceased! all ceased! The sacrifice was ended. The perfidy of the Spaniard was avenged.

The sudden hush declared the truth to the Queen. She started to her feet. She exclaimed:—

"Thou art now blessed, Chiquola! Thou art no longer cold in the blue forests of Maneto. The bones of thy enemies have warmed thee. I see thee spring gladly upon the chase;—thine eye is bright upon the hills;—thy voice rings cheerfully along the woods of heaven. The heart of Combahee is very glad that thou art warm and happy."

A voice at her side addressed her. The venerable Kiawah, and the young Edelano were there.

"Now thou hast done well, my daughter;" said the patriarch. "Chiquola is warm and happy in heaven. Let the lodge of Combahee be also warm in the coming winter."

"Ah! but there is nothing to make it warm here!" she replied, putting her hand upon her heart.

"The bird will have its mate, and build its nest, and sing a new song over its young."

"Combahee has no more song."

"The young chief will bring song into her lodge. Edelano will build a bright fire upon the hearth of Combahee. Daughter! the chiefs ask, 'Is the race of Ocketeo to perish?'"

"Combahee is ready," answered the Queen, patiently, giving her hand to Edelano. But, even as she spoke, the muscles of her mouth began to quiver. A sudden groan escaped her, and, staggering forward, she would have fallen, but for the supporting arms of the young chief. They bore her to the shade beneath a tree. They poured some of their primitive specific into her mouth, and she revived sufficiently to bid the Patriarch unite her with Edelano in compliance with the will of the nation. But the ceremony was scarcely over, before a second and third attack shook her frame with death-like spasms. They were, indeed, the spasms of death—of a complete paralysis of mind and body. Both had been too severely tried, and the day of bridal

was also that of death. Edelano was now the beloved chief of the nation, but the nation was without its Queen. The last exciting scene following hard upon that long and lonely widow-watch which she had kept, had suddenly stopped the currents of life within her heart, as its currents of hope and happiness had been cut off before. True to Chiquola while *he* lived, to the last moment of *her* life she was true. The voice of Edelano had called her his wife, but her ears had not heard his speech, and her voice had not replied. Her hand had been put within his, but no other lips had left a kiss where those of Chiquola had been. They buried her in a lovely but lonely grove beside the Ashepoo. There, the Coonee-Latlee first repairs to sing in the opening of spring, and the small blue violet peeps out from her grave as if in homage to her courage and devotion. There the dove flies for safety when the fowler pursues, and the doe finds a quiet shelter when the beagles pant on the opposite side of the stream. The partridge hides her young under the long grass which waves luxuriantly above the spot, and the eagle and hawk look down, watching from the tree-tops in vain. The spirit of the beautiful Princess presides over the place as some protecting Divinity, and even the white-man, though confident in a loftier and nobler faith, still finds something in the spot which renders it mysterious, and makes him an involuntary worshipper! Ah! there are deities which are common to all human kind, whatever be the faith which they maintain. Love is of this sort, and truth, and devotion; and of these the desolate Combahee had a Christian share, though the last deed of her life be not justified by the doctrine of Christian retribution. Yet, look not, traveller, as in thy bark thou sailest beside the lovely headlands of Saint Helena, at the pile of human sacrifice which thou seest consuming there. Look at the frail lodge beneath the Palmetto; or wander off to the dark groves beside the Ashepoo; and think of the fidelity of that widowed heart—

"She died for him she loved—her greatest pride,
That, as for him she lived, for him she died:
Make her young grave,
Sweet fancies, where the pleasant branches lave
Their drooping tassels in some murmuring wave!"

W. G. S.

THE ROSE.

I SAW a rose perfect in beauty: it rested gracefully upon its stalk, and its perfume filled the air. Many stopped to gaze upon it, many bowed to taste its fragrance, and its owner hung over it with delight. I passed it again, and behold it was gone! its stem was leafless, its root had withered, the inclosure which surrounded it was broken down. The spoiler had been there: he saw that many admired it, he knew it was dear to him who planted it, and beside it he had no other plant to love. Yet he snatched it secretly from the hand that cherished it; he wore it on his bosom till it hung its head and faded, and, when he saw that its glory was departed, he flung it rudely away. But it left a thorn in his bosom, and vainly did he seek to extract it, for now it pierces the spoiler, even in his hour of mirth. And when I saw that no man who had loved the beauty of the rose, gathered again its scattered leaves, or bound up the stalk which the hands of violence had broken, I looked earnestly at the spot where it grew, and my soul received instruction. And I said, Let her who is full of beauty and admiration, sitting like the queen of flowers in majesty among the daughters of women, let her watch lest vanity enter her heart, beguiling her to rest proudly upon her own strength; let her remember that she standeth upon slippery places, "and be not high minded, but fear."—*Mrs. Sigourney.*

THE ROYAL BRIDE

THERE was a bridal in the palace—the bridal of the eldest and most lovely Princess,—a girl in the bud of life—the spring-time of existence, a beautiful creature, radiant in smiles, exquisitely graceful; and a powerful alliance had been formed worthy of a Princess so lovely.

Her dress was richly decorated with jewels; the long silver veil fell to her feet, and a crown of gold, surmounted by a chaplet of orange flowers rested on her brow. At the altar stood the priest, surrounded by the Emperor and Empress, the Ambassador and court, waiting with eagerness the coming of the bride.

"Ah! my daughter," said the Emperor, as the Princess approached, "thou hast delayed coming!" and he led her forward.

The Ambassador slowly knelt down, averting his head from the guests, and the Princess followed his example, seemingly unconscious of the presence of the court; suddenly her eyes met those of the Ambassador fixed upon her, and turning deadly pale, she made a sign for the ceremony to commence; the ring was placed upon her finger, and her small white hand rested for one moment in the Ambassador's; the blessing was pronounced; the heads of both were meekly bent; and glancing timidly at the still kneeling bridegroom, the Princess rose and knelt to her father. He raised her in his arms; and, turning to the Empress, presented to the court the youthful Queen of Germany. "God bless her,—may she be happy," was the thrilling exclamation, as the bridal party left the saloon, followed by the younger sisters of the bride, and the graceful mirth-loving courtiers. "What, in tears?" said the Empress kindly, when her daughter, overpowered by her concealed emotion, sobbed violently on her mother's bosom, "this is not right, my child, trust me you shall hear of us often, and though absent, we shall never forget you; let me dry away your tears, for, hark! I hear sounds;—footsteps are approaching."

"I trust your Majesty will pardon me," said the Ambassador hurriedly, retreating on beholding the Queen of Germany alone, for the Empress had retired. "I was not aware your Majesty was here, this pavilion is generally deserted."

"So it would be now, but I have come hither to see the sun set for the last time in mine own land, and to listen to the sound of my favorite band, playing beneath these windows; you cannot blame me."

"My liege Lady, I would not dare to breathe a word of disrespect against one so good and beautiful. Believe me, I would die to save you one moment's agony."

"Nay, is life so utterly valueless?"

"Utterly, for its only charm is lost."

"Impossible," said the Queen softly, "you have much to live for,—fame, wealth, and doubtless love is yours;

say there is another for whom you would die—save me.”

“Nay, but one—forgive me, liege Lady, but one; she cannot be mine—she is lost for ever to me.”

“I pity you,” said the Queen, tears rushing to her eyes, “is she wedded—that false one, is she wedded?”

“Yes, oh! yes; but she was not mine, I did not dare to tell my love. I knelt and prayed for strength to wish her happiness. I have asked it for her, but she knows it not.”

“Were your situations in life equal,” again said the Queen.

“No!” he answered, “she was far above me—too good—too beautiful for me.”

“Ah! had she not been wedded, I could have given you rank, wealth equal to hers, and bestowed her on you; should you have been happy?”

“Lady, she did not—could not love me; judge my feelings when unrepiningly she gave her hand unto another. Lady, you do not know my misery.”

“How canst thou tell that?” said the Queen, her cheeks turning lividly white at the warmth with which he spoke. “If youth was exempt from trials, how could we feel for other’s sorrows; if I had none of my own, I could not this night weep with you.”

“Trials, Lady!” said the Ambassador.

“Yes, bitter trials—very bitter; but it is not meet thus to explain the secrets of my heart; let me bid you be happy, and, for ever, farewell.”

“For ever, farewell!—why?—dearest Lady, why?—say, in aught have I offended you; forgive me, I implore, part not in anger with me, turn and look kindly on me again!” and the kneeling Ambassador caught the bottom of her robe, “believe me, I had not dared to tell you of my love, but when you spoke so kindly to me, and you told me of wealth and fame, what was worth living for, when I was losing you?”

“Oh, my God, have mercy; he returns my love!—protect me, pity me, weak, sinful that I am;—I, whose heart is his,—how can I meet his Sovereign.” Saying which, the Queen fell prostrate to the earth, supported by the Ambassador. “Leave me, leave me,” she said, when she opened her eyes; “leave me alone, now; but, oh! do not breathe to a single soul my weak confession of to-night.”

“Never—never. It would be an insult to stay to oppress you with professions of a love you may not return. I have caused you this unhappiness; but do not reproach me, spare me; for your anger I cannot bear. Keep this as a memorial of one who loved you, one who must ever love you—my first, my last love, farewell.”

The Queen gazed at the picture given to her, and drawing from her bosom a cross placed it in the hand of the Ambassador; he pressed the hand that offered it to

his lips, and rushing through the corridor returned no more. On arriving, with the youthful bride, at the court of Germany, he threw up his diplomatic engagement, and quitted the court for ever; but after the night of their mutual confession, he never saw the Queen. She lived but a few months, and died gazing on the picture of her heart’s idol.

Of the Ambassador little is known, save that a monk of the order of La Trappe, requested, when dying, that masses might be said regularly for his soul, and the soul of her who presented to him that *small allagree cross*.

Original.

THE SAILOR'S WIDOW.

BY DANIEL WISE.

MOST clear and beautiful did the sun rise on Massachusetts Bay one November morning. Not a cloud dimmed the blue sky, and scarce a zephyr fanned the sleeping waves, that sparkled in the sunbeams as if smiling at the glorious light. The numerous ships that dotted the bay, rolled lazily as the tide laved their dark sides; and the stout fishermen threw aside their *dreadnaughts*, as they toiled for the finny tribe on the margin of the bay. It was indeed a beautiful morning, too soon to be succeeded by a drear and cheerless night.

About noon, the haze which had been increasing for the past two hours, threw a dull shadow, that lay like the black wings of the spirit of evil, upon the waters; and, though the wind had not yet risen, the waves murmured mournfully as if the pitying spirits of the deep were

chanting dirges of sorrow for the doomed victims of the coming storm.

The fishermen of a small town a few miles east of Boston were hastily mooring their trim craft on the banks of their winding river. One of them, a sturdy old sailor, remarked to his companions, 'We shall have it before night, my hearties. A stiff gale is brewing, and Heaven help the craft that happens on our coast this eve.'

A heavy gust of wind just then swept the bay, bearing on its angry bosom a cloud of snow flakes. 'Ay, ay—another hand at the bellows! Well, roar on, old Boreas, we are safely moored and care not a yarn for your grumbling;' remarked another of the fishermen.

'I guess,' replied a third, 'this will be no common gale, and may the sweet little cherub that sits up aloft, watch for the life of poor Jack.'

Steadily the gale increased, accompanied with a heavy fall of snow. With night the storm gathered fresh energy until the furious howling of the wind and the roaring of the maddened waters became awfully portentous of evil to the poor mariner. Very few of the dwellers on the eastern shore slept that night; and those who had prayers to spare, offered them, for the protection of the sailor. And yet, none ventured abroad, for who could contend with the awakened fury of the elements?

The dawn brought a suppression of the gale, but also served to reveal the horrible doings of the night. Broken spars, and timbers washed on the shore gave sure evidence of shipwrecks; and men looked pale as they thought of the many brave fellows who had slept their last long sleep under the cold wave that stormy night.

Near the town, we have alluded to, is a long line of low, sandy shore, facing the northeast—a dangerous and deadly spot, for many a noble bark has stranded there. It presented a scene of unusual bustle the morning after the gale, for the broken hull of an English vessel lay there. She had been driven ashore in the night, a com-

plete wreck: of twelve men on board, nine had perished in the wave. Three had reached the shore, ignorant of where they were, unable to find shelter. One of them a fair young man, the mate; overcome by exhaustion and cold had died upon the shore and the others were little better than dead. The keeper of the lighthouse had discovered them, the neighbors were aroused and the pale, wet forms of the scarcely surviving two, together with the stiffened body of the mate were borne to a place of shelter and repose. Kindness, and hospitality restored the sufferers. The mate was buried on the following sabbath day, and as the people gazed at his noble countenance, half buried in black locks of curling hair, they whispered, 'twas a pity one so young and fair should perish so untimely,' and the women wept, and said, 'Heaven help his poor wife to bear the dreadful tidings.' For many months, when the storm raged, did the people talk of the fine young sailor that lay buried in the village grave-yard.

* * * * *

About two miles from Gosport, (England,) stands a picturesque village, embosomed in trees; but presenting in front a fine view of Portsmouth harbor. In the distance rises the dim outline of the venerable castle of Porchester, while up and down the channel scores of noble ships sit like swans upon the water, ready to do good service at their country's call. On the other hand rise the vast buildings of the Navy yard, and farther off still is the embattled town of Portsmouth, with the grey old tower of St. Thomas's Church, peering high over all beside—looking like the presiding guardian of the town.

Commanding this view stood a cottage, a pretty cottage with a thatched roof; and ornamented in front with a tasty garden, well stocked with humble flowers. Within dwelt an aged lady—her daughter, a matronly young woman of twenty-five, and a chubby little boy scarcely a twelvemonth old

'Why are you so gloomy, Maria?' said the old lady to her daughter, who sat lean-

ing over the table in a musing attitude.

'I am thinking, mother, it is time for James to return. It is eighteen weeks since he left us and what is very, very strange he has not written to me at all.'

'Don't be discouraged, child. He may be here to day,' replied the elderly matron, though her tone of voice gave evidence that she had some misgivings in her own mind.

'I hope it may be so. But, oh! my mother, if he should be drowned!' and the young wife gave vent to the fulness of her heart in a flood of tears.

That same afternoon, a boat was seen slowly sailing up the harbor to the cottage at Hardway. The quick eye of the wife detected the persons of two sailors, who, she knew, formed a part of her husband's crew. With a face of ashy paleness, she drew back from the window and sinking into a chair, exclaimed; 'There come two of his crew but not my husband!'

Two sailors entered the house, and seating themselves, maintained for some time a painful, awkward silence. Suppressing the tide of feeling within, by an energetic effort, Mrs Stevens broke this ominous silence by saying, with a voice tremulous with emotion 'Fear not to speak! I am prepared to hear the worst. Tell me where is my husband!'

The men looked at each other, their eyes filled with tears, and remained silent. 'Ah!' continued she, 'I read it in your looks.—My husband is lost!'

'Indeed, ma'am, we could not save him. We bore him through the dashing foam and laid him on the sand, but before daylight he died,' said one of the sailors.

'Where?' cried the wife in a voice so shrill, it started even the hardy seamen before her.

'On the coast, near Boston. In a terrible storm last November, we went ashore in the night. All went down but Mr Stevens and ourselves. Poor fellow! he was worn out, and before daylight, he anchored in eternity.'

'What did ye with his body?'

'We buried it like a christian's, in the

village grave-yard. It almost broke our hearts, to see how the people wept when we buried him !'

'God bless them for their kindness !' said the distressed widow through her tears. 'But was James sensible when he died ?'

'Yes ma'am, until the fatal sleep came over him, and then he neither moved nor spoke. He went off as quiet as a baby goes to sleep.'

'What did he say before he slept ?'

'He did not say much, but he told us to tell you not to despond, for God would take care of you and your child ; and he begged us to take a lock of his hair, and give you, if ever we got home, and then his lips moved as if he prayed, and he went to sleep.'

The feelings of the widow at this distressing intelligence, beggars description. It would be only mocking her grief to attempt to describe it. Hers was not the violent sorrow, that sweeps over the heart like a whirlwind and departs ; it was the deep gnawing grief that fastens on the feelings and gnaws the life of the sufferer away.

* * * * *

Three months after this scene, a woman in widow's weeds landed from the stage at the hotel in —. She inquired for the village grave-yard—for the grave of the shipwrecked sailor : and over that holy spot she went to weep. Every day for nearly four months she visited it and watered the flowers she planted, with her tears. Who she was, she would not tell, and none dared too rudely to invade the sanctuary of sorrow. Soon, a grave-stone rose at the head of the grave. It bore this inscription : 'Sacred to the Memory of James Stevens, a shipwrecked sailor. Erected by his widow !' Here then, the mystery was solved. It was the *sailor's widow*, who had crossed the ocean to pay the tribute of love at her husband's grave ! It was a beautiful instance of woman's constancy.

She returned to her cottage home by the water side. Her widow's weeds she

never relinquished, for she could not forget her husband.

Reader ! there is more of truth than fiction in this simple sketch ; and many a sigh is yet heaved by the strolling villager at —, as his eye rests on the sailor's grave, and he remembers the love of the *Sailor's Widow*.

Lowell, April, 1842.

GAYETIES AND GRAVITIES.

THE SAINT AND THE TEAPOT.

WE were now close to the town of Arzilla, and entered by a lofty massive tower, under the gateway of which some Moors were sitting, and among them a venerable-looking old man meekly clad. On approaching him, I was surprised to see the alkaid and the rest of the Moors alight, and running up to him to kiss his garments, I was soon informed, in answer to my inquiries, that this was the great saint of Arzilla, Sidi Mohammed Ben Morzoug, of whom I had previously heard a good deal. The old man, on being informed I was a christian, bade me welcome with more kindness of manner than I could have expected, and promised to pay me a visit. We advanced into the town, and after passing through many narrow winding streets, the wretched appearance of which was not a little increased by the torrents that were falling, we reached the house of a Jew to whom I had a letter; men, beast and baggage deluged with the storm. * * * * I was hardly established in my new quarters, and was occupied in unpacking my things, being wet through, when the saint himself did me the honor of a visit, and accompanied by a large concourse of his followers, entered the yard, which was completely filled with them. Having had no expectation of so early a call, I was quite unprepared for it, and in the state I was, I felt a good deal inclined to reverse the order of things, and instead of receiving a blessing from the holy man, to give him one for the trouble he had put himself to in coming so soon. When I considered, however, that I was a good deal indebted to him, and that his power was very great over the people, I endeavored to appear as pleased as I could at seeing him. On entering my little chamber, which was immediately filled with a crowd of Moors, the old man asked after my health, and said I was welcome to Arzilla. He then seated himself on the ground, his attendants remaining standing around him. After a short time had elapsed in conversation, my host, beckoning me aside, told me it would be necessary to entertain the saint and his party with tea; upon which the canteen being opened, and the tea-things produced, the pot was filled, and we all sat down to tea, although I felt much more inclined for my dinner, having fasted since an early hour in the morning. The countenances of the saint and his disciples showed evident marks of satisfaction at the sight of my green tea, which I made very strong to please their taste; and on the appearance of a plentiful supply of fine loaf-sugar their eyes glistened like its sparkling lumps, in anticipation of the expected treat. To work we now set in good earnest, and when it is considered that I had to supply a party of a dozen thirsty Mahometans, who only respect a christian for his tea and sugar, it may readily be supposed that the pot was kept turned continually downwards. A pretty constant fire was kept up for near an hour, until hot water itself began to fail, and fresh ammunition of tea as well as sugar became necessary, from the number of cups drank and the quantity of sugar consumed, which the good saint, in his joy, distributed plentifully round to his followers, telling me at the same time that my tea was good, and that I was a good man. Among the old man's hangers-on, who, I could plainly see, were all a set of arant rogues, was one in particular who seemed to be his chief disciple, and who, I was informed, lived entirely with him, studying the saintly-trade, in which he hoped to succeed him at his death. He was a sanctified, demure-looking fellow, young and healthy, and doubtless found his account in paying the implicit respect and veneration to his master which he did, for he took care to find an opportunity of informing me that the saint always expected a present of money from every one, and in particular from a christian; upon which I thought it politic to loose my purse-strings and do as I was told. The old man received my offering with complacency, and immediately distributed it among his followers, among whom I observed that the personage who had kindly given me the advice, so disinterested on his part, did not receive the smallest share. The things were now about to be taken away. After many marks of admiration being bestowed on the cups and saucers, which were not very agreeable to my ears, the old man requested me to give him one of the tea-spoons, which I accordingly did, thinking myself lucky, at the time, to escape so well. I was, however, mistaken, for as I was silly conveying the teapot out of sight, the old man, who kept the eye of a hawk on it, desired that he might look at it. It was of queen's metal, and such an one had never been seen before by any of them. Its shape was first discussed, and its good qualities for pouring, drawing and making tea were so loudly praised, that I began to tremble; and the saint

concluded, to my horror, by begging me to give him the teapot. At the same moment his cunning coadjutor gave me a most significant look on no account to refuse the saint what he asked for. I had now to get out of the scrape as well as I could. It was impossible I could part with the teapot; it was the comfort, nay, the very existence of us all; I had but this one; and besides all this, it was not mine own, having been lent me, as well as the contents of the canteen, by my friend Mr. Duguid, of Gibraltar. All these excuses I enforced, as I thought, with such seeming reasonableness, that the saint appeared satisfied, and said no more. * * * * It appeared to be now my turn to receive something; for thinking, perhaps, it would have great weight with me, he took it into his head to present me with a piece of his dirty robe, which he had cut off, and which he assured me would be a passport of safety and protection, not only in Morocco, but in all parts of the world inhabited by Mussulmen. * * * * He did not take his departure without making another most direct attack upon the teapot, which I parried as well as I could. * * * * In the course of the evening, a servant came from the saint with a present of two small loaves of coarse black bread; which attention I returned by sending him some tea and sugar. A gift of the former kind is considered by the Moors as the greatest possible pledge of friendship, and is made by the sultan himself, whenever he wishes to testify sentiments of particular esteem and regard for a person. Although I was up at an early hour the following morning, the saint was beforehand with me; for, on putting my head out of my chamber-door to examine the state of the weather, I found his disciple patiently sitting on the steps, and learned that he had been there some time. On inquiring the reason of this early visit, he merely replied that he was come for my teapot. I now saw that the saint was determined not to give up his point, and as from his power he could annoy me in a more serious manner, and even prevent my proceeding on my journey, I thought it prudent to comply with his wishes, and therefore sent word back that if he would lend me one, I would make him a present of mine. The messenger was not long in returning, and carried away my poor teapot in triumph, leaving in its place an old earthen-ware one not worth a sixpence, but, singular enough, of English manufacture. * * * * I was told that the good saint was very curious in his teapots, of which he had a very large collection, of all sorts and sizes; but that he had never possessed, or seen, one of metal like mine, which was the reason he so much coveted it. I was now determined to be off as quick as possible, to get out of the reach of this troublesome old saint, and to prevent my goods and chattels affording any further temptation.—*Brooke's Sketches of Spain and Morocco.*

Original.

THE SAINT COMFORTED.

BY J. G. BRUCE.

"Comfort ye, comfort ye my people, saith your God," Is. xl, 1.

THIS, like many other portions of the sacred writings, is supposed to have a two-fold application—its first is to the then peculiar state of the Church; its second to the days of Messiah. Without any pretense to a precise interpretation, I shall present,

I. *A Scriptural view of the people of God.* "Abraham believed God, and it was counted unto him for righteousness," Romans iv, 3, Genesis xv, 6. God covenanted with Abraham, *his friend*, 2 Chron. xx, 7, Genesis xvii, 1, 16, and instituted *circumcision* to "be the token of the covenant;" thereby separating him, his family, and all who should receive the token, from the rest of the world, and constituting them his own. To these, in covenant with God, belonged *exclusively* the privileges of the visible Church—"the adoption, and the glory, and the covenants, and the giving of the law, and the services of God, and the promises," Rom. ix, 4. But the enjoyment of these high privileges, and outward conformity to the *rites* of the Church, did not make them, of necessity, the "people of God," in the Christian sense of the phrase; though they fell into this error, and imagined that, because they were Abraham's seed, they were the true "*people of God.*" Yet they were taught that an inward change—a *circumcision of the heart*—was essential to the perfection of their covenant relation, Deut. x, 16, Jer. iv, 4; for under the old as well as the new dispensation, God taught that "his kingdom *was* not of this world." "For they are not all Israel, which are of Israel: neither, because they are the seed of Abraham, are they all children. * * * That is, they which are the children of the flesh, these are not the children of God," Rom. ix, 6, 7, 8. The claim founded upon descent is here set aside, and that founded upon faith and sincere devotion fully established: "For he is not a Jew, which is one outwardly; neither is that circumcision, which is outward in the flesh: but he is a Jew, which is one inwardly; and circumcision is that of the heart, in the spirit, and not in the letter; whose praise is not of men, but of God," Rom. ii, 28, 29. The claim founded upon a strict observance of the external rites and ceremonies of the Church is here denied, and that founded upon "the washing of regeneration, and the renewing of the Holy Ghost," admitted and confirmed. The people of God are those that "believe on his name, which are born not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God." Such were some of the Jews in the days of Isaiah, and to them are addressed the words of the text.

II. *Their condition at the time the prophet was sent to them.*

It was perilous in the extreme. A strong foe was without. *Sennacherib*, king of Assyria, was marching upon Jerusalem with a numerous army. *Rabsha-*

keh, a chief man of Assyria, had delivered a blasphemous message from his master to the King and people of Jerusalem, threatening them with defeat and overthrow if they did not surrender. His message was well calculated to alarm the Jews, and effect his object. It consists of three arguments:

1. He boasts of the strength of his master's army—points the Jews to the feebleness of their own military force, and the insufficiency of their allies, the Egyptians, Isaiah xxxvi, 5, 6, 8, 9.

2. He boasts of the victories achieved by his master. "Hath any of the gods of the nations delivered his land out of the hand of the king of Assyria? Where are the gods of Hamath and Arphad? where are the gods of Sepharvaim? and have they delivered Samaria out of my hands?" verses 18, 19. Over all these he had triumphed, and the fenced cities of Judah had fallen before him. This rehearsal of victories *won*, was admirably adapted to his purpose, very likely to intimidate those who relied only upon the impotent arm of the soldiery for defense. The sight of an army coming up from one field of slaughter after another, always flushed with victory, would strike terror to the heart of even the immortal Spartan band. How much more that of the inhabitants of Jerusalem!

3. He tries to weaken their confidence in God, by reminding them of their sins, and an ingenious reference to the conduct of Hezekiah, then king of Judah. "But if thou say to me, We trust in the Lord our God: is it not he, whose high places and whose altars Hezekiah hath taken away, and said to Judah and to Jerusalem, Ye shall worship before this altar," verse 7. Hezekiah succeeded his father, the idolatrous Ahaz, 2 Chron. xxxiii, 27, during whose reign altars and groves had been multiplied. The doors of the temple had been shut, 2 Chron. xxviii, 24, 25, and altars raised in every "corner of Jerusalem," under pretense of rendering more convenient the services of divine worship, but really for the purposes of *idolatry*. These altars Hezekiah had pulled down, 2 Kings xviii, 3, 4, 2 Chron. xxxi, 1, and commanded the people to come to the temple, as required by the law, Deut. xii, 11. This is the act referred to, You have raised altars to God, your king pulled them down, and now asks you to trust in Him to whom he has offered the highest possible insult. With an ignorant and superstitious people no argument could have more weight. Hezekiah did right; but the difficulty was to separate in the minds of the Jews the precious from the vile.

Do you see nothing, my readers, in the conduct of Rabshakeh that resembles that of the enemies of the Church at the present day? I aver that they have been guilty of *plagiarism*, and now use precisely the same arguments that were used 2564 years since by Rabshakeh. They now talk of the millions who sit in the region of the valley and shadow of death, and the comparatively small number who are devoted to true religion. They tell us Christianity is exiled from the place of its birth; that the *crescent* has triumphed over the *cross*, even on the very summit of Calvary; that

the *fane* of "*the prophet*" has risen over the altars of God upon Mt. Zion. They point with *demon*-like triumph to those who have turned back to the bondage of corruption, and walk no more with God's elect—to the negligence and sins of Church members, and vauntingly exclaim, "You shall be conquered!" Thus harassed and perplexed, the prophet is sent to comfort them: "Comfort ye, comfort ye my people."

III. *The contents of the prophet's message.*

1. He was instructed to comfort them with the assurance of their speedy deliverance from their perilous condition. "Speak ye comfortably unto Jerusalem. Say unto her, thy warfare is accomplished." Accomplished! Why, they had not struck the first blow. The enemy's banners were hanging round them "like leaves of the forest when summer is green." It matters not—"her warfare is accomplished." Those banners shall be furled or left alone; that gathered host shall be scattered; the solemn feasts of Zion, interrupted by the presence of the enemy, shall be again celebrated. People of God, lift up your eyes! "look upon Zion the city of our solemnities; thine eyes shall see Jerusalem a quiet habitation, a tabernacle that shall not be taken down." Put off your sackcloth, gird you with gladness, bring forth the timbrel and harp, and give to the breeze the songs of Zion; for your God "stilleth the noise of the sea, and the tumults of the people."

2. He was instructed to comfort them with the assurance that they should triumph over their enemies. The Assyrian gloried in the strength of his own arm, and spake "great swelling words of vanity;" and at his coming, Zion quaked, and the heart of the king was moved, "and the heart of his people as the trees of the wood moved by the wind." But "let not him that putteth on his armor boast, as he who putteth it off." This insolent foe shall be conquered. The prophet says to him, "The virgin, the daughter of Zion hath despised thee, and laughed thee to scorn; the daughter of Jerusalem hath shaken her head at thee. I (says God) will put my hook in thy nose, and my bridle in thy lips, and I will turn thee back by the way by which thou camest," Isaiah xxxvii, 22, 29. With God it is an easy matter to save by many or few. He watched over his people. To their foes he said thus far shalt thou come; and then,

"The angel of death spread his wings on the blast,
And breathed in the face of the foe as he past;
And the eyes of the sleeper waxed deadly and chill,
The heart but once heaved, then for ever was still."

In conclusion, we may learn from this subject,

1. That the present condition of the Church is not hopeless. Though her enemies are strong, active, and vigilant, and in their attacks desperate—her friends comparatively few, weak, and not always consistent, sometimes hindering, by their example, the work of God—sometimes, Judas like, selling their Master for a few pieces of silver—yet she hath passed through many such scenes of conflict. She has always made a gallant defense, and always triumphed. She can point to a thousand fields where she has fought and conquered. Her bearings are as lofty now as at any former

period; and, in the language of Hannibal to his soldiers on the eve of an important battle, "which ever way I turn my eye I see nothing but courage and strength."

2. That the triumph of the wicked is short. "I have seen the wicked spreading himself like a green bay tree, but he was soon cut down." They fight against God, and prosper, but suddenly they are overtaken by the vengeance of Him to whom vengeance belongs, and their names are blotted out for ever.

Where are the ancient opposers of God's people? Where is Babylon, with walls, and towers, and brazen gates, who said, "I am a queen: I shall not sit as a widow; neither shall I mourn the loss of children." She struck at the Church of God—the blow rebounded upon herself, and she was riven to atoms. But for that she might have been to this day. Let him who now puts forth his hand to stay the Church in her work of benevolence, go and sit down amid the ruins of that proud city, if he can find them, and hear, in the fiend-like shriek of the *satyr*, and the voice of the cormorant, his sentence, "So shall the haters of God perish." The hand that would stay the ark shall be withered.

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THE SECRET DISCOVERED.

BY MRS. S. J. HALE.

(See Plate.)

The heart's affection—secret thing!
Is like the cleft rock's ceaseless spring,
Which free and independent flows
Of summer rains or winter snows.—JOANNA BAILLIE.

"It is almost time for the arrival of Mr. Dunbar, is it not, Isabella?" said Madame Prevot to her young companion, as they sat together over the breakfast table.

A bright colour rose on the cheek of the maiden, as she carelessly replied that she did not recollect.

"But in our last letters he said he should, if he was well, positively be with us by the middle of June. It is now the eighth. I think it likely he is already in Liverpool; as I see there was a packet vessel expected from New York about this time. He may be here to-day or to-morrow with his young friend," said Madame Prevot, smiling significantly.

Isabella Hastings arose from the table with a gesture of impatience, and, walking to the window, affected to be deeply engaged in examining the roses that twined in profusion around the case-ment.

Madame Prevot followed, and seating herself on a sofa, near the window, waited till the servants had removed the breakfast things and withdrawn, when she resumed the subject, abruptly saying—"I trust, Miss Hastings, all your foolish romance about not being able to love and accept Mr. Holliston, the man your honoured father selected for your husband, is now over."

"There was never any romance in my resolu-

tion," replied Isabella, gently but firmly. "Would it be right or reasonable for me to promise to love and marry a man I have never seen? I cannot believe this; and I feel it would make me wretched to marry Mr. Holliston. I never shall marry him."

"But your father's will, Miss Hastings!"—

"My father did not prescribe this marriage," said Isabella, earnestly. "He has left me free to choose, and I shall not choose Mr. Holliston."

"You will then give up one-half of your noble fortune for this foolish whim about love," said Madame Prevot, contemptuously. "As though it was not possible you might find the man your father loved and selected, agreeable to yourself."

"He may be a very excellent and agreeable man, and yet I am sure I shall not like him," replied Isabella, very decidedly.

"Why this way of arranging marriages, without the young people ever being allowed to see each other, is the custom among noble and fashionable families in Europe," remarked Madame Prevot. "In Paris and Madrid, especially, a young lady who should think of disobeying her parents or guardians, and insist on choosing for herself, would be disgraced. I could give you a hundred instances of these marriages of *convenience*, all of which have proved happy."

Isabella was prudently silent, as she was aware if once Madame Prevot became fairly engaged in describing and eulogizing the customs of Paris or Madrid, she would consume all the morning; and the young lady, for various reasons, wished to escape to her own apartment, where she might be alone, and commune with her own heart.

After the pause of a few minutes, Madame Prevot resumed, but in a more gentle and persuasive tone. "You must feel, my dear Isabella, that the best years of my life have been devoted to your education. Had you been my own child, I could not have been more faithful. I promised your mother on her deathbed, that I would be a mother to you; I promised your father, when he left us here, that I would never leave you, till he took you from me, or you were married. And now, will you bring disgrace upon me, by refusing to obey your father's last expressed wishes, for you know he wished you to marry Charles Holliston? It will certainly appear to Mr. Dunbar that I have failed in instilling right notions of duty into your mind. I am sure, my dear Isabella, you cannot thus distress me."

This was exactly the chord to touch Isabella's heart, and one that Madame Prevot very seldom attempted. She was kind and indulgent in all that regarded the comfort of her pupil, and watched over her health with much care; but she very seldom expressed any fondness for her. In truth, Madame Prevot was not a warm-hearted woman, and besides, she thought it undignified to display much feeling. She was a Spanish lady, proud of her high descent, and though real poverty had so far subdued her pride as to make her gladly accept the station of governess, which Mrs. Hastings, who was her friend in childhood, had offered her, and Mr. Hastings had continued after the death of his wife, still she never laid aside her stateliness, which she fancied would show, what she wished every one to understand, that her ancestors had held high stations in the court of Queen Isabella of Castile. But now there was an expression of concern and sadness on her countenance, and she even wiped her eyes several times.

This sorrow distressed her young pupil, and she replied in a soothing tone. "You have, indeed, been most faithful in your care of me, my dear Madame Prevot. I shall never forget it, and I will take on myself all the blame and disgrace of refusing Mr. Holliston. But as he is to receive one-half of the property my father left, for his services, he ought not to complain; he certainly cannot be disappointed in love, as he has never seen me; and I presume he will not be very inconsolable," she added smiling.

"But then the appearance of the thing," urged Madame Prevot. "So much depends on appearances, my dear girl. Your father's will is known; and when you refuse to do what he certainly desired if he did not command, and that too, without any reason assigned, it shows a perversity of disposition which, in a young lady, will be highly

censured. If you were really now in love with some other man"—

She was stopped by the effect which her words produced on Isabella. The poor girl's face was one burning blush, even her neck and arms were coloured by the rushing tide of emotions which she seemed, for the moment, entirely unable to control. Before Madame Prevot could ask an explanation, Isabella had fled from the room.

"Well, this is strange! very strange!" thought the lady governess, rising and walking about the apartment. "Can it be possible! Is the girl in love? She never has had the opportunity, never been an hour out of my sight, never been acquainted with any man whom she could love. Stay;—yes—she might have seen some one that winter she spent in Northumberland. But that is two years ago, she was only sixteen, and no man has ever visited her, ever written to her since; that I am sure of. And parson Lewens and his wife are such good people, they would have let me know if any love affair had taken place while she was with them. No, it is not possible. And yet, how she blushed! I will find out the reason, that I am resolved."

As our readers also may have some curiosity about the young lady, we will go back a little in her history, which had, in truth, been sufficiently romantic to form the basis of a novel, if we had time and talents to work it out ingeniously. But in these short sketches, one is obliged to keep very much to matters of fact and scenes of probability.

The father of Isabella, John Hastings, Esq., was a native of Maryland; an orphan, with some little property, which was all spent on his education. When he left St. Mary's college, he had nothing but his diploma, good health, and a sanguine temperament to begin the world with. He carried these possessions with him to Cuba, to which must be added his fine personal appearance and agreeable manners, and our readers will not wonder that he soon gained friends. In a few years, by marrying the only child, and heiress of the Marquis of Castro, he acquired an immense estate in Cuba, and the reversion of property to a large amount, in "Old Spain," as the colonists term the mother country. His wife was lovely and amiable, but with very delicate health, and as he had obtained all his wealth by her, both love and duty impelled him to devote himself to making her happy. He had a great propensity for travelling, and had promised himself, whenever he was rich enough, he would gratify it; but Mrs. Hastings, a true Spanish creole, could not bear the thought of moving about: she found all her happiness in rest and quietness, and he must remain beside her. How true it is, that—

"Our very wishes give us not our wish!"

When Isabella, his only surviving child, (he lost his three eldest,) was about twelve years old, Mrs. Hastings' death, which had long been expected, took place. Mr. Hastings was a sincere

mourner for his wife, whom he had really loved, though he had felt often and sorely troubled by the faults of her education. His first and chief care was to devise a better course for his only daughter. He wished to strengthen her physical constitution, so that her husband, should she marry, need not always have a nurse's office to perform. He had always admired the fine health and excellent constitutions of the English ladies; and though, in many respects, he would have preferred to place his darling girl for education in his own native land, yet on the score of health he felt constrained to choose England. Her governess, Madame Prevot, the widow of a French officer, had herself been educated in an excellent school at Hampstead, near London; and as she and Mrs. Hastings were both natives of Cuba, Madame Prevot's superior energy of mind as well as her perfect health had always been, by Mr. Hastings, attributed to her residence and training during early youth, in England. Certainly he found one advantage resulting from it; she was willing to go thither and watch over the education of his daughter. So he took them both to Hampstead, and settled them in a beautiful situation, a short distance from the house in which Miss Joanna Baillie resided. Here, after passing some months, he left them, and set out to make the tour of Europe, intending also to visit Cuba and his friends in the United States before he returned. He little thought that his parting with his dear Isabella was a final one.

After travelling a year or more on the continent, Mr. Hastings returned to Cuba, to arrange his affairs preparatory to his intended visit to the United States, whither it was his resolve immediately to remove. He had seen the grandeur of monarchical governments, he had for more than thirty years lived under this kingly power, but never had the republican spirit in his soul acknowledged it as the government best calculated to insure the happiness and improvement of men. Every year had increased his wish to return to his native land, there to end his days, and leave his child to enjoy the fruits of his long pilgrimage. The hope that she would be happy was now the goal of his earthly existence, and the thought that her star was rising clear and beautiful, reconciled him to the evening shades of life, coming over his own horizon. How blessed is this arrangement of Providence which has given to the parent a second life in the existence of the child, and brightened the last with all the hopes which in the first may have been delusive! These are the bright flowers that blossom on the cheek of Alpine snows.

Mr. Hastings could scarcely compel himself to remain in Cuba long enough to arrange his business; but just as he was on the point of sailing, he was attacked with a violent fever, which, for many days, made his life despaired of. He struggled through, however, and as soon as he was able to be carried on board, the vessel sailed for New York. He gained strength fast during the voyage, which was rendered very pleasant by an acquaint-

ance he formed with a young gentleman from Baltimore, who was a passenger. This was Charles Holliston, whose father had been a classmate with Mr. Hastings; and the latter, who had been so long separated from the friends of his youth, felt his heart warm towards his young companion with that confidence and affection which had never been awakened since he left college. It seemed prophetic of the service he was to receive from Charles; for as they drew near land, a terrible storm came on, which wrecked the vessel, and every passenger on board, except these two, perished. Charles Holliston, who was very athletic and perfectly self-collected, had managed to secure Mr. Hastings and himself on a piece of timber, and by great exertions, he kept the former from losing his hold, till they were, the next day, picked up by a vessel and brought into New York. There Mr. Hastings was obliged to remain some days, in a very weak and apparently dying state, young Holliston never leaving him, till he had so far regained his strength, as to be able to go to Baltimore, where the elder Mr. Holliston, prepared to expect him, gave his old classmate a most cordial welcome.

It is not strange that Mr. Hastings, thus owing his life to Charles, should feel that his debt of gratitude could scarcely be repaid; he felt more than this, an affection as for a son, a presentiment that, could he gain such an one for the protector, the husband of his daughter, he should die contentedly. He felt, too, that his own death was fast approaching; the exposure and sufferings he had undergone while he was not recovered from the effects of the fever at Cuba, had brought on such symptoms of a quick consumption as were not to be mistaken.

Mr. Hastings took his measures at once and decidedly. He sent for Mr. Dunbar, who had been the most intimate friend of his college life, and was now a lawyer of high reputation, and confided to him the making of his will. He named him also his executor and the guardian of his dear Isabella. In his will Mr. Hastings divided his estate equally between his daughter and Charles Holliston, whose services to himself were fully set forth, and he earnestly desired that, if Isabella lived to the age of eighteen, and there should be that mutual affection between these young people, which he prayed God might be cherished, that they should marry together. If this should not take place he conjured Charles to act always as the kind and faithful brother of the orphan girl, who would have no relation in the wide world. To Madame Prevot was left an annuity of two hundred pounds per annum, and, when her pupil, Isabella Hastings, became the wife of Charles Holliston, she was to have a free gift of ten thousand pounds. This clause, by the way, Madame Prevot never communicated to Isabella, though well aware herself of it, and doubtless rendered more zealous in her notions of the duty which the former owed to the wishes of her father, by the benefits such obedience would bring to the governess.

Mr. Hastings had scarcely signed his will when an excessive hemorrhage of the lungs began, which carried him off in a few minutes. The family was summoned only to see him die; his last broken words, as he pressed the hand of Charles Holliston, were, "my son!" "Isabella!" Not till after his death did Charles know anything of the will, or indeed of the wealth or the daughter of Mr. Hastings. The change of fortune which came thus suddenly upon him seemed rather an embarrassment than a pleasure; but the great trouble was, how and where should he meet Isabella?

I leave my readers to form each his or her own expedients for this meeting, assuring them that the most romantic plan will probably be most like the real one adopted.

Mr. Dunbar went, soon as possible, to England, to see and comfort his ward; he had intended to bring her to Baltimore, and have her education completed in the United States. But Madame Prevot pleaded so earnestly to remain, and, indeed, the advantages of education were so great, that Mr. Dunbar consented. Isabella was then in her sixteenth year, a lovely, interesting girl, and her guardian could hardly doubt, but that, at eighteen, when her father had appointed for her and Charles Holliston to meet and decide whether they would marry together, if there was a negative, it would come, as it ought, from her. It was therefore settled that she and her governess should remain at Hampstead till Isabella was eighteen; the ten thousand pound clause in the will making it sure to the mind of Mr. Dunbar that no pains would be spared, on the part of Madame, to keep her young charge from any and all dangerous acquaintances. There was only one difficulty to be overcome. Madame Prevot was very anxious to visit her friends in Cuba for a month or two, and Mr. Dunbar was not willing that Isabella should take the voyage. It was finally settled that the young lady should pass the time of this visit in a clergyman's family, the Rev. Mr. Lewens, in Northumberland, where she could pursue the solid branches of study to great advantage. Mr. Dunbar himself accompanied Isabella to Northumberland, and placed her under the care of the excellent rector and his wife, to whom he unfolded the whole history of his ward, and felt that he might fully confide in their faithfulness. Alas! how few people are to be trusted when a strong pecuniary temptation prompts them to violate their honour and duty!

So thought Madame Prevot as she summoned Isabella's servant, the true-hearted *slave*, who, though now *free*, had always served her young mistress with the love and devotion which only those born in and belonging to a family can be expected to feel.

"Kitty," said Madame Prevot, in her blandest manner, for she wished to examine without alarming her, "Kitty, when your young mistress was at the house of that Mr. Lewens she was very happy, I believe."

"O yes, missis, very, very happy," replied Kitty, smiling at the recollection.

"And she had some pleasant people to visit her, I suppose," continued her questioner.

"Oh, no, ma'am, she no want any, she too happy studying her books," replied the girl.

"But was no one there, only Mr. and Mrs. Lewens?" said Madame Prevot.

"Nobody but Mr. Hartley, the teacher," replied the other.

"Mr. Hartley! who was he, pray? I never heard of him before," said Madame Prevot impatiently. "What did he teach Isabella?"

"Oh! 'matics and the stars, 'stronomy you call it, and he was good teacher; my missis learn much of him."

"Was he—a young—man?" inquired Madame Prevot, hesitatingly.

"Yes, young, and much handsome, and so good! Why, he will be clergyman and go into pulpit some day, like Massa Lewens, I think."

"You may go," said Madame Prevot. "I dare say," she continued to herself, after Kitty withdrew, "this Hartley was some friend or connection of the rector's, his nephew, perhaps, and so they managed to make Isabella fall in love with him, in hopes to secure her fortune. 'Tis a regular conspiracy. But I will unmask it. I will make her ashamed of such a mean-spirited man. I will go this instant and search her drawers; I dare say she has had letters from him, and I must have some evidence to show Mr. Dunbar, so that he may see I have done my duty. It was his fault, placing Isabella there; if she had only gone to Cuba with me all would have been well."

Isabella was walking in the garden when Madame Prevot made the search, and discovered, in the young lady's treasure-box, not a love-letter, but what was more important, the very lover himself. There was the picture, representing a young and remarkably handsome man; and, proof beyond a doubt of the affection of Isabella for the original, on a paper in which the miniature was enclosed, was written in her hand, "Dear Hartley."

It would not be possible, in this short sketch, to describe the consternation of the governess; and, to add to her troubles, she really did not know what course to pursue. Isabella would so soon be of age that she did not like to offend her; and she actually put back the picture and went to her own room to consider. At length, thinking something must be done, she returned to the apartment of Isabella, who, engaged in singing a plaintive song, did not hear her enter. Madame Prevot approached the toilette table, opened the box, and, drawing forth the picture before Isabella perceived her, said in a slow, solemn voice, "Miss Hastings, your secret is discovered, may I ask you for the history of this miniature?"

The poor girl seemed paralyzed; her guitar slid from her helpless hand, and she sat as in a dream, without reply or motion, save that her trembling fingers were twined into the cord of her dress, as

though she would seize on something for support.

Before Madame Prevot could proceed with her interrogatories a servant entered with a summons from Mr. Dunbar, who was then in the parlour.

Down flew Madame Prevot, with the miniature in her hand, determined that he should see she had been vigilant in detecting the imposture, and that it was not her fault Isabella refused to marry Mr. Holliston. What was her surprise when, in the countenance of a young gentleman who accompanied Mr. Dunbar, she recognized the original of the miniature! Before the guardian could introduce his companion the indignant governess exclaimed, "Mr. Hartley, do you dare to enter my doors? you, who have stolen the affections of my pupil in the most dishonourable manner, and made her disobedient to the last wishes of her father! It is well that I have discovered your secret. Here," she continued, holding the miniature and the paper to Mr. Dunbar, "here, I have just found these concealed among Isabella's treasures; and I have found out that this Mr. Hartley passed himself off as a teacher, and gave lessons to her when she was with

the Lewens. She loves him, I fear; for ever since she returned she would never hear a word in favour of marrying the man her father wished, Mr. Holliston. But I am not to blame; I have done all I could; and I think I ought to have the ten thousand pounds."

"And so you shall, my dear madame," said Mr. Dunbar, smiling. "My friend, Mr. Holliston, is under great obligations—allow me to introduce him—for your exertions. He may now be sure of the affections of Isabella, since two years' absence, and your eloquence would not shake her fidelity. You will be rejoiced to know that Mr. Hartley and Mr. Holliston are the same person. I arranged the plan of the meeting of the young people, for though I wished them to marry together, I did not think it could be brought about by reasoning or education. The heart must, or ought to, make its own election; we may arrange circumstances, make those acquainted whom we wish to have united; propinquity has great influence, but, after all, the free choice and real preference can only give a rational hope that the married life will be happy."

Original.

THE SEXTON'S DAUGHTER.

BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY.

IN the suburbs of a certain great metropolis, which need not be more precisely designated, and contiguous to one of its most frequented thoroughfares, lies a square of ground, which, about twenty years since, was considered sufficiently distant from the city to be selected as a fitting site for a rural cemetery. Surrounded on all sides by a high wall of solid masonry, it was only through the bars of the massy gate which formed its sole entrance that the interior could be discerned. A broad avenue led directly to a white building in the centre of the square, and from this spot narrower paths diverged in all directions to the various parts of the burial ground. Trees of rapid growth had been planted with a view to picturesque beauty, and ornamental shrubbery was intermingled with the marble monuments which gleamed here and there amid the foliage. A rich green turf covered the earth, and instead of the rank, coarse grass usually the growth of graves, each little hillock was overgrown with tufts of the beautiful and luxuriant moss-pink. Indeed, but for the carved sepulchral stones which met the eye on every side, that verdant and sunny enclosure might have seemed like a private pleasure ground. The pretty, half-gothic edifice in the midst, was appropriated to two very different purposes, for, while its more imposing portion was used as a chapel, where the religious services for the dead were performed, the humbler tenement, which nestled under the shadow of the sanctuary, was the abode of the living. It was a strange and lonely spot in which to build up a home, with the world of life thus shut out, and the mouldering dead lying around; nor were there wanting persons who wondered that a man should be willing to dwell amid these melancholy memorials of mortality.

But the occupant of this quiet abode had become too familiar with the grave to shrink from its proximity. For more than forty years Jonas Mayberry had been a sexton, and even as a garden to other men, so was a grave-yard to him; for his own hands had planted there the seeds which were to bear amaranthine blossoms by the river of the waters of eternal life. He was a man of melancholy temperament, with a face furrowed by deeper wrinkles than those planted by the hand of time, and a head whitened by the frosts of grief more than age. His pursuits had made him thoughtful and contemplative, for he had held frequent communings with himself in the chambers of death, and the solemn presence of the king of terrors had early checked the mirthful fancy and the cheerful thought. Jonas Mayberry was a silent and, as many supposed, a stern man. The little children looked askance at the hoary-headed sexton, and trembled at his glance if, perchance, during regular worship the buoyancy of youthful spirits overcame the restraints of decorum. Yet he was neither a severe nor ill-tempered man. His profession had made him silent, and his bereavements had made him sad, but his cold exterior concealed a heart filled with warm affections and friendliness. Like all persons of his peculiar tem-

perament, he possessed strong feelings, and perhaps these secret emotions wrought for themselves a deeper channel within his bosom because rarely allowed to overflow their bounds. But, one after another, the objects of his love had been taken from him. Within the limits of that cemetery, in sight of the little window by which was placed his great leathern arm-chair, were seven hillocks, planted with fragrant flowers, and shaded by a spreading elm. There lay his gentle wife, who had once been as light to his eyes, and the six fair children whose voices had once been music to his ear. Some of his children had died in early infancy, some in joyous youth, and one in the bloom of early manhood. Last of all, the mother, the silent mourner of the dead, joined the departed, and Jonas Mayberry was left alone with his youngest, and now only child. Who can wonder that the shadow of a mighty grief settled on the brow of the desolate old man? Who can fathom the depth of the unutterable love with which he regarded this youngling of his flock, the only relic of his former happiness?

But far different was the character of this cherished child. She was too young at the time of those afflictions to remember them with sadness, and never did a sweeter face or merrier heart than her's light up the quiet precincts of an humble home. It was a strange thing to see that fair creature sporting in all the joy of her young life amid the grassy mounds where lay concealed the hideous form of death. A strange, yet pleasant sound had her cheerful song, an old world's ballad, as it was borne on the gale which stirred the grass on many a mouldering breast. Strangest of all seemed the echo of her merry laughter among the dark trees which shadowed the graves of many as young and fair as herself. A gay, and happy, and beautiful child was Lucy Mayberry. Often would her father pause in his work, and leaning on his spade in some half finished grave watch her sports and listen to her voice, as if he drew from thence all the joy and music of his life.

Lucy was her father's only companion; he had taught her all she knew, for her first lessons in wisdom had been learned from his lips, and her first ideas of duty had been imparted by his precepts. She loved him with a deep and earnest affection, yet there was a degree of awe mingled with her love which checked its spontaneous expression. She could not fathom the depths of his heart, she could not look into the recesses of his bosom and behold her image in all its living, breathing beauty, enshrined beside the unfaded forms of the departed. She could not associate his calm, cold manner with her ideas of ardent tenderness, and therefore, even while she loved him better than any earthly being, she did not pour forth into his ear the fulness of her affectionate nature. Nor was this timid reserve confined to the days of her early youth. The awe with which he had unconsciously inspired her childhood still existed when she verged towards womanhood, and she was conscious that there dwelt within her bosom emotions compared to which filial love was but as the whisper of the summer gale to the voice of the wild tempest.

The seclusion in which Lucy lived was little suited to

her joyous character. In childhood she had found exercise for her active mind in her studies, the care of her pet birds, and the various amusements which her home afforded. The flowers which sprang up beneath her feet, the breeze which played in her long curls, the blue sky which smiled above her head, all were sources of enjoyment to her. But as she grew older, and her feelings became more developed, Lucy was sensible of other desires. The hum of the busy world beyond the walls of the silent burial-place came to her ears with a sweeter sound than the voice of the summer bird or the autumn wind. Rumors of life's gay enjoyments were brought to her seclusion by the few young friends who visited her; and the fascinating page of the novelist awakened her imagination to new delights, which could only be realized by the scenes of yet untried existence. She became restless and unhappy. Her cheek lost its bloom and her voice its ringing tones of mirth; yet, ignorant of the mystery of her own nature she knew not the meaning of the melancholy which was consuming her, until her father, alarmed at her altered looks, proposed that she should pass the Christmas week with some distant relatives in the city, and then her joy discovered to her how much she had pined for some such change. Had she known how greatly her father suffered from this sacrifice of her society, perhaps she would have shrunk from purchasing her own gratification at such a price. But, deceived by his habitual gravity, she discovered not that her presence was essential to his comfort. With a joyous face she imprinted a kiss upon his cheek, and while her glad farewell struck a pang to the heart of the lonely parent, it awoke the idea, which he cared not to indulge, that the time must come when his darling Lucy would find her happiness in other scenes, and Love would deprive him of the treasure which Death had spared.

To one who had lived in such utter seclusion, every thing in the gay world seemed enchanting. Lucy's friends were in the lower rank of life, active, honest, industrious, and with ideas of enjoyment which, though perhaps somewhat deficient in refinement, were very attractive to one who had never before tasted the pleasures of society. The theatre, the merry dance, the evening walk, the social party, are amusements shared by the thriving mechanic in his sphere as well as by the opulent merchant in a loftier station, and if the restraints of etiquette are less understood in the lower circles, the boundaries of virtue and delicacy are perhaps more clearly defined than in the commoner code of fashion. Lucy Mayberry's extreme beauty rendered her an object of attention to every one, for even those who lacked the cultivation of eye and mind, which enables us to estimate symmetry of feature, could appreciate the sunny cheerfulness which illumined her face. For the first time in her life she listened to the voice of adulation, for the first time she learned that she possessed the precious gift of beauty, and the seeds of vanity were sown in a not ungenial soil.

But there was a degree of refinement in Lucy's nature which elevated her above her companions, and her good taste frequently interposed when her sense of propriety

was at fault. The coarse pleasantries of some of her half-educated admirers offended her, and the somewhat free manners of others disgusted her; yet still she could not summon courage to tear herself from the gayeties which were so new and so delightful. The world was not all she had fancied it, yet it was a pleasanter place than the old burial-ground, and, day after day, she sent excuses to her father for prolonging her stay. Perhaps she would scarce have acknowledged to herself the secret motive which detained her. Accident had made her acquainted with a young midshipman, whom a love of frolic had led into society very inferior to that which he was entitled to enter. He had accompanied some wild and giddy friends to one of those public balls where the company is made up of rather heterogeneous materials, and while pursuing only the whim of the moment, had been attracted by the fresh glowing beauty of Lucy Mayberry. A little management soon placed him at her side, and she became the object of his marked attentions throughout the whole evening. Lucy's utter ignorance of the laws of propriety in such matters, rendered the task of continuing the acquaintance by no means difficult; and her relatives, proud of a visitor who wore gold lace, seemed to have no idea of their own imprudence. Harry Mildmay became the constant attendant upon Lucy, and she found in him the qualities which had been wanting in her more honest, though less polished admirers. There was a peculiar charm in the frank manners and merry temper of the young sailor. His tales of the wild and wonderful, the grotesque and the pathetic, were full of interest to her, and as she listened to the adventures of the wandering youth, she felt that like Desdemona

"She loved him for the perils he had past."

But at length a peremptory summons from her father recalled her to a sense of her duty, and taught her the nature of her own feelings, for the keen regret with which she thought of parting with her new friend first made her sensible how deeply her happiness was involved.

Harry Mildmay knew too much of the world to be in doubt respecting the interest he had awakened in her bosom. Older in experience than in years, he had passed, not unscathed, through the ordeal which the young and inexperienced sailor must undergo. The natural propensity to evil which exists in the hearts of all, and the bad example of others older and wiser than himself, had rendered fatal aid to the allurements of temptation, until, at five-and-twenty, Harry Mildmay was an adept in the school of vice. But he was not quite hardened in sin. The remembrance of the mother who had watched over his childhood, and of the blue eyed sister who had been the companion of his infancy, often came to his heart with a restraining influence. Both had long since gone down to the grave and left him lonely and friendless, yet for their sakes he could not but revere the loveliness of female purity. He had yielded himself to the impulse of ungoverned feeling in his admiration of the artless Lucy, he had not allowed himself to reflect upon the consequences of his avowed

admiration of her, and a bitter pang of self-reproval mingled with his pride and pleasure in her ardent attachment. His life was destined to be one of wandering and privation. Neither his habits nor his poverty allowed him to think of marriage; and he was now conscious that in winning Lucy's affections he had obtained a treasure which must necessarily be useless to him. Besides, had no other obstacle existed, he would have considered her humble birth an insurmountable barrier between them. He was poor, it is true, dependant entirely on the pittance which is so grudgingly dealt out to the defenders of our country. But the blood of one of the proudest families in "Old Dominion," ran in his veins, and he would have spurned the thought of such a degrading alliance. His first determination was to bid Lucy a careless farewell, and forget the whole affair in some more piquant excitement; but the truthfulness and simplicity of the poor girl frustrated this plan. Her agitation betrayed her tenderness, and in the madness of the moment, Harry Mildmay poured forth the ardent feelings of his passionate nature. Ere they parted they were plighted lovers, and Mildmay had extorted from Lucy a promise of secrecy until such time as he should deem it proper to acquaint her father.

Lucy was pained at the necessity of concealment, but her habitual awe of her father, and a secret misgiving as to his approval of her lover, together with Mildmay's wishes, induced her to promise secrecy. She returned to her quiet home with a blooming cheek and bright eye, but the dove of peace no longer nestled in her bosom. The affection which she nursed within her heart was not the calm and hallowed feeling which alone was worthy to inhabit so pure an abode. Restless and troubled in her very hopes, she well knew that her father would not willingly resign his only child to the roving and unsteady sailor; and, therefore, she could not but feel that there was guilt and deception in cherishing such an emotion. But the influence of her lover was paramount in the mind of the inexperienced girl. He hovered near her, and many opportunities occurred of enjoying stolen interviews, which gladdened the heart and brightened the hopes of Lucy in despite of her better impulses.

At length the ship to which Harry Mildmay was attached received orders for sea. Lucy was overwhelmed with grief, and her lover seemed to share her sorrow, though it may be doubted whether he did not hail, with a sense of relief, this necessity for separation. He thought not of making her his wife, he respected her pure feelings too much to meditate wrong towards her, and as he recovered from the first intoxication of passion he felt that it would be better for both if they never met again. He trusted that time would efface his image from Lucy's mind, for he had seen enough of the world to have lost all faith in devoted constancy. He had read the volume of human nature by the discolored light of his own passions, and he had learned many an evil lesson from its pages. But he shrunk from explaining to the affectionate girl the true state of his feelings. He had not sufficient moral courage to confess his folly, and by the infliction of present disappointment, rescue her from future suffering. While only resolved never to be-

hold her again, he vowed eternal fidelity, and promised that on his return her father should be made acquainted with his wishes. They parted in secrecy and in sorrow. A ring on the finger of the drooping girl and a tress of jet-black hair folded in a locket which lay upon her bosom, were the only visible tokens of her bewildering dream; but the memory of her lover, and her hope of his return were entwined with her very life.

* * * * *

Oh! would I were a spirit bright,
Dwelling above yon clear blue sky,
And winged, to sport in golden light,
Or on yon rosy clouds to lie;
To worship each sweet star that there
In changeless beauty might arise,—
Yet no,—for I should feel they were
Far, far less dear than earthly eyes.

Oh! would I were a spirit, free
From worldly cares of little worth!
More blest than angels I should be,
An unseen habitant of earth;
Then would I hover round the spot
Where my beloved might chance to dwell,
And, not forgetting if forgot,
Breathe o'er his heart affection's spell.

Then I would show him bright revelations
Of all his noble mind has dream'd,
And bless the high and holy feelings
Whose light has o'er his spirit gleamed;
Then might I shroud from every grief
The heart, whose darkest errors are
But passing shadows, like the brief
And fleeting cloud across a star.

Such was the song—the passionate effusion of some heart as love-lorn as her own—with which Lucy Merry was beguiling the hour of twilight, one evening in the early autumn. Nearly two years had passed, since she parted with her lover, and many a weary month had been spent in lonely dreariness of spirit since his last kiss was imprinted on her throbbing brow. But she now knew that the ship in which he served, had been ordered home; she learned from the papers that it was daily expected to arrive in port, and her heart grew lighter with the thought that Harry Mildmay was now returning to claim her as his bride. Had she known with what rapid steps the young midshipman had been travelling the downward path of sin, during the time he had been absent—had she known that his love of the social glass had already degenerated into gross intemperance—had she known that the evil habits which had been so carefully concealed from her sight were now the master passions of his nature, she would have had as little hope as joy in the anticipation of his return. But she thought of the gay and jovial sailor as she had last beheld him; she remembered the passionate words, the love-fraught looks that had bewildered her young heart, and she looked forward to a reunion with feelings which sent the rich glow of happiness to her cheek, and the light of joy to her eye.

On the evening of which we have spoken, Lucy sat in the little porch, and the melody still lingered on her lips, when a funeral train, headed as usual, by the old sexton, entered the broad avenue of the cemetery. Lucy immediately rose, and retired into the house, but she had observed that few persons followed in the mournful procession, and, when she saw the corpse borne to that corner of the ground usually appropriated to strangers, she knew that it must be the body of some unfor-

lunate being who had died without the presence of relatives or friends. But the sight of death was too familiar to awaken more than the passing sigh of sympathy. Lucy stood at her window, which commanded a full view of the spot, and witnessed the burial with serious but untroubled feelings. As the attendants of the funeral slowly straggled out of the cemetery, she carelessly wended her way to the place where her father still remained, directing the labors of a little deformed negro who had recently been employed as grave-digger, by the now infirm old sexton.

"This seems to have been a stranger, father," said Lucy, "but the grave shall not lack the offering of sympathy. As she spoke, she stooped to plant a tuft of violets on the little hillock, which the negro was now shaping with his spade.

"There are some who deserve no such offering, Lucy," said her father, in a grave tone; "if all tales be true the rank weed were a more fitting memorial than the sweet violet, of him who lies beneath your feet."

Lucy looked up inquiringly, but the old man merely said, "He was hurried into the grave in order that no questions might be asked about the business: all I know is, that he was accidentally killed in a drunken brawl."

The girl shuddered with mingled disgust and horror as she turned from the grave, and busied herself with the flowers which grew over the head of an emigrant's babe.

That night, after Lucy returned to her apartment, which, like all the rooms in the house, was on the ground-floor, she was oppressed by the close and heated atmosphere of the chamber. Her sleep was disturbed and broken—the horrors of nightmare startled her several times from her slumbers, until, at length, in the hope of changing the current of her excited fancies, she arose from her bed, and seated herself at the window. She threw open the casement, that the chill autumn air might cool her fevered blood. A young moon was faintly struggling through the clouds, and its dim light only served to define the limits of some of the swelling hillocks, or to discover some tombstone lying white and ghastly in the distance. The scene was one little calculated to quiet the feelings of most females, for the silent presence of *Night* and *Death* might have awakened an awe almost amounting to fear even in the boldest heart. But familiar with these objects from her infancy, Lucy had never known those weak terrors which are usually implanted in childhood, and often remain unradicated in old age. She had no fears of the supernatural—she had lived too long among the dead to dread their presence, and though tales of sheeted ghosts and flitting corpse-candles often reached her ears, they had made little impression upon her imagination. Indeed, Lucy was remarkable for her courageous character, and one of her most decided traits from childhood, had been presence of mind. These qualities were now to be tried to their utmost, for as she still sat by the window, leaning her head upon her hand, she descried a light, apparently in the direction

of the stranger's grave. While she gazed, the light began to move, with an irregular, jerking motion, yet seeming scarcely to rise above the surface of the earth. She traced it from the grave to one angle of the wall, then creeping around the enclosure, but still with the same uncertain flicker, it seemed to advance towards the house. As she watched, a feeling of awe and dread took possession of her heart, but at this moment, the light stopped, its position was, for a moment, changed, and she discovered that it proceeded from a dark lantern, borne in the hand of the lame and dwarfish negro. This at once accounted for its irregular movement, and the truth suddenly flashed upon her mind. The stranger's grave had been rifled, and they were bearing away the lifeless body. For an instant Lucy hesitated. The party, whoever they were, already approached the avenue. To awaken her father, would be a work of some minutes, and would probably afford time for the robbers to escape with their prey. Besides, she feared lest her father's infirmities might make him only an easy victim to their superior strength, and she was tempted to suffer the sacrilege, rather than risk his life in such a struggle. But another recollection reassured her. She remembered the superstitious terrors of the negro, and she determined to alarm them from their attempt. Enveloping herself in a large white shawl, she climbed out of the low window, and winding her way among the trees, in such a manner as to escape observation, stationed herself behind a high pyramidal monument, which stood on the border of the avenue. As she cautiously peeped forth from her hiding-place, she could just discern that the black fellow and his confederate seemed bearing a heavy body between them. They paused and rested their burden on a square stone at a short distance, while Lucy distinctly heard their murmured conversation, from which she learned that a large bribe had tempted the poor negro to overcome his fears, and assist the plans of his brutal companion, who was but too much accustomed to such unholy gains. Taking up the body, they again proceeded with stealthy steps when a wild unearthly cry echoed in their ears. Startled at the fearful sound, they paused—a low and prolonged moan followed, and at the same instant the tall white figure of the courageous girl stood in the shadow of the trees, sufficiently distant to avoid recognition, but so near as to be distinctly defined against the dark foliage. With a terrific yell, the negro dropped his burden and the light together, and took to his heels, followed by his scarcely less alarmed companion. The loud clap of the great gate which fell from their grasp as they bounded through it, startled the old sexton from his slumbers, and, as he started up in bed, his daughter glided into the room. The tale was soon told, and bidding Lucy go to bed, lest the night air should have chilled her delicate frame, he went forth to lock the gate. But Lucy, fearing that they might have returned, and would, perhaps, meet her father, silently followed him. As the old man was drawing the bolts of the gate, a watchman, who had witnessed, at a distance, the flight of the robbers, approached to make some inquiries. But ere the sexton could reply, a

shriek which seemed to rend the very sky, echoed through the silent air. Another and another and another followed, until the blood of the horror-stricken hearers curdled in their veins. Nor was the sight which met the eyes of the two old men, less frightful. The lanthorn which the negro had thrown from him in his terror, lay beside the exhumed body, shedding its light full on the ghastly features, while, leaning over the shrouded corpse, and uttering those awful shrieks, was the sexton's daughter!

She was borne to the house, the whole neighborhood was aroused, and medical aid was immediately procured. The excitement of her previous boldness, and the shock which her nerves sustained, when thus suddenly brought face to face with the body which her courage had rescued from sacrilegious hands, were the causes assigned by science, for this frightful attack of illness. "No, no," murmured the wretched father, "I know my child too well to believe this. If she had courage to frighten the robbers from their prey, she would not be terrified by the mere sight of death; there is something more than that."

The old man was right. When the fearful convulsions had been stayed—when the distorted mouth ceased to churn the white foam from the blue and rigid lips—and when speech returned to the paralysed tongue, then did the wild and disjointed ravings of the maddened girl shadow forth the secret. In the features of the disfigured corpse she had recognized her lover. The victim of a drunken brawl, whose lifeless body had not been suffered to rest in its dishonored grave, was indeed the poor relic of Harry Mildmay. But the broken fragments of her shattered mind furnished the only materials for building up her history; and her father only learned her long-cherished love from the incoherent revolutions of insanity. The light of reason never more illumined her darkened mind. Violent mania succeeded her first convulsions, and when this subsided, it was succeeded by almost infantine imbecility. All change of place or scene proved utterly useless; and, at length, when it was found that her restlessness rather increased when she was removed from the familiar scenes of home, she was allowed to return to her father. But she appeared to recognize no one, and never voluntarily uttered a word. She would sit for hours in the porch gazing wistfully as if for some expected object, and when a funeral train entered, she would shudder as if some painful association was connected with the mournful scene. But she gave no other evidence of interest in the world around her. She would laugh and weep from the impulse of her own wild fancies; but nothing save these could excite her either to mirth or melancholy. With folded arms and head bent down upon her bosom she would sit just wherever her attendant placed her, and seemed gradually yielding to the fatal torpor which was stealing over her physical powers. At length death stood beside the pillow of the poor imbecile girl, and then, while a smile of radiant joy for an instant replaced the idiot vacancy of that once lovely face,

And, smiling, as if her lover whispered, died!

Brooklyn, L. I.